Fountaine Walker

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

THE

RIVER DOVE

WITH SOME QUIET THOUGHTS ON

THE HAPPY PRACTICE OF

ANGLING

John L. Anderson

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1847

Ἐρασμίη ΠΕΛΕΙΑ,
Πόθεν πόθεν πέτασσαι;
Πόθεν μύρων τοσούτων
Πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;

Anaçreon, Ode IX.

TO THE READER.

Sir,

THE *book I here preſent to you was put into the Printer's hands for the entertainment of a few Gentlemen Fiſhers; and I hope you take a pleaſure in the harmleſs recreation of Angling, otherwiſe I may not hope you will overlook its defects. I heartily wiſh it were a more worthy tribute to the memory of thoſe beſt maſters of our art*, Mr. Izaak Walton, and Mr. Charles Cotton:

'ALAS, THAT THEY ARE DEAD!'

But I beſeech you to be civil, and moderate in your cenſures; for I undertook thoſe pleaſant walks, to which I here invite you, by the banks of the DOVE *(now ten years are paſt) to unbend my mind from ſome ſerious cares. And that I may not detain you from the peruſal, I have only this*

further to deſire,—that we may all have a ſouth wind when we go a-fiſhing,—and be bleſt with a virtuous cheerful ſpirit, a peaceful conſcience, and at laſt eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of angels.

Your loving friend

and humble ſervant,

I. L. A.

From my Houſe at ———
Feſtival of St. Peter, 1687.

THE RIVER DOVE;

WITH SOME QUIET THOUGHTS ON THE HAPPY PRACTICE OF ANGLING.

CHAPTER I.

A Meeting at Derby, *between an* Angler *and a* Painter.

Painter.

WELCOME, Mr. Gentleman Angler: welcome to Derby.

Angler. Good morrow, brother, I am glad to ſee you look ſo cheering and courteous; for I muſt confeſs I am later than our fix't appointment.

Painter. Sir, now I poſſeſs you, I'm too glad-hearted to chide your lagging: yet, to ſay the truth, I expected you this hour agone; for methought your ſprightful anglers were apt to

prevent the ſun's riſing on a delicate May morning.

Angler. Give me your pardon this turn, and doubt not to find me ſtirring with the lark every day that you and I purpoſe to walk in each other's company by the banks of the Dove.

Painter. My pardon you ſhall have the more willingly, if you fail not a traveller's good ſtomach for breakfaſt.

Angler. You may truſt me. I am as keenly ſet as a moſs trooper.

Painter. I am glad to hear it, for I have told the civil hoſteſs to treat us well.

Angler. You are worthy to be a brother of the angle; and this I am reſolved you ſhall be when we are come to the river that I love ſo well:—but let us ſee what we may have for our breakfaſt, and fall to it merrily.

Painter. Here it is, and all of the beſt; ſo let us ſay grace, and begin.

Angler. With all my heart;—and that will give it a reliſh.

Painter. How now, brave Sir! What ſay you?

Angler. By pick and pie 'tis all excellent. When I am Lord Great Chamberlain you ſhall be my caterer. Come, Sir, for a glaſs of

ale; my ſervice to you. Now I envy not the daintieſt court gallants in the land, that are aſleep on their beds of down.

Painter. I am amazed how ſome ſluggards will lie a-bed almoſt till dinner time.

Angler. They know none of the ingenuous delights of fiſhermen. So let us bleſs God, that we have not only a mind to riſe with the ſun, but the power to it, for that is ſtill better. And, as plain-hearted Mr. Walton ſays, 'that 'our preſent happineſs may appear to be greater, 'and we the more thankful for it, I will beg 'you to conſider with me, how many do, even 'at this very time, lie under the torment of the 'ſtone, the gout, and the tooth ache, and this 'we are free from; and every miſery that I miſs 'is a new mercy.'

Painter. And how many are now languiſhing in the ſad captivity of dungeons, 'feeding 'on bread of affliction, and water of affliction.' ——But, come; tell me how it has fared with you, ſince we parted from each other's company, now two days agone, when you reſolved to entertain yourſelf with ſome hours fiſhing in the lower parts of the River Dove, near to the town of Uttoxeter.

Angler. That I will relate to you by and by, as we journey towards Aſhbourne; and be-

cauſe the morning wears apace, let us take another cup of barley wine and be gone; for we have ſome hours, and many more miles, on this ſide Alſtonfields, where you and I muſt lodge to-night.

Painter. It is well thought; ſo Miſtreſs Hoſteſs here is payment for your choice breakfaſt, and thanks for your civility, and ſo we wiſh you good morrow. ——And now, brother, ſeeing we are paſt Derby Bridge, and are come out of the town, look forth on the freſhneſs of the landſcape, and the dewdrops that hang on every blade and buſh, ſparkling in the beams of the ſun.

Angler. What happy thoughts poſſeſs a man's mind when he breathes the air of the morning, and contemplates the bounties of nature!

Painter. Aye; then the heart is full of unſpeakable thoughts that ſoar upward from earth to heaven, and ſo higher ſtill on the ſpiritual wings of reverential love unto HIM, who is above this vault ſo beautiful, ſo vaſt, and is the Creator and Suſtainer of all.

Angler. And liſten to the very ſong-birds chirping their untaught morning harmony to God, who '*cauſeth the day-ſpring from on high* '*to know his place.*'

Painter. This ſimple feathered choir teaches mankind to be cheerful, and to ſing joyful pſalms, and to make melody in their heart to the Lord: nay, what can be pleaſanter than to do this, '*when the very morning ſtars ſing toge-* '*ther.*' And what ſays even the learned heathen, Epictetus? *—'If we have any wiſdom, 'what is more becoming in public and in pri- 'vate, than to ſing hymns to the Deity? If I 'were a nightingale, I ſhould do as the nightin- 'gales do—if a ſwan, as the ſwans; but becauſe 'I am a reaſonable creature, I muſt the rather 'praiſe God. So I will never leave that practice 'myſelf, and I do exhort all others to it.'—And now give me leave to put you in mind to tell me ſomething of your lonely walks round about Uttoxeter, that we may beguile the way with cheerful converſation between this and Aſhbourne.

Angler. That I ſhall willingly do: and firſt, you are to know, I paſſed by the great foreſt of Needwood, that has ſome of the pleaſanteſt chaſes and parks in all England, and is ſo full of marvellous big oaks and fat bucks; then, after Needwood I came to Tutbury.

Painter. Indeed!

* Arrian. Epict. l. 1. c. 16.—Ed.

'The battle was fought near Titbury town,
'When the bagpipes baited the bull?'*

Angler. Come, Sir, if you have that choice ballad by memory, pr'ythee let us hear it.

'Kind gentlemen, will ye be patient awhile?
'Aye, and then you ſhall hear anon,
'A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
'And of his man, brave little John.'

Painter. Some parts I could repeat; but rather let me hear of your walk from Tutbury: and pr'ythee when thou waſt thereabouts, didſt 'demaunde one bacon flyke, hanging in the 'Halle of the Lord of Whichenovre?'†

Angler. Nay—do you take me for a Benedick? Let the flyke be claimed by the wondrous wight that 'would not chaunge his 'wife for none other, farer ne fowler,

*'*A new ballad of bold Robin Hood; ſhowing his 'birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-'running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordſhire, 'but may ſerve for Derbyſhire or Kent.'*—ED.

† See Plott's Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, p. 437, for an account of the primitive right to claim the Flyke of Bacon, which Sir Philip de Somerville was bound to keep hanging in his Hall, in token of his fealty to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, for the manors of Whichenovre and others. The ſame cuſtom prevails at Dunmow in Eſſex.—ED.

'rycher ne pourer of alle the wymen of the 'worlde.'

Painter. And how is his highness, the 'king of the minſtrels?'*

Angler. Gone to his reſt, with brave John of Gaunt, and the Prior of Tutbury. Alas! ſince the roundheads once kept watch and ward in Tutbury Caſtle, the merry minſtrelſy is huſhed in the hall. But now you may conſider me to be arrived in the town of Uttoxeter, full of compoſed thoughts, and there I found a tidy houſe of refreſhment, and put myſelf to bed betimes, that I might be away before the day dawn; and ſo I was, and let me tell you my firſt waking thoughts, after remembering my prayers, were of the River Dove, and my happy practice of angling.

Painter. That indeed was natural, and I make bold to think you caught ſome brace of trouts before breakfaſt?

Angler. Not ſo, brother; for you are to note

* No doubt, in alluſion to the Charter granted in 1381, by John of Gaunt, to the troop of minſtrels maintained at Tutbury Caſtle, in that time of its ſplendour. The chief was appointed by the title of 'King of the Minſtrels;' and he had wardens and other officers under him to maintain the rules of the Fraternity, and to levy fines for any diſorders.—*Plott's Hiſt.*—Ed.

every angler muſt needs be bleſt with a hopeful and patient diſpoſition, ſince he may ſometimes look to come home as he went forth, that is to ſay, with an empty pannier—

Painter. As the reward of his patience! Well, patience is an herb, they ſay, makes a 'good boiled ſallad:' why, Sir, an angler need to be 'Patience on a monument,' that he may ſit ſilently by the river, and look down at nothing but his float.

Angler. Well! I give you leave to cenſure, ſince you know none of thoſe ſweet pleaſures that attend on angling: and I remit you to Mr. Izaak Walton, 'that dear lover and frequent practicer of my art,' for many clear reaſons and examples to prove that it may be eſteemed one of the moſt honeſt and commendable recreations a gentleman can practiſe.

Painter. A hopeful entertainment, truly! Nevertheleſs, I cannot but ſmile at your dumpiſh anglers that wait ſo meekly for their fortunes, as to ſeem fixed with all the gravity of ſculptured images on the margin of their ſtreams.

Angler. So, ſo! good brother, you may ſmile and wonder too; nay, I will laugh with you, and after that will not be aſhamed to confeſs how I am poſſeſſed with a conſtant love of

my gentle craft. But for the preſent let me bring your thoughts towards the Dove, near to Uttoxeter.

Painter. Aye, let us hear more of that; then you made ſome contemplative trial of the trouts?

Angler. But it was all in vain; for the wind was contrary, and they took no liking to my flies, and ſo I miſſed my ſport: but I hope for better acceptance the next time I go a-courting that way.

Painter. Then I beſeech you, gentle Mr. Angler, how did you paſs the hours, ſince the trouts, out of their coyneſs, declined from your acquaintance? If I might conjecture, you ſtraightway fell into a conſideration of Maſter Izaak Walton's praiſe of fiſhes and fiſhing.

Angler. And if I did? Give me leave to tell you, he hath ſet forth the delights of this recreation with ſuch refined and ingenuous arguments, as to perſuade many a man to become a fiſher, who was before very averſe to it. Nay, I ſhall hope to make you put on new thoughts of angling before we part company; for, of all men, limners have moſt cauſe to love my art, ſeeing they may recline by the ſide of a lake or river, and leave their angle-rods 'to fiſh for themſelves,' and this Mr. Walton de-

clares, and truly, to be 'like putting money to 'uſe; for then theſe angle-rods work for the 'owners when they do nothing but ſleep, or 'eat, or rejoice'—

Painter. Or paint pictures!

Angler. Even ſo: and I may declare to you I have ſeen ſuch pleaſant proſpects of woodlands, and rivers, and ſtreams, that have flowed along the valleys and through many a mead in England, when I have been a-fiſhing, as the beſt limner might deſire to look at; and yet not be able to imitate with all his daintineſs of hand. And ſome of theſe I made a diſcovery of, within a little mile or two round Uttoxeter, by the banks of the Dove; for ſeeing I was not like to fiſh to profit, I conſidered within myſelf what I ſhould do; and after a while I reſolved to examine into thoſe parts of the river, and ſo be admitted into a more familiar acquaintance with its landſkips.

Painter. Well thought; and I declare to you I am ready to eſteem it my loſs that I was not in your company.

Angler. There are many parts thereabouts would have touched you mightily: for nature, that is ſo excellent an artificer, hath contrived her works on either ſide the river with a moſt unimitable diſpoſition and ſkilfulneſs. And

you are to note, the river I ſpeak of is the Dove;

'Whoſe dainty graſſe,
'That grows upon her banks, all other doth ſurpaſſe,'

as old Michael Drayton * declares: and thereabouts I found the Churnet, that gives her the contribution of its ſtreams, and is contented to receive nothing from her in exchange but her ſpeckled trouts,—and this for the ſweet ſatisfaction of an attendance upon her, till her eſpouſals with the Trent below Eggington. Then I may not omit to mention that pleaſant river the Blythe, whoſe fountains ſpring up near to the 'ancient caſtel' of Caverſwall, gathering ſtrength as ſhe flows along by the Earl of Derby's great park and Caſtle of Chartley, and then

'Bears eaſey down tow'rds her deere ſoveraign Trent.'

Painter. Blythe! the very name is full of promiſe; and I doubt not her banks are lined with proſpects of mountains and vales.

Angler. All variegated with moorlands and woodlands;—ſuch alluring ſcenes for an angler or a painter, and ſo decked by nature's hand as to be little ſpots of enchantment, which cauſed

* Drayton's Polyolbion: Song 12, p. 207.—ED.

me a double ſorrow that you were not my fellow traveller: and I reſolved I would ſome time or other ſee thoſe landſkips again, if it ſhould pleaſe God to let me live long enough, and give me the diverſion of ſome leiſurable days.

Painter. Your commendations of the Dove inflame my deſires to make acquaintance with her ſtreams; and I rejoice that I am now like to do this in your company; and I beſeech you tell me ſomething more of the Churnet, that joins itſelf thereabouts to the Dove.

Angler. That would I willingly, if time might ſerve; but we are come within ſight of Brailsford.

Painter. Then make me this promiſe, that we may beguile ſome future hours together by thoſe lower paſſages of the Dove, and ſee where ſhe diſcharges herſelf into the Trent.

Angler. Let that be a match between us; and I promiſe you nothing can be pleaſanter for an artiſt than the lights and ſhadows of their umbrageous banks, and the paſtures, and lowing herds by the river, and the native caſcades and rocks, and the peaceful villages with antient churches, that lend their aid to the compoſure of thoſe retired proſpects.

Painter. How did you call this pleaſant looking place we are come to?

Angler. Now you are arrived at Brailsford; and there is the Saracen's Head, that is kept by honeſt John Bembridge; this way, ſo pleaſe you; and look, here is a well of water, called St. Bernard's Well, so like to chryſtal, that almoſt a blind beggar may ſee the pebble ſtones at the bottom.

Painter. It is ſurpriſingly clear.

Angler. Then, I beſeech you, take your pencil, and give me a deſign, in remembrance of this pleaſant walk we have undertaken together.

Painter. I cannot deny any requeſt of yours, for I have left my home for no other end than the ſatisfaction of your company and civil diſcourſe, and to give you in return all the contentment that my poor art is capable of.

Angler. Why that's heartily and kindly ſpoken; and I will be ſo bold to promiſe you ſome entertainment on our journey; for, look you, here is the neweſt impreſſion of Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER, and here is *Part the Second*, that is lately printed for a companion to it.

Painter. Indeed! another volume from the fertile pen of Mr. Izaak Walton! what more that is new can he have to ſay on Angling?

Angler. Stay a while; for this is a Treatiſe

of Fly Fiſhing, '*being Inſtructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream*,' writ by Mr. Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall, his adopted ſon; ſo they are printed together in teſtimony of their mutual affection. It is a cheerful dialogue between *Piſcator Junior*, that is, Mr. Charles Cotton himſelf, and *Viator*, who was a gentleman-traveller he overtook on horſeback, between Derby and Aſhbourne, half a mile from this place. And if theſe two treatiſes together do not kindle in your mind a love for the art, I am certain you will at leaſt gather from the peruſal a charitable diſpoſition towards anglers.

Painter. It would be uncivil to deny Mr. Cotton's merits before I have read his treatiſe; and for Mr. Walton, I may confeſs he has a ſingular vein of wit and affability, and ſome parts of his other works, that I have dipped into, are writ with ſo happy a pen, and are ſo full of judicious diſcourſe, as teſtify to his modeſt diſpoſition, and exact diligence and diſcernment.

Angler. I'm glad you think ſo.

Painter. But ſurely it cannot be denied, that he hath ſometimes ſpun a long line for the readers of his diſcourſe on fiſhing?

Angler. Yet are his lines ſpun with a curi-

ous magical contexture of learning and wit, to allure his readers no leſs than to deceive all kinds of fiſhes; for his book extremely abounds with innocent mirth, and what is better than all, you may not deny that in every part he diſcourſes ſweetly on the unſeen world, and things after death.

Painter. There is not a doubt he hath a thankful and reverential heart.

Angler. Aye, and is an orthodox chriſtian, that loves our dear mother THE CHURCH, her primitive orders of apoſtolic miniſtry and government, her holy ſacraments and her ſervice book, which are even now a mark for the butt-ſhafts of unquiet carking ſeparatiſts, who diſpute againſt the laws both eccleſiaſtical and civil.

Painter. Oh! I am grieved to think how thoſe cenſurers be ſo full of their own whimſies, and unconformable to diſcipline, that if you ſpoke to them with angels' tongues they would not be perſuaded to hold to the Catholic Church in England, which learned Lord Bacon declares to be as ſound and orthodox in the doctrine thereof as any church in the world.

Angler. True,—and Mr. Walton is of the ſame opinion: and ſome of his writings are choice pieces of chriſtian philoſophy; and a

life of innocency, and his modeſt peaceableneſs of mind have endeared him to many of our moſt grave and pious prelates now living.

Painter. Nevertheleſs for his COMPLETE ANGLER it is pleaſant to ſee with what ſeriouſneſs he dilates on the antiquity and other qualities of his art. He is like Maſter Shakeſpeare's dauphin in a panegyric on his palfrey. 'When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: 'he trots the air; the earth ſings when he 'touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more 'muſical than the pipe of Hermes—'

Angler. 'No more, couſin,' I beſeech you.

Painter. 'Nay, the man hath no wit, that 'cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the 'lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on 'my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; 'turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my 'horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject 'for a ſovereign to reaſon on, and for a ſovereign's ſovereign to ride on, and for the world 'to lay apart their particular functions and 'wonder at him.'*

Angler. Ha—ha—ha! would my dear maſter were by to defend his poor jennet.

Painter. Well, well; I would not deny

* Henry V. Act III. Scene vii. ED.

him the privilege of riding aſtride on his hobby horſe, ſeeing how the greateſt ſcholar of the laſt age compoſed a panegyric on Folly, and made a dedication of it to Sir Thomas More, that wiſe Chancellor of England.

Angler. Since I perceive how you are reſolved to run at tilt againſt poor, civil, honeſt anglers, I will forbear, and '*ſtudy to be quiet*,' after the example of my maſter, who, if he has not the meekneſs of Moſes, (and that I will not declare,) yet is the meekeſt man I know of in this diſputing age.

Painter. Nay, brother, I did but jeſt: and doubtleſs Mr. Walton is a man of primitive piety, for his lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, venerable Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert, could only be compoſed by one of like religious affections with thoſe memorable men.

Angler. And call to mind that picture he has drawn of Dr. Donne's laſt ſickneſs that ended in his death.

Painter. I remember the words, how he declares that good man was at length 'ſo happy 'as to have nothing to do but to die;' and how 'he lay fifteen days earneſtly expecting his 'hourly change, and in the laſt hour of his laſt 'day, as his body melted away and vapoured

'into ſpirit, his ſoul having, I verily believe, 'ſome revelation of the beatifical viſion, he ſaid, '"*I were miſerable if I might not die;*" and 'how afterward, being ſpeechleſs, and ſeeing 'heaven by that illumination by which he ſaw 'it, he did, as St. Stephen, look ſteadfaſtly into 'it, till he ſaw the Son of Man ſtanding at the 'right hand of God his Father, and being ſatiſ-'fied with this bleſſed ſight, his ſoul aſcended, 'and his laſt breath departed from him.' For he was ſo rooted and grounded in celeſtial love, he ſhook the king of terrors, and diſarmed him of his ſting, and the dark grave was ſhorn of his victory.

Angler. True; for he had long had his blameleſs converſation in heaven: he was a ſpiritual ſoldier that had quenched all the fiery darts of the myſterious wicked one by the ſhield of faith, and now, like holy Paul, he yearned to be releaſed from things below, and to take part in the inviſible harmonious choirs in heavenly places. And what a natural picture of primitive manners Mr. Walton hath drawn in his life of the ever-memorable Mr. Hooker, who, when he was in his eighteenth year, and as ſoon as he was perfectly recovered from a dangerous ſickneſs at Corpus Chriſti College in Oxford, took a journey to Exeter, to ſatisfy

and ſee his good mother, who in all that time of his ſickness had 'in her hourly prayers as 'earneſtly begged his life of God, as Monica, 'the mother of St. Auguſtine, did, that he 'might become a true Chriſtian.'

Painter. I have never read, or have forgot that journey of his.

Angler. Well then, I may tell you, he walked from Oxford unto Exeter, 'with a companion 'of his own college, and both on foot; which 'was then either more in faſhion, or want of 'money, or their humility, made it ſo: but on 'foot they went, and took Saliſbury in their 'way, purpoſely to ſee the good biſhop' (that was Biſhop Jewel, his conſtant and dear patron and the beſtower of an annual penſion for his comfortable ſubſiſtence;) 'and the good biſhop 'made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine 'with him at his own table: and at his part-'ing the biſhop gave him good counſel and his 'benediction, but forgot to give him money; 'which, when the biſhop had conſidered, he 'ſent a ſervant in all haſte to call Richard back 'to him: and at Richard's return, the biſhop 'delivered into his hand a walking-ſtaff, with 'which he profeſſed he had travelled through 'many parts of Germany,' and he called it '*his horſe which had carried him many a mile*

'*with much eaſe.*' And he said, 'Richard, *I* '*do not give but lend you my horſe: be ſure you* '*be honeſt, and bring my horſe back to me at* '*your return this way to Oxford. And I do* '*now give ten groats to bear your charges to* '*Exeter: and here is ten groats more, which I* '*charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell* '*her I ſend her a biſhop's benediction with it,* '*and beg the continuance of her prayers for me.* '*And if you bring my horſe back to me, I will* '*give you ten groats more to carry you on foot* '*to the college; and ſo God bleſs you, good* Ri-'chard.'

Painter. I may promiſe you I ſhall remember that pilgrimage on foot of 'good Richard,' to his poor mother's houſe at Exeter, and the biſhop's walking-ſtaff and his bleſſing, and his ſo nigh-forgotten groats.

Angler. And ſo in Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER you will find many paſſages that exhibit his own ſerenity of mind, and ſuch touches of rural life as will requite you for the pains of reading: but now let me ſee the picture you have drawn of Brailsford Well.

Painter. Here it is.

Angler. I declare 'tis ſimply and clearly deſigned.

Painter. I perceive you are reſolved to be

gentle with my firſt eſſaye; but I am glad it contents you, and now let us be going.

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. How now! here is a cheerful rivulet, that I ſee running from the meadows into the road.

Angler. This is Brailsford Brook, and look you, here is a bridge.

Painter. And yonder is a handſome church and tower. I muſt, with your leave, ſtep into theſe meadows and draw the landſkip.

Angler. Aye, I beſeech you; for here is the ſpot of ground where the pleaſant conference began between Mr. Charles Cotton and his new friend, that he accoſted on the road as they were both going to Aſhbourne.

'*You are happily overtaken, Sir*,' ſaid he; '*may a man be ſo bold as to inquire how far you* '*travel this way?*'

Painter. They were ſtrangers, then?

Angler. Nevertheleſs they ſo affected one another, after that ſalutation and other pleaſant diſcourſe, as not to part company till they had enjoyed ſome days' innocent recreation a-fiſhing at Beresford Hall. Nay more, Viator declared, on the ſecond day, that he was '*ſo far in love* '*with* Piſcator *and his country, and pretty moor-* '*land ſeat, as to reſolve to ſtay with him long*

'*enough, by intervals, to hear all he had to ſay* '*of his art.*'

Painter. And pr'ythee, how did Mr. Cotton reply to this familiar declaration?

Angler. How did he reply! with all the politeneſs of an angler;—'*Sir, you cannot oblige* '*me more than by ſuch a promiſe.*'

Painter. Well ſaid! Then here they made their firſt acquaintance?

Angler. And here is one of thoſe little ſparkling brooks that you ſhall meet every where in this country; nay, Mr. Cotton declares, '*they* '*are full of trouts, and ſome of them the beſt* (*it* '*is ſaid*) *by many degrees in England.*'

Painter. Trouts! and in ſo mean a ſtream as this?

Angler. But I do not ſay they ſhall be all big trouts; for, as Mr. Walton hath it, 'ſome 'rivers, by reaſon of the ground over which 'they run, breed larger trouts, like as ſome 'paſtures breed larger ſheep;' and ſome ſtreams there are, not many times broader than Brailsford Brook, that breed trouts three and four pounds in weight: but you may not think to find the biggeſt trouts at all times the beſt meat. And he that ſtudies the nature and ſeaſons of fiſhes may obſerve how ſometimes the trouts will change their haunts, and travel up a ſtream

for many miles, in their natural deſire after the freſh waters; nay, to the very fountain head of ſome brook, and there wade among the clear ſandy ſhallows; indeed, I have ſeen trouts taken out of the dark ſprings that riſe in the caverns of the Great Peak underneath Caſtleton.

Painter. After what you ſay, I doubt not but Brailsford Brook may breed good trouts; and I care not whence they come, ſo we have a brace for ſupper.

Angler. That I promiſe you, and ſkilfully dreſt too:

'For mark well, good brother, what now I doe ſay,
'Sauce made of anchoves is an excellent way,
'With oyſters, and lemon, clove, nutmeg and mace,
'When the brave ſpotted trout hath been boyled apace,
'With many ſweet herbs.'

And this was the faſhion of an experienced angler, that hath diſcovered '*many rare ſecrets*, '*very neceſſary to be known by all that delight* '*in the recreation both of catching the fiſh, and* '*dreſſing thereof.*'*

Painter. Aye, aye; your meditative fiſhers

* 'The Art of Angling, written by Thomas Barker, 'an ancient practitioner in the ſaid Art.' 12mo. London. 1651.—ED.

have always ſome ſingular diſcoveries to enhance the practice of their art. I remember one honeſt gentleman,* of a moſt fertile wit, called angling the '*Pleaſure of Princes, or Goodmen's* '*Recreation.*'

Angler. In that he did no more than was both reaſonable and true.

Painter. And the ſame notable gentleman unravelled this myſtery, 'that the angler's ap-'parell ſhould by no means be gariſh, light 'coloured, or ſhining, for whatſoever hath a 'glittering hue reflecteth upon the water, and 'immediately it affrighteth the fiſh.'

Angler. And this, before you and I have done walking, you may prove to your coſt, with your gayſome doublet and jerkin.

Painter. So, Maſter Piſcator, 'let your ap-'parell be plaine and comely, of darke colour, 'as ruſſett, tawney, or ſuch like, cloſe to your 'body, without any new faſhioned ſlaſhes or 'hanging ſleeves waving looſe like ſayles about 'you.'†

Angler. Well, well; in every art 'tis good

* Gervaſe Markham. This book contains a Diſcourſe of the general Art of Fiſhing with the Angle or otherwiſe: and all the hidden ſecrets belonging thereto. 4to. London. 1614.—Ed.

† Pleaſure of Princes, ch. iii. p. 15.—Ed.

to have a maſter; and that this is one of our '*Secrets*,' theſe verſes of a happy angler may declare:

'And let your garments ruſſet be or gray,
'Of colour darke and hardeſt to deſcry,
'That with the raine or weather will away,
'And leaſt offend the fearful fiſhes' eye.

'For neither ſcarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,
'Nor colours dipt of freſh Aſſyrean dye,
'Nor tender ſilkes of purple, paule of gold,
'Will ſerve ſo well to keepe off wet or cold.'*

And pr'ythee look to your own tooles; for you will do well, if you have one of honeſt Gervaſe Markham's *Twelve Virtues of an Angler*—to wit: 'A knowledge in proportions of all ſorts, 'to give a geographical deſcription of the an-'gles and channels of rivers, how they fall from 'their heads, and what compaſſes they fetch in 'their ſeveral windings.†

Painter. You ſhall ſee—you ſhall ſee—but I am ready to attend you, for I have drawn this careleſs picture; and ſo let us towards Aſhbourne.——Why, how is this? We are

* The Secrets of Angling; teaching the choiceſt tooles, baytes, and ſeaſons for the taking of any fiſh in pond or river; practiced and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Eſq. 8vo. London. 1613.—Ed.

† Pleaſure of Princes, ch. iii. p. 16.—Ed.

ſcarce two miles from Brailsford, and here we have another rivulet ruſtling through the graſs.

Angler. This brook before us, at the foot of yon ſandy hill, has been noticed by Mr. Cotton to have '*ſcarce any name amongſt us, and to be* '*too woody for the recreation of fiſhing.*'

Painter. That I may eaſily believe, for it ſeems but a narrow thread of water, winding along the meadows, and almoſt hid beneath thoſe aſh trees.

Angler. Yet, you may take a ſtore of trouts in this nameleſs rivulet by Longford Mill, which is not far from where we ſtand; and I have the undoubted authority of Mr. John Davors to ſay, 'the trout makes the angler moſt gen-'tlemanlie and readieſt ſport of all other fiſhes.'* But look before you, for we are now come to the top of Spittle Hill, over againſt Aſhbourne.

Painter. Indeed! and there the town lies in a bottom; and I declare—a goodly church! and beyond it, on the other ſide, I ſee ſome ſtately mountains, and one that lifts his top as high as the clouds.

Angler. And therefore called Thorpe Cloud; and you are to note the Dove winds round

* Secrets of Angling, p. 20.—ED.

the baſe, through her rugged channel of rocks. Would I were there! But I am ſo bold as to requeſt a ſketch of this chequered proſpect before us from your lively pencil.

Painter. It ſhall be done; for it is, indeed, a fine and ſpacious landſkip; and I ſhall be happy if my poor drawings can give you ſatisfaction.

Angler. They do, indeed; ſo I pray you begin, and forget not yonder hills that are behind the town, for we may hope 'to ſtretch 'our legs up' ſome of them by and by. But how will you draw the natural perſpective of the road, which now drops with ſo great a ſteepneſs from before us?

Painter. Thus it is—here *Viator* and *Piſcator* diſcourſe together. You may ſee them in outline, both on horſeback, and there is the fall in the ground.

Angler. It is ingeniouſly contrived!—But I muſt tell you Mr. Cotton travelled with his ſerving man—therefore, ſo pleaſe you, let us have a third rider that ſhould follow behind the other two, for they were all mounted on horſeback.—So! that is admirable; and I can now ſee before me the polite angler that allured his companion to viſit his '*pretty moorland ſeat*' in Staffordſhire. Oh, how the hours

do lag ere we come to that '*marvellous pretty place.*'

Painter. Was that the Beresford Hall you ſpoke of?

Angler. The ſame: but if you deſire to know how they converſed together as they arrived at Spittle Hill, I will read it to you in Mr. Cotton's own words, whiles you are to finiſh the landſkip.

Painter. I am ready to hear it, and what is more, to take a pleaſure in liſtening.

Angler. Well, you may note *Piſcator* was ſo pleaſed with his companion, that he had earneſtly and honeſtly invited him to his houſe, and promiſed he ſhould be extremely welcome; then *Viator* felt a ſurpriſe, '*with ſo friendly* '*an invitation upon ſo ſhort acquaintance*,' and ſaid '*he could not in modeſty accept his offer*, '*and muſt therefore beg his pardon;*' but Mr. Cotton would not be denied; and at length, as they drew near to Spittle Hill, where you and I at this moment ſtand, he repeated his invitation, and ſaid, '*Now, Sir, if I am not miſtaken*, '*I have half overcome you; and that I may* '*wholly conquer that modeſty of your's, I will* '*take upon me to be ſo familiar as to ſay, you* '*muſt accept my invitation, which that you may* '*be the more eaſily perſuaded to do, I will tell*

'*you, that my houſe ſtands upon the margin of* '*one of the fineſt rivers for trout and grayling* '*in England*,' (which you are to obſerve was the Dove,) '*and that I have lately built a little* '*fiſhing-houſe upon it, dedicated to anglers, over* '*the door of which you will ſee the two firſt* '*letters of my father Walton's name and mine* '*twiſted in cypher; that you ſhall lie in the* '*ſame bed he has ſometimes been contented with,* '*and have ſuch country entertainment as my* '*friends ſometimes accept, and be welcome, too, as* '*the beſt of them all.*'

Painter. Mr. Cotton has a cheerful natural way with him; and what a delight he takes in his river Dove above all others, and his little fiſhing-houſe upon the margin.

Angler. As witneſs theſe verſes he addreſſed to his adopted father, Mr. Izaak Walton:

'Such ſtreams, Rome's yellow Tiber cannot ſhow,
'The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
'The Maeſe, the Danube, and the Rhine
'Are puddle water all, compared with thine:
'And Loire's pure ſtreams yet too polluted are
'With thine much purer to compare:
'The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
'Are both too mean,
'Beloved Dove, with thee
'To vie priority;

'Nay, Thame and Iſis when conjoin'd, ſubmit,
'And lay their trophies at thy ſilver feet.'*

And we ſhall find it as pleaſant as he has repreſented it. And all this benevolence between *Piſcator* and *Viator* was, becauſe they both affected the perſon of Mr. Izaak Walton and his art of angling.

Painter. How love will temper the ſpirits of men! ſurely it is a ſpark of the divine mind,—a ſecret charm implanted in our nature to mould us to the image of the Higheſt.—But how came it to paſs that *Viator* participated in Mr. Cotton's happy diſintereſted friendſhip for Mr. Walton?

Angler. It is moſt certain he did; for when they diſcourſed on fiſhing, and accidental mention was made of Mr. Walton's Complete Angler, *Piſcator* aſked, '*what is your opinion* '*of that book?*' to which Mr. Cotton replied, '*my opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the ſame* '*with every man's that underſtands any thing* '*of the art of angling, that it is an excellent* '*good one;*' and he then added, '*but I muſt tell*

* RETIREMENT. Irregular ſtanzas, addreſſed to Mr. Izaak Walton, and prefixed to Mr. Cotton's Inſtructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear ſtream. 1676.—ED.

'*you further, that I have the happineſs to know* '*his perſon, and to be intimately acquainted with* '*him, and in him to know the worthieſt man,* '*and to enjoy the beſt and the trueſt friend any* '*man ever had; nay, I ſhall yet acquaint you* '*that he gives me leave to call him father, and* '*I hope is not yet aſhamed to own me for his* '*Adopted Son.*' Whereupon *Viator* replied, '*In earneſt, Sir! I am raviſhed to meet with a* '*friend of Mr. Izaak Walton's, and one that* '*does him ſo much right in a good and true cha-* '*racter, for I muſt boaſt to you that I have the* '*good fortune to know him too, and came ac-* '*quainted with him in the ſame manner I do* '*with you; that he was my maſter who firſt* '*taught me to love angling, and thus to become* '*an angler; and to be plain with you, I am the* '*very man decyphered in his book under the name* '*of* Venator.'

Painter. Excellent! that was a pleaſant ſurpriſe to him!

Angler. '*For,*' (he continues) '*I was wholly* '*addicted to the chaſe, until he taught me as* '*good—a more quiet, innocent, and leſs dangerous* '*diverſion.*' And this alſo Mr. Roger Jackſon declares, who undertook the printing of the SECRETS OF ANGLING, 'out of a virtuous de-'ſire to give his countrie ſatisfaction;' for he

declared, in his dedication of that book to his much reſpected friend Mr. John Harborne, of Tackley, in the county of Oxford, Eſquire, that, 'the art of angling is much more worthy 'practice and approbation than hunting and 'hawking; for it is a ſport every way as plea-'ſant, leſs chargeable, more profitable, and 'nothing ſo much ſubject to choller and impa-'tience as thoſe are.' And now liſten to the anſwer of *Piſcator*, for he ſaid, '*Sir, I think* '*myſelf happy in your acquaintance, and before* '*we part, ſhall entreat leave to embrace you.* '*You have ſaid enough to recommend you to my* '*beſt opinion, for my father Walton will be ſeen* '*twice in no man's company he does not like; and* '*likes none but ſuch as he believes to be very* '*honeſt men.*' Thus you may note how the declaration of *Viator*, that he was acquainted with Mr. Walton, touched a chord which vibrated to the other's affections, and harmonized their ſpirits to a moſt innocent friendſhip.

Painter. What an engaging encounter of the two ſtrangers, who thus diſcovered to each other their affection for pious and peaceable Mr. Walton! With what a grace doth holineſs encircle him that wears it! ſurely 'tis a crown without thorns or cares, decked with ſpiritual jewels. I declare to you, I am moved

to a better acquaintance with all three: notwithſtanding I have always looked upon angling to be a ſolitary recreation, not worthy ſo much as our vacant hours.

Angler. I hope before we part company you will be undeceived, and learn how we anglers can recreate our ſpirits, when the ſun riſes over the hills; and this I promiſe in reward for your ſudden reſolve to come on your travels with me, only to the intent that by your art and ſociable converſation you might give me pleaſure.

Painter. I now thank you heartily, becauſe you moved me to this journey; nay more, if I might believe my preſent thoughts, I ſhall be ſurpriſed into a deſire to try and angle in the river Dove, that you take ſo great a delight in.

Angler. That were ſtrange indeed,—to ſee your leiſure divided between the pencil and the angle rod!—yet if I could once inveigle you to the practice of our harmleſs ſport, ſo full of hopes and compoſure, you would ſoon confeſs to its excellency, and ſay with the unknown poet,*

* 'Unknown,' becauſe Walton aſcribes the 'SECRETS OF ANGLING' to the pen of Jo. Davors, Eſquire: but Mr. Roger Jackſon, by whom they were publiſhed, 'after the death of the author,' entered them

'Oh let me rather on the pleaſant brink
'Of Tyne and Trent poſſeſs ſome dwelling place,
'Where I may ſee my quill and cork down ſink
'With eager bite of barbel, bleik, or dace.

'Let other men their paſtimes, then, purſue,
'And on their pleaſing fancies feed their fill:
'So I the fields and meadows green may view,
'And by the rivers freſh may walk at will,
'Among the daiſies and the violets blue,
'Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
'Purple narciſſus like the morning rays,
'Pale ganderglaſs and azure culverkayes.

'The lofty woods; the foreſts wide and long,
'Adorn'd with leaves and branches freſh and green,
'In whoſe cool bow'rs the birds with chaunting ſong
'Do welcome with their quire the ſummer's queen,
'The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
'Are intermix'd the verdant graſs between.
'The ſilver ſcaled fiſh that ſoftly ſwim
'Within the brooks and cryſtal wat'ry brim.

'All theſe and many more of His creation
'That made the heavens, the angler oft doth ſee,
'And takes therein no little delectation
'To think how ſtrange and wonderful they be.'

Painter. Why, Sir, your faithful memory is like a caſket, well ſtored with curious gems,

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at the Stationers' Company, '1612, 23° Martii, *as prac-*
'*tiſed and opened in three books, by* JOHN DENNYS,
'Eſquire.'—ED.

that you unlock at will to embelliſh your diſcourſe withal: and now here is my picture of Spittle Hill.

Angler. It is an obvious copy of nature, and a ſweet view over Aſhbourne.

Painter. The brow of ſuch a hill gives the advantage of a large proſpect.

Angler. And now, if you pleaſe, we may follow the ſteps of theſe gentlemen riders, and deſcend into Aſhbourne.—See, we are come to the town, and here is the River Henmore, that runs under this ſtone bridge; and this is the way to the market-place.

Painter. What is there? methinks I ſee an ivy buſh; and the ſign of an inn.

Angler. That is the Talbot, and a very decent hoſtelry; ſo let us '*drink a glaſs of barley 'wine at the Talbot, and away*,' after the example of Mr. Cotton and his new friend.

Painter. With all my heart. Was this Mr. Cotton's Inn?

Angler. Aye, truly. What, oh! good man, will you pleaſe to bring us a cup of ale?

Painter. Come, brother, here's to Mr. Walton, and his adopted ſon, Mr. Charles Cotton?

Angler. I thank you for that pledge; and here is my loving ſervice to you.

Painter. And now let us be gone; for ſince

we are come into this valley, I am all impatience to find your River Dove, which, methinks, ſhould be hereabouts.

Angler. Not ſo faſt, Sir; we muſt climb that ſteep hill on the other ſide of the town; and after that we have ſome hours before we ſhall ſee the moſt pleaſant river in England.

Painter. How! methought Aſhbourne was cloſe upon the margin of the Dove!

Angler. It is but a furlong or two off; nevertheleſs we have to make a circuit before we come to that moſt delightful of rivers; for truſt me the road to Beresford Hall is over '*an odd country.*'

Painter. It was but now you promiſed I ſhould ſee 'ſuch alluring ſcenes, decked by 'Nature's hand as to be little ſpots of enchant-'ment;' and now you tell me I muſt be ſatisfied to ſee an odd country!

Angler. Nay, good brother; remember how you are to exerciſe the meekneſs and patience of an angler; and you ſhall confeſs, when you ſee my Dove, that it '*covers the faults of the* '*road;*' and ſo let me perſuade you to breaſt the hill.

Painter. Well, Sir, lead on; and I ſhall endeavour to be even with you.—Heigho! at laſt we are clambered up.

Angler. It was done with a gameſome ſpirit, worthy of an angler.

Painter. But it has made me pant: and here's a ſhady aſh tree, ſo let us reſt awhile, that I may recover myſelf.

Angler. With all my heart; and ſtretch our limbs on this green bank: and I may tell you, this pretty ſpot is Sandy Brook.——And now, if you are reſted, let us not loiter, but hither away to the left, down by this green lane.

Painter. I am with you; but what have we here? another ſwift bubbling ſtream, that flows over a rocky bed, and is ſcarce a foot deep.

Angler. 'Tis Bentley Brook, that whirls haſtily along to meet her playmate, the Dove.

Painter. And, by my word, a very pretty rivulet it is.

Angler. I have Mr. Cotton's authority to ſay, '*it is full of good trouts and graylings, but* '*ſo encumbered with wood in many places as is* '*troubleſome to an angler.*'

Painter. Whereabouts does it riſe?

Angler. That I cannot reſolve you; but you are not to wonder if the ſtream comes to us, as you now ſee it, like to tranſparent cryſtal: for the flowering wells of Tiſſington empty themſelves, with a conſtant freſhneſs, into Bentley Brook.

Painter. Thoſe Tiſſington Wells, which are flowered on holydays by the country folk?

Angler. The ſame; and of a ſingular clearneſs; nay, they are more tranſparent than the ſilvery waters of famed Sabrina, where

> 'The ſhepherds, at their feſtivals,
> 'Carol her goodneſs loud in ruſtic lays,
> 'And throw ſweet garland-wreaths into her ſtream,
> 'Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils;'

and, indeed, I have ſometimes ſeen on Holy Thurſday ſuch dainty devices of flowers wrought by ruſtical artiſts at Tiſſington, in roſes, and violets, and marygolds, and ladyſmocks, as I could not but admire how it was all contrived; and for this the country folks and ſhepherds ſcatter themſelves, ſome days before, in buſy cheerful companies, like bees, over the hills and down the dales, to cull their ſtores of wild flowers; and every one willingly robs his garden, for a contribution to the bowers and arbours that overhang the wells: and there they weave them into curious inventions of mottoes and ſcripture texts. And when the happy holy morning breaks, they come together to church; and after ſervice they walk, with their loved and loving parſon at their head, in a proceſſion round about their ornamental wells, with muſic

and ſinging of pſalms: and ſo they paſs the reſt of the day in innocent mirth and country ſports. And I may tell you, the many-coloured flowers of Dove Dale are offered for a tribute to this calendar feſtival.

Painter. You have made me wiſh and reſolve to ſee this well-flowering, come next Holy Thurſday; and I ſhall love thoſe ſacred ſprings the better, ſince they help to cryſtallize the waters of Bentley; for I have not ſeen a more inviting brook.

Angler. I will not ſay we ſhall come to clearer ſtreams; nevertheleſs, I hope we may walk and angle by ſome others that are as good: but thither ſhe hurries on her way, rejoicing and being rejoiced; and I warrant ſhe will find the Dove before you and I may do ſo. But come, here is another hill before us, hard by Thorpe Cloud; and I'll requite your patience by a vernal proſpect. Follow me but a ſtep to the left, and now what ſay you?

Painter. Bleſs me, what an unuſual landſkip.

Angler. There before you are the mountains in Staffordſhire over againſt Ilam; and yonder the Dove, which glides far off through the valley by Oakover Bridge,—and after that meanders as far as Mayfield. There you may ſee

hill and dale, and green paſtures, with their thronging flocks and herds. Now tell me, Sir, is not merry England a place moſt fit for free-hearted gentlemen to live in? And he that makes a journey throughout the different regions of our land ſhall meet a thouſand vales as pleaſant as this we now ſee: nay, ſome I could name are better, where you may look on all the diverſity of golden corn fields, and paſtures, and vallies and hills, rivers and plains; and round about many fine country manſion-houſes, and bright ſteeples, gleaming through village-woods; and in the cities high cathedrals and collegiate churches, more venerable and ſacred by reaſon of their daily appointed ſervices and chaunts.

Painter. But a man may travel ſome miles ere he ſhall light on a finer champagne than this before us. It calls to my mind how the prophet, from the top of Mount Piſgah, in the field of Zophim, lifted up his eyes, and ſaw Iſrael abiding in his tents according to their tribes, and ſaid, '*How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Iſrael! as the valleys are they ſpread forth, as gardens by the river's ſide, as the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beſide the waters.*' Long may the people of Britain

be holy and ſtedfaſt in the church, and loyal to their king! then ſhall they reſemble the tribes of Iſrael, having, as it were, '*the ſtrength of an unicorn; they ſhall eat up the nations, their enemies, and ſhall break their bones, and pierce them through with their arrows.*' Then they ſhall '*couch, they ſhall lie down like a lion, and as a great lion; who ſhall ſtir them up?*' Then '*bleſſed is he that bleſſeth thee, and curſed is he that curſeth thee.*' But what have we here, that is like a huge conical barrow? Let us climb to the top, that we may get a wider proſpect of the landſkip.

Angler. The ſame Thorpe Cloud you ſaw ſo towering in the diſtance from Spittle Hill; but he now appears under another aſpect, and before you could ſcale the height you muſt needs deſcend into a deep valley which lies between us.

Painter. Say you ſo? I can ſcarce believe it; for the diſtance looks to be leſs than a bow-ſhoot.

Angler. It is, nevertheleſs, true; and yonder, to the left, is Bunſter Hill, in Staffordſhire, that is like the back of a gigantic elephant: and between theſe two mountains flow the happy ſtreams of the Dove; and that to the right hand is Black Moor: we have but two miles

hence, and then our Dove.

Painter. If ſo, let us mend our pace; but tell me, is this the way Mr. Cotton brought his friend?

Angler. The ſame; and all the while he entertained him with a diſcourſe of the trouty rivers of his county of Derby, as, namely, the Dove, the Wye, the Derwent, and the great Trent, that wanders through many rich towns and foreſts, until it loſes its name and waters in the ſea.

Painter. And is all Mr. Charles Cotton's treatiſe of fly fiſhing in the form of a dialogue?

Angler. Aye; and full of pertinent obſervations and exceeding plauſibleneſs.

Painter. Although I am willing to confeſs Mr. Walton's Angler to be a moſt perſuaſive book, becauſe he knows how to qualify his diſcourſe with all kinds of graceful changes and deſcriptions; yet methinks Mr. Cotton had no need to model his writings after the unuſual example of a dialogue.

Angler. By your leave, not ſo unuſual; for have you forgot the many patterns that almoſt every age hath produced, of treatiſes, both learned and witty, in the form of colloquies? Let me bring to your mind that moſt ſubtle and philoſophic dialogue, the 'Sympoſiac, o

Banquet' of *Plato*, the moſt learned of the Grecians, wherein his maſter, *Socrates*, is made to diſcourſe with a wiſdom that ſeemed to be a ſcintillation of divine truth. And not only Plato's 'Banquet,' but his 'Alcibiades,' and others, ſo full of invincible arguments in ſupport of virtue, as charmed the underſtanding of that age.

Painter. Well, if you will go back to ancient times, there are Tully's five days' diſputations at his retired Tuſculan villa with Marcus Brutus, where he perſuades his hearers by the moſt notable arguments to the contempt of death.

Angler. And what ſay you of that banquet of *Xenophon*, at the Athenian feſtival of Minerva? for he gives us to underſtand how, after the ſhow was finiſhed, as he walked out of the city, he fell in with *Socrates* and others, diſcourſing together, and invited them civilly to ſupper; which they accepted, and went with him to his houſe at Piræus.

Painter. I remember; and there they entertained each other with learned and profitable converſation.

Angler. But neither the philoſophy of *Socrates* and *Plato*, nor the eloquence of *Tully*, could match with that exalted wiſdom of the

apoſtolic fathers and doctors, who have delivered to the Church the moſt clear interpretations of holy writ. And ſome of them unlocked the boundleſs treaſures of celeſtial truth, and pointed the way to heaven, through the ſhadowings and darkneſs of error, by the medium of colloquies. As Hermas (who was the friend of St. Paul, that great apoſtle of the Gentiles) in his 'Paſtor or Shepherd.'

Painter. Have not ſome learned men of our times, and, indeed, of the ancient fathers, queſtioned the authority of that book of Hermas?

Angler. I may not deny that the cautious judgments of ſome are yet divided upon it: but Irenæus, Origen, and others, have pronounced it to be 'a very profitable book,' and it was appointed to be read in many of the earlieſt chriſtian churches.

Painter. I believe it is true, that Hermas was the friend of St. Paul, and is thought to have ſealed his holy life by a glorious martyrdom.

Angler. And it is certain his book was compoſed in the form of a dialogue: for he declares how, when he had prayed at home, and was ſat down upon the bed, an old man came to him in the habit of a ſhepherd, clothed with a white cloak, having his bag upon his back,

and his ſtaff in his hand, and ſaluted him; and thereupon they moſt lovingly converſed together: for the ſhepherd inſtructed him what things he was to avoid, and what good works to perform, that he might be ſaved.

Painter. And what followed?

Angler. Then Hermas, from time to time, queſtioned the holy ſhepherd with a modeſt confidence, and aſked an explanation of many ſublime points of our belief, that were then to him an incomprehenſible myſtery, all which the accoſtable ſtranger revealed to him, ſpeaking with authority and wiſdom: and ſo they continued to diſcourſe, until the paſtor roſe up and departed.*

Again I will put you in mind how, in a later age of the church, holy Juſtin Martyr records a moſt learned and ſpiritual dialogue, which he held at Epheſus with one Trypho, a Jew, wherein he ſets forth his own firſt bleſſed converſion to Chriſtianity. For, having in vain ſought after the knowledge of the true God in the ſchools of the Stoics and Peripatetics, and

* Originally written in Greek; but that being loſt, there is only a Latin verſion, ſuppoſed to have been made by Rufinus in the 4th century. Editio princeps, PASTOR à Nic. Gerbellio. Lat. Argent. 1522. 4°—ED.

found them to be unſatisfying to the high deſires of his ſoul, he gave himſelf up to ſolitude and meditation: and, in one of his retired walks on the ſea-ſhore, meeting with an aged perſon of a mild and reverend aſpect, he entered into a converſation with him. Then he told the ſtranger how fervent a zeal was kindled in his breaſt to come to a perfect intelligence of the nature of God, and ſo fell to a commendation of the ſtudy of philoſophy. Whereupon the venerable Trypho endeavoured to cure him of his ignorant admiration of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, and exhorted him to an examination of the writings of the Hebrew prophets, as being more ancient than any of thoſe heathen philoſophers; and by his admonitions and clear arguments he opened to him the joyful knowledge of the ſacred myſteries of Chriſtianity. Above all things, he perſuaded him to pray that the beams of heavenly light might ſhine on his benighted ſoul; for that the truths of the Goſpel muſt be ſpiritually diſcerned through the power of God.

Painter. Did Juſtin continue his acquaintance with the ſtranger, whoſe calm and meek way of diſcourſing had perſuaded him to a better judgment of divine things?

Angler. After that firſt meeting he never

ſaw him again; but he was ſtirred with a holy deſire to attain a more familiar knowledge of the prophets, and his wiſhes ſoared up on high; and at laſt he was convinced that he had all along wandered in darkneſs, and that the Holy Scriptures contained the only true philoſophy.

Painter. All this brings to my recollection ſome other examples of books compoſed after the form of converſations: as namely, Petrarch's imaginary dialogues between himſelf and Auguſtine, where the ſaint endeavours to withdraw the poet from the willing thraldom of his love for Laura, and to perſuade him to the ſtudy of wiſdom, as alone capable to beſtow true liberty: and, again, the facetious Colloquia of Eraſmus, ſo full of wit and biting ſatire; and the 'Ana-'tomie of Abuſes whipped and ſtripped,' by the preciſe Mr. Stubbes, proceeding from his own dogmatical whimſies.

Angler. Then, forget not the three books of colloquies, on the art of ſhooting in great and ſmall pieces of artillerie, written in Italian by Nicholas Tartaglia.* And again, that royal dialogue of riding the great horſe, compoſed in

* Tranſlated into Engliſh by Cyprian Lucas, Gent. folio, 1588. Tartaglia was a famous mathematician.—Ed.

the French tongue, by Monſieur Antoine Pluvinel;* and I can declare it to be a moſt courteous, gentle, and ingenious converſation between the young King Louis, the Duke of Bellegarde, and Monſieur Antoine himſelf. With what a rare eloquence does he commend and teach the art of making demivoltes, cabrioes, and courbettes, with all the other graceful motions on horſeback, moſt fit for gentlemen of quality!

Painter. And his book is adorned with excellent copper cuts by Criſpin Paſs, the ingenious engraver of thoſe living effigies of the HERÖOLOGIA.

Angler. The ſame: but I forbear all further mention of dialogues, except a little book I lately ſaw at the houſe of an ingenious and modeſt friend, dwelling in Chancery-lane, in London, who is a conſtant lover of Mr. Walton and his art of angling, and endeared to many of his profeſſed diſciples; and hath been ſo exact and ſkilful a promoter of letters, as to be called ALDI DISCIPULUS ANGLUS, as witneſs the ſign of the Dolphin and Anchor, engraved on the title of his imprinted books, after the faſhion of Aldus Manutius. And becauſe he

* A gentleman of Dauphiny in the reign of Henry IV. Par. 1640. Fol.—ED.

has a happy fortune in the discovery of ancient books, you may find at his house a store of all kinds. It was a few days before my last departure from London, I made him a visit, when he conducted me into his parlour, to show me his little cabinet of rarities: and there, after some cheerful conversation on fishing, when I told him I purposed my summer travels to the Dove, he presented me with a letter writ by Mr. Cotton to his '*dear and worthy father*,' Mr. Izaak Walton.

Painter. Indeed! and I dare believe you treasured it up with your many other written epistles of noted men in your study at home.

Angler. Pardon me; I have made it my companion here in my wallet; and some day I will indulge you with the reading of it, when you are worthy, and put on better thoughts of anglers. But to return to the book I told you of; it is an ancient discourse '*Of the Nature of* 'GOD,' which the writer calls 'a little treatise 'of a great argument.'

Painter. The argument was great indeed, and I beseech you proceed to your account of it.

Angler. The work was writ by the learned, pious and painful Bishop of Durham (Morton), who made Dr. Donne the offer of his own

benefice, if he would be perſuaded to enter into Holy Orders, and ſo become '*an Ambaſſador for the God of glory; that God, who, by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind:*' and it is fit to tell you that I ſet the greater ſtore by this book, becauſe I am convinced Mr. Walton hath taken a pleaſure in the peruſal of it, inſomuch as to make the opening chapter of his COMPLETE ANGLER after that model. It is a converſation betwixt a gentleman and a ſcholar, who were travelling on horſeback from the north, by the ſame road, to the city of York; and thus it begins—

'*Gentleman.** Well overtaken, Sir.

'*Scholar.* You are welcome, gentleman.

'*Gentleman.* No great gentleman, Sir, but 'one that wiſheth well to all that mean well: I 'pray you how far do you travel this way?

'*Scholar.* As far as York.

'*Gentleman.* I ſhould be glad if I might have 'your company thither.

'*Scholar.* And I, if my company might ſtand 'you in any ſtead.'

Thereupon enſued a gentle and moſt inge

* London, Printed by Thomas Creede for Robert Dexter, dwelling in St. Paul's Church-yard, at the ſign of the Brazen Serpent. 1599. 12mo.—ED.

ious converſation: and they argued the myſ-
erious matter of the omnipotency and incom-
prehenſible greatneſs of God, to their mutual
contentment and confirmation in the truth, until
hey came to Newcaſtle, where the ſcholar's
ittle nag would ſcarce hold foot with the ſtrong
gelding of the gentleman; and ſo they put up
at ſome honeſt houſe where the ſcholar was
acquainted, and were both heartily welcome,
and honeſtly uſed for their money.' And there
we will leave them to their entertainment and
reſt,—and croſs this meadow of buttercups.

Painter. You have angled me on, and be-
guiled the way with theſe colloquies moſt plea-
ſantly; for we have walked ſome miles, and I
heartily thank you.

Angler. Look, Sir; now you have a view
of ſome rocks before you in a little diſtance;
there are the ſteep declivities overhanging the
other ſide of the Dove, which is at a great
depth below. A few ſteps more,—and we are
come to Hanſon Grange.

Painter. It is a pretty ſequeſtered ſpot; and
the houſe ſtands on the very brow of the cliff,
which is ornamented with wood; and I hope
we are arrived at Dove Dale.

Angler. Have patience: not yet, Sir;—this
is Nab's Dale: but turn again this way to the

right, for there is Hanſon Toot. And look, yonder is the church at Alſtonfields; and, I beſeech you; deny me not the contrivance of a picture.

Painter. I'll do it cheerfully; and the hills array themſelves to an advantage. What a general harmony is in the works of nature! Here, by a few lines, with ſeeming careleſſneſs put together, even thoſe bleak and craggy hills are made to the congruity and order of beauty; and the aſpect of the church on the hill is pretty for a diſtance.

Angler. And when you are come there, you ſhall find a retired village, and a decent houſe of entertainment; where we may have ſupper and a clean bed.

Painter. Was it there *Piſcator* cheered his companion after his journey?

Angler. Not ſo: for Mr. Cotton conducted him to his handſome ſeat at Beresford, and there you may believe he made amends, as he promiſed to do, for bringing him '*an ill mile or* '*two out of his way;*' for he gave him a hearty welcome; and after that they made no ſtrangers of each other, but with good Moorland ale and a pipe of tobacco paſſed an hour or two in converſation before they went to bed.

Painter. And I am ready to do the ſame;

ſo let us be going, for there is my poor copy of Alſtonfields church.

Angler. It is the church itſelf, and thoſe diſtant hills, that ſtand behind it with a natural gloom. Come on, Sir.

Painter. Gently, ſo pleaſe you; and let me take care of myſelf down theſe ſlippery ſtones. How the path winds and turns in a zig-zag! I ſhall tumble ere I get to the bottom.

Angler. Never fear, Sir! never fear; every ſlippery ſtone and every ſtep of the way has a charm for me; for here it was Mr. Cotton travelled with his friend, who was in a ſtrange taking as he crept or ſlided down.

Painter. And well he might be, for it is an uncouth precipice: it is the land of break-neck.

Angler. A little ſteep, I grant you; but come on, for methinks we are near '*the ſign* '*of a bridge*,' which is ſo narrow, *Viator* thought it was fit only for wheelbarrows, and declared he was inclinable to '*go over on all fours:*' ſo look out.

Painter. Nay, Sir; but to look out for any thing beyond my footing, is more than man can do in ſuch a ribble rabble place as this.

Angler. Come, brother, give over this complaining: for, look you, there is the '*wheel-*' *barrow bridge;*' and liſten to the river below.

How the noiſe of her waters falls on mine ear like the voice of melody! Welcome, cryſtal Dove; for we purpoſe to caſt away ſome innocent hours in thy cool receſſes.

'Oh my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
'Princeſs of rivers, how I love
'Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
'And view the ſilver ſtream
'When gilded by a ſummer's beam!
'And in it all thy wanton fry
'Playing at liberty;
'And with my angle upon them
'The all of treachery
'I ever learn'd induſtriouſly to try.'*

Painter. Now we are ſafely down; and the river ruſtles merrily under the bridge, criſping itſelf into foam. And what hamlet is yonder, on the Staffordſhire ſide, with a cheerful mill?

Angler. That is Mill Dale, and there lies the road to Alſtonfields.

Painter. Let us be forward; for the ſun ſinks down apace,

'Bidding farewell unto the gloomy ſky.'

Angler. Stay a while: if you have any affection for me, you will not paſs by this enchant-

* THE RETIREMENT. Irregular ſtanzas by Charles Cotton.—ED.

ing glen, and leave me no record. Look again —ſee how the evening gleams linger over the tops of the mountains. I beſeech you, ſit on '*this broad ſtone*,' and draw me a picture.

Painter. This landſkip needs a better hand than mine to give the natural fall of the rocks, and throw that bridge and the mill into a deep perſpective.

Angler. You are too modeſt; ſo pr'ythee begin, and I'll ſit by your ſide, and repeat you ſome paſtoral verſes compoſed by famed Sir Walter Raleigh.

Painter. Come, then, tune your voice to the air.

'And loudly ſing a roundelay of love.'

Angler. Shall I give you '*Phillida's love-call* '*to her Coridon, and his replying?*'

Painter. Aye, do ſo.

Angler. [ſings.]

'Coridon, ariſe my Coridon.'

Painter. Sing, I pray you, boldly, that the rocks may anſwer with an echo.

Angler. I'll do my beſt; for the Paſtoral is worthy, and full of an innocent love. Let me ſee if I can remember me how it runs. [*ſings.*]—

PHILLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER CORIDON, AND HIS REPLYING.

Phil. Coridon, ariſe, my Coridon,
Titan ſhineth clear.
Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon?
Who is it that I hear?
Phil. Phillida, thy true love calleth thee;
Ariſe then, ariſe then;
Ariſe, and keep thy flock with me
Cor. Phillida, my true love, is it ſhe?
I come then, I come then;
I come to keep my flock with thee.
Phil. Here are cherries ripe for my Coridon;
Eat them for my ſake.
Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
Phil. Here are threads, my true love, fine as ſilk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of ſtockings as white as milk.
Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withſtand the heat.
Phil. I will gather flowers, my Coridon,
To ſet in thy cap.
Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phil. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs ſo tall.
Cor. I will buy my true love yellow ſey,*

* Silk. Ed.

For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle ſmall.

Phil. When my Coridon ſits on a hill,
Making melody.

Cor. When my lovely goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily.

Phil. Surely, methinks, my true love doth excel,
For ſweetneſs, for ſweetneſs,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor. And, methinks my true love bears the bell,
For clearneſs, for clearneſs,
Beyond the nymphs that be ſo bright.

Phil. Had my Coridon, my Coridon,
Been, alack! my ſwain:

Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain:

Phil. Cynthia Endymion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring
My Coridon to play with-all.

Cor. The Queen of Love had been excuſed,
Bequeathing, bequeathing
My Phillida the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my mother, Coridon!
Whither ſhall I fly?

Cor. Under yon beach, my lovely one,
While ſhe paſſeth by.

Phil. Say to her thy true love was not here.
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.

Cor. Doubt me not, my true love; do not fear:
Farewell, then, farewell then.
Heaven keep our loves alway.

Painter. Thank you, thank you; that is a

well-tuned gladſome paſtoral, and as well ſung as it is compoſed; and I will now confeſs, this walk to the Dove, and the freſhneſs of the Derbyſhire hills, and, above all, the ingenious delight you take in following Mr. Cotton's footſteps, have put new thoughts into my mind. There is the beſt picture I can make for you; but I am not a limner to fix thoſe intricate lights and ſhadows that flit from one rock to another with the paſſing clouds.

Angler. Truly, Sir, it could not be better compoſed; and now let us towards Alſtonfields, and over the wheelbarrow bridge.

Painter. With all my heart: but not '*on all 'fours.*' Obſerve how the water hurries away, rippling over the rocky bed.

Angler. Ah! ſaw you that, Sir?

Painter. I ſaw nothing: what was it?

Angler. It was a hungry trout roſe at a fly: now, by your leave, I muſt have the delight to try my poor ſkill in the Dove. That trout has tranſported me beyond diſcretion.

Painter. You have my permiſſion; ſo fix your tackling and go to work.

Angler. There again: did you not ſee him riſe?

Painter. I ſaw him not.

Angler. Well, then, if I have any luck, you

ſhall ſee him by ſupper time at Alſtonfields.

Painter. I wiſh you good ſport with all my heart, and do you call me if you chance to hook him; meantime I'll contrive another ſketch of theſe glades and rocks.

Angler. Do not forget to make the Dove a part of your picture.

Painter. And remember, you have promiſed to requite me with a good trout for ſupper.

Angler. I ſaid a brace.

Painter. Better and better; ſo farewell, and good luck go with thee.— —

Angler. — —Halloo!

Painter. How now, Brother Piſcator?

Angler. Hoi! quickly,—that you may partake of the delights of angling: here is a heavy fiſh, and my line being ſlender give me the net.

Painter. Nay, I beſeech you, let me land him, that I may have the honour of a helping hand with our firſt trout in the Dove.

Angler. You ſhall, and welcome too; but manage him with diſcretion.

Painter. Truſt me: I'm ready—haul him now to the bank; ah, me! he's gone away again: he was deſperate.

Angler. Fear not, I have him ſafe: I but play with him; ſee, he begins to tire; and now

you may take him: gently, gently—ſo, 'twas bravely netted.

Painter. Do but look how his belly and ſides are ſpotted with bright red ſpots.

Angler. It is a goodly fiſh; but I muſt give you a brace: and there was another riſe under the further bank; wait a moment, and he is mine.

Painter. Then I'll call you a maſter of your art, and ſince you have entertained me with the pleaſure of this trout, I'll go finiſh my picture of the Dove, for it is worth all my little ſkill in drawing.——So; how is it with you?

Angler. Here is the brace of trouts I promiſed you.

Painter. You are as good as your word. And I have not been idle.

Angler. I thank you; they are the very rocks and my Dove; and here is the bridge and, I declare, two anglers landing a trout! So hither away for Alſtonfields with merry hearts;

'There roaſt him and baſte him with good claret wine,
'For the calvor'd boyl'd trout will make thee to dine
'With dainty contentment.'*

* Barker's Delight; or the Art of Angling, wherein are diſcovered many rare ſecrets both for catching fiſh and dreſſing thereof, &c. 12° 1657.—Ed.

Painter. Step on, brother, for you cannot deſire to be at ſupper more than I do; and now we have trudged up the hill, and are come to the church we ſaw from Hanſon Toot, on the other ſide.

Angler. And there is the 'honeſt alehouſe' I told you of—and ſee, mine hoſt ſtanding under the porch, ready to welcome loyal travellers to the 'King's Head.'

Painter. Kept by '*Herbert Marſh*'—for there's his name printed in large underneath.

CHAPTER II.

A Conference at Supper between the Angler, *the* Painter, *and the* Hoſt.

Angler.

HOW do you, Mr. Marſh?

Hoſt. Gentlemen, your ſervant at command.

Painter. Can we have good entertainment and clean beds at your houſe?

Hoſt. Sir! we ſhall do our utmoſt to give you ſatisfaction: and for beds, I may ſay there are not better in the Peak, with 'ſheets laid up 'in lavender.' What, ho! boy, take theſe gentlemen's fiſh pannier and angle rods. Will it pleaſe you, Sirs, to walk into the parlour?

Angler. It is well; and the ſooner you can make ready for ſupper the better pleaſed we ſhall be; for we have walked all the way from Derby; and here is a brace of trouts: but look you, Mr. Marſh, one condition I would make,

and that is, you dreſs them according to a fancy I have.

Hoſt. Sir, you ſhall be obeyed; nevertheleſs we have a notable method for boiling a trout or grayling in theſe parts, that I never knew to diſpleaſe any anglers.

Angler. But if you know not the manner recommended by Mr. Cotton, who lives at Beresford Hall, I ſhall not be perſuaded to think them ſkilfully done.

Hoſt. Sir, I am now your moſt humble ſervant, and willing to dreſs theſe trouts according to your wiſhes, ſeeing you approve the method of noble Mr. Cotton.

Painter. Then you know Mr. Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall?

Hoſt. That, Sir, by your leave, I ſhould do, and know him well too; for I was a ſervant in the family when his right honourable father lived at the hall, of whom only this I may declare, he was loved and eſteemed for his gentle qualities of nature by the late moſt learned Lord Chancellor* of Oxford and England, and was united with him in the ſame bold

* Lord Clarendon, who greatly praiſes him in his 'Characters of Eminent Men,' in the reigns of Charles I. and II.—Ed.

and generous zeal for the ſervice of the late king, of pious memory: and I was the firſt that taught Mr. Charles Cotton, in his happy youthful days, to fiſh in the River Dove, when he was a mere ſchoolboy, and to mew and caſt and lure his falcon-gentles, and all manner of hawks. And ſince that time he has often had me to a day's fiſhing with him, and by his native condeſcenſion makes me find myſelf at eaſe in his company, notwithſtanding my humble conditions.

Angler. Indeed! then I may tell you this gentleman and myſelf have come all the way from Derby, and ſome miles beyond that, to find his fiſhing-houſe, and to ſpend a day or two angling in the vallies of the Dove.

Hoſt. You are not the firſt gentlemen by many, that have done this; and you will not think your labour loſt when you have ſeen the Fiſhing-houſe; for that it is a wonderful ingenious place, and moſt ſkilfully adorned, no perſon, who has ſeen it, can deny. But will you be pleaſed to ſit down in theſe elbow chairs, and reſt yourſelves till the trouts are ready.

Painter. Willingly: for I could not walk another Derbyſhire mile, if it were to purchaſe a king's ranſom. And now, Mr. Marſh, I pray you, look to the ſupper, that it be ſerved quickly,

for we are nigh famiſhed.

Angler. And remember to give the trouts '*three ſcotches with a knife.*'

Hoſt Aye, Sir, '*and to the bone on one ſide* '*only.*' I go to ſee it done as you deſire.——

Angler. Did you obſerve, brother, how this honeſt hoſt, for ſuch I doubt not he is, took up the words of Mr. Cotton? you may depend he hath read the '*Inſtructions how to angle for a* '*trout or grayling in a clear ſtream.*' We are like to paſs a pleaſant evening here at Alſton-fields, and to learn more of Mr. Cotton, and of his '*pretty moorland ſeat*' than we had any hope to do when we began our journey. What a neat parlour is here, and the boards all ſanded over!

Painter. And ſee how mine hoſt has garniſh't out his walls with little pictures; here's the hiſtory of Judith, and Suſanna, and Daniel in the lion's den; and the furniture not amiſs; the oaken cabinet, and tables poliſhed like a mirror.

Angler. And here are books in the window; look you, Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Biſhop Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying;' and here before all other books, is the GREAT BIBLE,*

* THE HOLY BIBLE, conteyning the Old Teſtament,

that King James cauſed to be tranſlated out of the Hebrew and Greek tongues by thoſe *forty ſeven* moſt pious and learned divines of our holy church, thereby opening to the people of theſe realms thoſe fountains of living waters, more precious than rivers of gold; for he that thirſteth after them in an honeſt and believing heart, ſhall hear THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, 'Come; 'let him that is athirſt come; and whoſo-'ever will, let him take of the water of life 'freely.'† Happy were they to be choſen—thrice happy to unlock and deliver to all ages the myſterious treaſures of God's Holy Word. Of theſe I may not forget charitable Dr. Launcelot Andrewes.

Painter. He that refuſed to be conſecrated a biſhop, becauſe he would not be perſuaded to give a helping hand in the ſpoil of the eccleſiaſtical revenues.

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and the New; *newly tranſlated out of* the Originall Tongues: and with the former Tranſlations diligently compared and reviſed by His Majeſties ſpecial Commandement.

Appointed to be read in Churches.

IMPRINTED at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Moſt Excellent Majeſtie. ANNO DOM. 1611.—ED.

† Rev. xxii. 17.

Angler. Nor leſs happy in this ſurpaſſing work was Dr. Adrian Saravia, of ſo ſweet a nature, and diſpoſitions ſo notable, that he was joined to Mr. Hooker in a boſom friendſhip, which was only ended by death, when that judicious champion of our church thought himſelf happy to die in the arms of him he loved with ſo confiding a love.

Painter. This gift to his people of the Engliſh Bible was indeed a 'ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΟΡΟΝ' worthy of a king,* and ſeeing theſe books of our hoſt, I am more inclined to entertain good thoughts of him: but here he comes.

Angler. And the ſupper too. You have loſt no time, Mr. Marſh.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, I hope you may find it to be as well done as quickly, for that is what I deſired; and I have ſpared nothing to make them to your taſte, even to the '*little hand-*'*ſome faggot of roſemary, thyme, and winter* '*ſavory*,' that Mr. Cotton bids us '*throw into* '*the liquor.*'

Angler. Well then, let us ſay grace for theſe

* 'Basilicon Doron,' or a royal gift, written by James the Firſt, and addreſſed to his ſon Prince Henry. Originally printed at Edinburgh, by R. Waldegrave in 1599.—Ed.

mercies we have, and now fall to it. Come, this is excellent, and, as I profeſs myſelf to be an angler, I have not taſted trouts more ſeaſonable:—Apicius himſelf could not have deſired them more daintily dreſſed.

Hoſt. Sir, I am glad you find them to your liking.

Angler. And now, what ſay you of your barley wine?

Hoſt. Sir, it is well known how the Staffordſhire ale is the beſt in England, or as good as any; and though I would not be thought a braggart, I may ſay that mine is ſecond to none in the county.

Angler. Then bring us a good flagon; for I long to drink Mr. Cotton's health in a full cup at Alſtonfields:—Now brother.

Painter. With all my heart—here's to Mr. Cotton.

Angler. Mr. Cotton, the dear friend of Mr. Izaak Walton!

Hoſt. Sirs, I thank you for your kind thoughts towards my maſter, and there is not a worthier gentleman lives than Mr. Cotton; and may I be ſo bold to aſk how you find our Staffordſhire ale?

Angler. It is excellent, and no lack of malt in't.

Hoſt. And now, Gentlemen, here is meat, with a freſh fallet; and my good dame has prepared ſome confections, and toſſed a ſweet pancake.

Angler. This mutton is as good as your ale.

Painter. It is all excellent; thanks to you and our good hoſteſs: 'ſmall cheer and great 'welcome make a merry feaſt;' but you are liberal with both: and now we have finiſhed our ſupper, what ſay you, brother, have you an inclination to a pipe?

Angler. I am nothing loath.

Painter. And I'm for another jug of that nappy ale, if you do not fear it.

Angler. I fear nothing in your diſcreet company: ſo, Mr. Marſh, bring us pipes, and ſome more of your Staffordſhire ale, and let there be a toaſt and ſugar in't, with a little ſpice of nutmeg.

Painter. Aye, aye, and a race or two of ginger.

Hoſt. Sirs, it ſhall be as you deſire; and with all diligence. —— ——

Angler. And now, brother, what think you of our hoſt?

Painter. In ſooth, a modeſt, well-ſpoken man, with a decent compoſure of carriage; not like ſome of your would-be-witty tapſters, that

have 'a finger in all trades, and an oar in every 'man's boat.'

Angler. And that is my opinion of him; and ſo, when he returns, if you ſtand not on ſcruples, let us invite him to ſit with us awhile; for I would aſk him ſome queſtions about Mr. Cotton and his fiſhing-houſe.——

Hoſt. Gentlemen, here is a tankard of ſpiced ale, with pipes, and the beſt tobacco I have.

Angler. I doubt not the quality of your tobacco, but I always carry my own; and now, Mr. Marſh, if you will give us the pleaſure of your converſation awhile, and ſmoke a pipe from my box, you ſhall be heartily welcome.

Hoſt. Sirs, I humbly thank you; but I pray you to excuſe me: I would not be thought to grow preſumptuous becauſe you are pleaſed to be familiar.

Painter. Nay, Mr. Marſh, ſtay not on a punctilio; we would have your company, if it be only to drink Mr. Cotton's good health; and here's my Virginia, ſo fill your pipe.

Angler. One cup to the noble maſter of Beresford: pr'ythee be ſeated, Mr. Marſh.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, ſince you deſire me this honour, I ſhall obey as I ought, and heartily thank you.——Sirs, I make bold to drink your health, wiſhing you all poſſible pleaſure here-

abouts on the banks of the Dove, and good ſucceſs with your angle-rods.

Painter. It promiſes ſo many natural beauties, that I expect to find it as pleaſant a river as I have ſeen.

Angler. Say the pleaſanteſt of all, good brother.

Painter. Firſt let me ſee the fiſhing-houſe; and then, perhaps, I may be brought to join in your opinion. Shall we be permitted to viſit that ſpot?

Hoſt. Doubt it not, Sir: you that have read Mr. Cotton's ſecond part of the COMPLETE ANGLER, may readily believe how he inclines to Gentlemen fiſhers, ſeeing he has therein clearly depicted his own likeneſs; for I may declare to you my maſter has an alluring ſuavity and a ſingular freedom of ſpirit. Therefore he will never refuſe a liberty to civil ſtrangers, to ſee his fiſhing-houſe: indeed, I have known him to ſend his ſervants to the river, with meat and ale for their refreſhment; or ſometimes, if they be anglers, invite them to the houſe. And it was after this manner the firſt accidental rudiments of that friendſhip ſprung up betwixt himſelf and brave Colonel Richard Lovelace. I remember he found that gentleman to be endowed with ſuch a ripeneſs of wit, and zeal for

the king's cauſe, that he perſuaded him to a long forgetfulneſs of his intended journey to London, and then was ſo unwilling to loſe his converſation and company, that he made an occaſion to go to Aſhbourne, that he might conduct him ſo far on horſeback by Hanſon Toot and Bentley.*

Angler. I have heard ſay that Colonel Lovelace was afterwards, in his diſtreſs, a conſtant partaker of Mr. Cotton's open and generous diſpoſition.

Hoſt. Alas! Sir, his diſpoſition is over generous for his fortunes; and it is famous in all the Peak, that Mr. Cotton is now detained

* That this friendſhip, ſo happily begun between the two poets, was a laſting one we have undoubted evidence in Mr. Cotton's Elegy '*To the Memory of my worthy Friend Coll.* RICHARD LOVELACE,' appended to a poſthumous edition of Lovelace's *Lucaſta*, printed in 1659, the year after his death. In this collection of poems is one addreſſed by Lovelace 'To the nobleſt of our Youth, 'and beſt of Friends, CHARLES COTTON, Eſquire, being 'at *Beresford*, at his houſe in *Staffordſhire*;' in which is the following teſtimony of gratitude for Mr. Cotton's having contributed to his neceſſities, when he was in priſon.

'What fate was mine, when in mine obſcure cave,
'Shut up almoſt cloſe priſoner in a grave,
'Your beams could reach me through the vault of night,
'And canton the dark dungeon with light.'—ED.

from Beresford againſt his deſires, leſt his enemies ſhould incommode him.

Angler. Say not ſo: I would not have it true, that a gentleman of ſo high a candour and of ſuch worth ſhould be an exile from his eſtates.

Hoſt. Were it other than true, I ſhould indeed be happy: he has none but friends in all this country, unleſs it be ſome remnant of thoſe injurious and rank weeds that ſprung up through the Commonweal under the late tyranny. He is of a clear courage, like his noble father; and both manifeſted a conſtant loyalty for the king, during the frenzy of thoſe rugged times.

Painter. It may be this brought againſt him a part of his preſent cares.

Hoſt. Alas, it did that; for it is a known truth how the eſtate was encumber'd on his Majeſty's behalf: and indeed my maſter ſhowed himſelf to be a loving ſubject in thoſe ſad diſtractions, when there was a danger ſo much as to be thought of the royal party. And another great charge was to enrich his houſe and grounds with all manner of curious ornamental art, in ſo much that they be noted in theſe parts for a garden of devices. And ſome of our chiefeſt nobility think themſelves happy in Mr.

Cotton's friendſhip; as Lord Jermayne, and the moſt noble Earl of Devonſhire,* who lives in his ſtately manſion at Chatſworth, and permits a familiarity with him; nay, I have ſeen them practiſe with foils in our great Hall, and notwithſtanding the Earl has the longer arm and is eſteemed a very dextrous fencer, he cannot, with all his *parries*, defend himſelf againſt Mr. Cotton's *counterpoint* and ſkilful *diſengagements*.

Painter. I pray you, what age is Mr. Charles Cotton?

Hoſt. Sir, Mr. Cotton was born forty-ſeven years, gone the 28th of laſt month: but he is yet in the morning and flower of his life; and to look at him you might believe him to be leſs than forty, by reaſon of his youthful carriage and comelineſs; and when he converſes with his inferiors, ſuch as myſelf and others, who have the happineſs to call him our maſter, the ſweetneſs of his diſcourſe and his diſcreet familiarity expels every fear. And then, Sir! if you could ſee him, (as I have often,) in his ſuit of ſlaſhed velvet, or rich taffeta, you would be ſure he was bred at court; indeed, he is notable for

* William, Earl of Devonſhire, mentioned in Cotton's Wonders of the Peak, p. 24. 1681.—Ed.

his comportment and alluring perſon. Nevertheleſs, I have ſometimes ſeen him tranſported beyond his uſual behaviour: and I cannot help me from ſmiling at a ſtory of himſelf, I have heard him relate to his friends.

Angler. I beſeech you let us have it.

Hoſt. Well, Sir! you are to know Mr. Cotton will ſometimes have a ſlight hindrance in his ſpeech; and ſo on a time he found a ſtout beggar that ſat under the great yew tree, near to the door of the Hall; whereupon he aſked him, with an heſitation, 'What—d-doſt—d-do—here—f-friend?'—Now it chanced the beggar had the ſame infirmity of ſpeech with noble Mr. Cotton, but greater; ſo he began to ſtammer in his anſwering, and make wry words and looks; upon this, Mr. Cotton, thinking he mocked at him, ſeized the man on a ſudden, and declared he was a ſturdy rogue, and he would teach him his manners, and have him put in the ſtocks. Thereupon the other, in his fright, could not but ſtut the more, ſeeing how obnoxious he was to ſo fine a gentleman; till at length Mr. Cotton, finding it to be a real entanglement in the fellow's ſpeech, was all at once mollified, and did humbly aſk pardon for his firſt ſeverity; and after that fell a laughing, and with pleaſant perſuaſions called him into

his houſe, and feaſted him there, till the beggar thought himſelf as g-great as a L-Lord.

Painter. Ah! ha! ha! a mighty pleaſant ſtory.

Angler. I dare to think the beggar was not the only gueſt at the Hall that has taſted of Mr. Cotton's good cheer.

Hoſt. Sir, you are right; and I well remember, when my maſter reſolved to build the fiſhing-houſe, and that Proſpect Tower, that you ſhall ſee to-morrow, he engaged a maſter architect from the town of Nottingham, to ſee that the ſtone-work was ſkilfully managed. This was Mr. Lancelot Rolſton,* a man of ſolid abilities, and inſtructed in many arts; and becauſe he was of a fertile wit, and withal a brother of the angle, Mr. Cotton held him to be, as he always proved himſelf, a brave gentleman and a ſcholar, and after a time, entered into a familiarity with him, which hath continued to this day:—but Sirs,—I humbly aſk your pardon;—I would not be thought to venture myſelf on your civility, nor take too much of the converſation.

* Probably the ſon of Mr. Thomas Rolleſton, who built the church at Mayfield, in Dove Vale, in 1616.—*Pitt's Survey of Staffordſhire, p.* 225.—Ed.

Painter. Truſt me, we think ourſelves happy in theſe teſtimonies of Mr. Cotton; but ſee, the ale tarries with you; ſo fill your cup, and let us hear further of Mr. Rolſton.

Hoſt. Well then, Sir, as I told you, that architect was often perſuaded by Mr. Cotton to come to him at Beresford; and I cannot doubt was largely rewarded; and this was only reaſonable, ſeeing he was a famous man in theſe parts, and above all a delicate limner. And ſo it happened on a time, when he came all the way from Nottingham to give order for the works, that Mr. Cotton greatly deſired his company one day more at Beresford, that he might finiſh ſome landſkip pictures in the fiſhing-houſe. This the other could not do with convenience to himſelf, at that time; therefore he aſked leave to be gone after dinner. But Mr. Cotton did ſo entertain his gueſt with good wine, and better converſation, that the architect forgot, or would not care for his journey, until the night was come. Then Mr. Cotton told him how there was no moonlight, and he might chance to break his neck between this and Aſhbourne, whither his occaſions called him, and endeavoured to perſuade him it would be more prudent to take his bed at the Hall, and promiſed he might depart early the next morning. But the other

declared he was able to find his way by Hanſon Toot and Bentley Brook, though he were hoodwinked.

Well, Sirs, Mr. Cotton ſeeing him bent on his dark journey, ſecretly deſired his ſervants ſhould bring one of his own horſes from the ſtable; and when the architect mounted into his ſaddle with alacrity, not ſeeing how he had another man's jennet, Mr. Cotton wiſhed him a good journey at the gate with a ſecret mirthful compoſure. And ſo the other got to Aſhbourne and ſlept at the Talbot Inn; and on the morrow, when the hoſtler brought him the nag, how was he then aſtoniſhed to find he had not his own beaſt; and declared the man was not awake to give him ſuch a ſorry jade. Then the other humbly diſabuſed him, and ſaid, he knew the horſe theſe many a year, for it was noble Mr. Cotton's at Beresford Hall.

Angler. Bravely done: and what followed?

Hoſt. Then the architect began unwillingly to perceive how my maſter had ſerved him this facetious turn; and becauſe the exchange was not to his advantage, he conſidered it was beſt for him to come again to Beresford; and ſo he did, as Mr. Cotton hoped he would: then they laughed together at the innocent fraud thus put upon him, and Mr. Rolſton, being in

a happy mood, ſet his thoughts to work, and painted all that day, and the day after, in the fiſhing-houſe, and contrived ſome natural imitations of the rocks and other proſpects thereabouts.

Angler. Excellent!

Painter. I doubt not the limnings are traced with a dextrous freedom.

Hoſt. Aye, truly; and ſome ornaments of his workmanſhip are there, which I hope to make you welcome to, more worthy than the landſkips: for it chanced in the laſt ſummer, when Mr. Izaak Walton paſſed ſome peaceful days at Beresford, this artiſt rode thither from Nottingham; and nothing would content my maſter, but he muſt have Mr. Walton's portraiture, painted from the life in colours on the pannel of the beaufet, oppoſite to the mantel in the fiſhing-houſe. But Mr. Rolſton declared, with many proteſtations, he was not ſkilful painter enough for ſuch endeavours. Thereupon a friendly conteſt aroſe between all three; for Mr. Walton liked not the motion, and was ſo modeſt as to inſiſt that the fiſhing-houſe ſhould be better graced with the picture of Mr. Cotton himſelf, who was the happy inventor of it. Nevertheleſs my maſter would, for this time, have his pleaſure, and did entreat

Mr. Walton to ſit with an angler's profeſſed patience, and ſuffer Mr. Rolſton to paint his likeneſs; and moreover, he promiſed he would read them a book and converſe the while. And then he opened the beaufet, and ſaid gaily; Now, Sir, can you reſiſt the temptation of '*The* '*Shepheards' Oracles, delivered in certain Eg-* '*logues, by Francis Quarles?*' Whereupon Mr. Walton replied, There you touch me nearly, and I promiſe to ſit and liſten quietly, if you will be pleaſed to read aloud *Canonicus'*, the Shepheard's, reproofs againſt the ſciſmatical *Anarchus*. That will I, (then my maſter ſaid,) but firſt I crave leave to entertain Mr. Rolſton with your friend John Marriott's addreſs to the Reader; and he will not think it the leſs ingenious when I make bold to declare that ſome other pen than the Printer's (then he looked with a meaning at Mr. Walton) hath touched the deſcription of Francis Quarles, as he 'walked 'down towards the brook, furniſhed with all 'proper angle rods, lines, and flyes.'

Angler. I remember, he fell in with ſome Arcadian ſhepheardeſſes, keeping the feſtival of their great god Pan. Would I could repeat it, for it is a ſparkling allegory, eſpecially ſuitable to all fiſhermen.

Hoſt. Sir, I have the book itſelf, locked up

in this cabinet.

Angler. Indeed! then, I beſeech you, let us look into it, that my brother may judge whether or no Mr. Walton had a hand in the compoſition of that addreſs to the Reader.

Hoſt. Sir, here it is.

Angler. The 'SHEPHEARDS' ORACLES:' * and look, brother, at this ſignificant frontiſpiece, engraved by W. M.; there is the tree of the Church, that a mixed cloſe-cropped rabble of ſchiſmatics are picking and digging at, if by any means they may uproot it from the earth. And there is that man of a tub who has pierced through and through the books of the Liturgy and the Canons: and the Jeſuit, with his Roman knife, ſtripping the bark. But our late pious king, with his ſword and ſceptre, makes a rout of them, whilſt the careful Biſhop holds the loved tree in his embrace, and nur-

* Printed by M. F. for John Marriott and Richard Marriott, and are to be ſold at their ſhop in St. Dunſtan's Church-yard, Fleet Street, under the Dyall, 1646. A poſthumous work, as the poet died in 1644. Francis Quarles, author of Divine Emblems, had been cup bearer to Elizabeth, Electreſs Palatine, daughter of James I., and afterwards Secretary to Archbiſhop Uſher. His loyalty expoſed him to perſecution during the Rebellion.—ED.

tures the roots with the waters of ſound doctrine.

Painter. And from above the ſword of the Spirit invincibly ſpread out to protect His church, as if to ſay, '*I will contend with him that contends with thee, and I will ſave thy children.*'* But for the Printer's addreſs?

Angler. Liſten. — — — After ſome notice of the lamented death of Francis Quarles, the reader is '*requeſted to fancy that the author was walking a gentle pace on a ſummer's morning towards a brook, not far diſtant from his peaceful habitation, fitted with angle, lines, and flyes, proper for the fruitfull month of May, intending all diligence to beguile the timorous trout; when he obſerved a more than common concourſe of ſhepheards, all bending their unwearied ſteps towards a pleaſant meadow within his preſent proſpect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold two fair ſhepheardeſſes ſtrewing the foot paths with lillies and lady-ſmocks, ſo newly gathered by their fair hands that they yet ſmelt more ſweet than the morning, and immediately he met (attended with Clora and Clorinda, I think were their names, and many other wood nymphs,) the fair and*

* Iſ. xlix. 25.

'*virtuous Parthenia, who after a courteous ſa-*
'*lutation, told him that the neighbour-ſhepheards*
'*of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day*
'*to be kept holy to the honour of their great god*
'*Pan; ſhe told him alſo that Orpheus would be*
'*there, and bring his harp, Pan his pipe, and*
'*Titerus his oaten-reed to make muſic at the*
'*feaſt; ſhe therefore perſuaded him not to loſe,*
'*but to change that day's pleaſure.*' And (not to detain you with the whole) you are to believe this firſt acquaintance of the Author with the ſingle-hearted ſhepheards grew into a friendſhip; and he would often '*reſt himſelf among*
'*them and their flocks feeding about them, in*
'*the calm evening, as he returned from his river*
'*recreations, and heard that diſcourſe which*
'*(with the Shepheards' names) is preſented in*
'*theſe Eglogues.*'

Hoſt. Thus Mr. Walton was enticed to patience; for my maſter knows his humour, and is never ſo happy as when he can give him pleaſure.

Painter. And, if I may judge by theſe images of rural life, Mr. Walton himſelf had ſome participation in the addreſs.

Angler. And doubtleſs he knew that he might claim Francis Quarles for a worthy brother of the angle.

Painter. What would I not have given to witneſs the freedom of thoſe three contented gentlemen in the fiſhing-houſe!

Hoſt. Sirs, I would that you, who are ſo great lovers of angling, had there ſeen the ſweet compliance and reſignation of Mr. Walton: his particular ſmiling gravity ſeaſons all his actions, and by little and little the limner became ſo enamoured of his countenance that he ſtamped his very image againſt the pannel of the cabinet; yet all the while he profeſſed he could not manage it with truth to the original. I well remember what a joy Mr. Cotton expreſſed by his words and countenance, when the portrait was finiſhed, becauſe he ſhould never be in want of a lively image of his 'dear 'adopted father.'

Angler. And I may prophecy that the portraiture of our excellent maſter will be cheriſhed for ages yet to come by all anglers, who may gather from his lineaments the bleſſedneſs of a peaceful ſpirit.

Hoſt. After this was finiſhed, Mr. Walton declared he would have a reward for his conformableneſs, and be permitted to take his recreation by the river: and ſo it was agreed that he and Mr. Cotton ſhould have a bout of fiſhing.

Angler. Pr'ythee leave not a word untold of his methods of angling.

Hoſt. Well, then, Sir! Mr. Cotton gave order to his ſerving-boy to bring the rods and fiſhing-harneſs from the Hall: and to work they went. Then my maſter, ſeeing how Mr. Walton ſilently buſied himſelf in fixing a worm on the arming of his hook, challenged him to fiſh with the fly; whereat the other with his own ſmile (that ſhews he hath no other ſeaſon than a continual ſpring within) anſwered him; 'Nay, Sir, 'I hope to catch more pounds of fiſh with my 'brandlings before ſupper time, than you ſhall 'do with all your choiceſt flies.' To this Mr. Cotton replied: 'Say you ſo? Let that be a 'match between us; hither boy! bring my 'landing net and pannier, and let us down the 'ſtream below the ſwifts.' Then he deſired I would attend carefully on Mr. Walton; and ſaid, 'Farewell Mr. Piſcator, and look how you 'put your angle to good uſe, for now you are 'not on the banks of your Lea, but muſt fiſh 'in clear Derbyſhire ſtreams:' to which the other returned him a pleaſant nod of the head; and all the while he had prepared his tackling, without any noiſe, and dropped his line with a ſober miſchievous look into the Pike Pool: then ſeeing his quill to dip ſuddenly, he anſwered

with a gaiety, ‘ Anon, Sir ! look you there ;— ‘ for I am certain I have a nabble.’

Hoſt. And true it was, for he hook’d a trout, and, you may believe me, a big one.

Painter. I ſuſpect he had an old acquaintance with that pool.

Hoſt. And he handled his fiſh with a ſingular diſcretion, and then I landed him by his deſire in the net. No ſooner did Mr. Cotton ſee this, than he was ſuddenly reſolved to be away, and ſaid : ‘ Marry, Sir ! that is an ill omen for my ‘ match. Come, boy ! the wind ſets from this ‘ bank, keep aloof from the ſtream :’ and with that he went towards a choice part lower down, where an angler, that is an artiſt, may ſcarce miſs his entertainment.

Angler. You waited then on Mr. Walton ? I am ready to envy you ſuch a pleaſure, and the advantage of learning ſome of his devices in angling.

Hoſt. Believe me, Sir, you would alſo love to hear him diſcourſe ; for he proportions all he ſays with a moſt pleaſing contexture of grave and cheerful things, and delights in contemplating the beauty and order of the works of God ; and he naturally turns the thoughts of his companions to the Great Architect, that contrived the wonderful ſtructure of them ; per-

ſuading them to the belief that the moſt true, and only ſecure, happineſs is in virtue.

Painter. That is a cheerful induſtrious Chriſtian, who doth not lay up religion like a ſuit, to be kept for holidays; but ſucks divinity out of every flower, and in a ſecret way turns it into honey.

Hoſt. And all the while he diſcourſes, you may ſee him handle his rod with a maſter's ſkill: and he has ſome commixture of oil and gums, or other experimental artifices, that moſt anglers have no knowledge of, to tempt the trouts to his hook.

Angler. I have not a doubt it is that receipt of his friend, Richard Roe, as given by Mr. John Davors, in his *Secrets of Angling;* and I can avouch that it is an excellent good one.

Would'ſt thou catch fiſh?
Then here's thy wiſh;
Take this receipt
To anoint thy bait.

'Thou that deſireſt to fiſh with line and hook,
'Be it in Poole, in River, or in Brook,
'To bliſſe thy bait, and make the fiſh to bite,
'Loe, here's a means, if thou cans't hit it right.
'Take Gum of Life, fine beat, and laid to ſoak
'In Oyle, well drawn from that which kills the Oak:
'Fiſh where thou wilt, thou ſhalt have ſport thy fill,
'When twenty fail THOU ſhalt be ſure to kill.'

PROBATUM.

It's perfect and good,
If well underſtood,
Elſe not to be told
*For ſilver or gold.** R. R.

Hoſt. Sir, I know not if this or any other were his charm to tempt the fiſhes to his bait; but having quickly landed his ſecond trout, he ſaid, 'We ſhall have no more preſent bites in 'Pike Pool, ſeeing we have diſturbed the water; 'ſo come, Mr. Marſh, if you pleaſe, let us not 'loſe our time hereabouts, but try ſome other 'parts, that we may win our match from the 'ſkilful fly-fiſher.' After that he took a walk higher up the ſtream to the fiſhing-houſe, and ſhewed his trouts to Mr. Rolſton, who was ſtill there to give ſome laſt touches to the portraiture. Then he ſo perſuaſively entreated the limner to paint him a trout in colours, on one of the pannels, that the other could not find it in his thoughts to refuſe his requeſt. But Mr. Walton did not beguile his time in the fiſhing-houſe; for he remembered how he was to kill more fiſhes than Mr. Cotton, and ſo he continued his induſtrious angling until my maſ-

* The Secrets of Angling; teaching the choiceſt tooles, baits, and ſeaſons for the taking of any fiſh in pond or river: practiſed and familiarly opened in three Books. By J. Davors, Eſquire. 1652.—Ed.

ter returned again, a little before ſun-ſet, and brought with him many brace of trouts. And then Mr. Cotton ſaid gaily, 'My ſervice to you, 'good gentleman, moſt patient angler, what 'have your brandlings done for you?—haſt 'caught any fiſh?—it is time to give over.' To this Mr. Walton replied, 'Hold, Sir, but half a 'minute, and I'll tell you:' for at that very time he had hooked his laſt trout, and was playing him; and indeed he managed him with ſuch a craftineſs and would not give him a quiet moment to himſelf, but forced him with a moſt gentle violence up and down the ſtream, till he was brought to the laſt extremity; in ſo much that Mr. Cotton could not but applaud his ſkill, when he ſaw the fiſh at his length languiſhing on the bank. And after that, Mr. Rolſton was called from the fiſhing-houſe to be a judge of the conteſt; and all the trouts were counted out on the graſs; but Mr. Walton's fiſhes were more than the other's by ſome pounds in weight; and ſo it was declared his bottom fiſhing had won the match for him; and upon that they all returned with merry hearts to the Hall. And now, Gentlemen, it may be expected I ſhould aſk your pardon, ſeeing I have occupied your attention with this long diſcourſe.

Angler. We are greatly beholden to you for

ſo pleaſant a hiſtory.

Painter. And I am glad our walk to-morrow will be along the banks of the river, and that I am to ſee thoſe choice limnings in the fiſhing-houſe.

Angler. And now let's to bed. Come, brother, you and I will read a chapter out of Mr. Marſh's great Bible; and that will make our ſleep the ſweeter, and not hinder our ſport to-morrow.

Painter. It is well thought, ſo do you chooſe for us.

Angler. Where all are ſo exceeding good, I ſhall not be long before I ſuit you. Here is the 23d Pſalm of King David, where he teſtifies to the loving mercy of God, and how his ſoul repoſed in confidence, that He would be near to comfort him, and ſweeten all his trials. Shall I read from that?

Painter. By all means: for I am of the opinion of St. Baſil, that if all the other books of Scripture could periſh, that of the Pſalms would be a ſufficient holy amulet to put to flight the enemy of mankind; and I remember how that Pſalm begins—'*The Lord is my Shepherd*, '*I ſhall not want: He maketh me to lie down* '*in green paſtures; He leadeth me beſide the* '*ſtill waters.*'

Angler. ——[Reads.]

CHAPTER III.

The Hoſt *conducts the* Angler *and* Painter *to* Beresford Hall *and* Mr. Cotton's *Fiſhing Houſe on the River* Dove.

Painter.

SO, brother, you are 'ſtirring with 'the lark.'

Angler. Aye, Sir, I have been wakeful this hour and paſt; and becauſe I heard you were a-bed, I ſauntered out awhile, that I might have the enjoyment of the freſh morning.

Painter. And I'll warrant, you wandered down to the banks of the river, like a crane, to look after fiſhes.

Angler. You have made a wrong gueſs for this turn: becauſe after a while I chanced to find myſelf in the church-yard, and quietly walked up and down.

Painter. Surely that was a ſad employment!

Angler. Penſive, ſo pleaſe you, but not ſad: and there I met the ſexton,—not 'an ill willer 'to human nature,' but an honeſt good man, who had the key of the church: and I have ſeldom ſeen a country church more embelliſhed with rare carving and joiners' work:—you may believe me, it is quite unmatchable.

Painter. Indeed!

Angler. And Mr. Cotton's family ſeat is carved with delicate ornaments; and his armorial bearings chiſelled in oak, with a canopy over head, in rich tracery work. Indeed, the whole church, as the baptiſmal font, and chancel, the pulpit and altar, and a lofty organ, all worthy of thoſe earlier and better ages, when the ſame ſpirit pervaded the Church as poſſeſſed the heart of Mary Magdalene, who beſtowed upon her loved Maſter that alabaſter box of ointment of ſpikenard, as the moſt precious teſtimony of her reverence and affection. For then mankind were of opinion that the houſes of God, dedicated to His ſervice and worſhip, were deſerving of all the honour they could pay to them, as being His temples who hath conſecrated the Church by His own blood.

Painter. They were better times indeed.—Alas! the day when the ſeparatiſts of this nation like the heathen of old, '*raged, and the people*

'*imagined a vain thing!*' when '*the rulers took* '*counſel together againſt the Lord and againſt* '*His anointed*'—ſad workers of pillage, who defaced the ſanctuary, ſtripped the altars, overturned the holy fonts, broke the ornamental paintings of the windows, and rich tracery work in ſtone, made free booty of the ſacramental plate, and ſtabled their troopers even beneath the holy vaulted roofs, which had wont to reſound to the voices of the choirs,—chaunting the praiſes of God; but then, alas! made to re-echo their unhallowed imprecations againſt all ordinances and government.

Angler. But fear not, brother.—God is ever with His Church; and hath He not ſaid, '*I* '*will reſtore to you the years that the locuſt and* '*the cankerworm hath eaten?*'* Believe me, a bright day of joy ſhall come, when our village churches, and thoſe fair ſtately miniſters throughout the land, and eſpecially their daily ſervices and the appointed feſtivals, ſhall be reſtored as in ancient times. — — What! did not God ſtir up the ſpirit of the heathen king of Perſia to cauſe His holy temple to be rebuilt after the long captivity of His people in Babylon? '*Then Joſhua and Jerubbabel, and their bre-*

* Joel ii. 25.

garb and geſture were full of primitive compoſure.

Painter. Worthy diſciple of a benevolent maſter! And there you could peruſe the very dreſs and bearing of PISCATOR, as you went a-fiſhing with him. Oh! the myſteries of this craft of angling! And did you converſe nothing with the ſerene old gentleman?

Angler. Sometimes I eſſayed to ſpeak with him, but he placed his finger on his lip, in token of a mutual ſilence. Then I dreamed that he caught a baſket full of fiſhes with his worms, and I meanwhile was not able to take one. Whereupon methought I climbed a rock to come at him, that I might have a part in his recreation on the other ſide the river; but when I would have ſtruggled to go over the rock, I was hindered by an inviſible check; and being in danger of falling, I attempted to call out to him for aſſiſtance; but then my voice faulted, and I could not perſuade him to give me an anſwer; for he would only beckon me to ſilence by placing his finger on his lip.

Painter. Ah! ha! ha! And all the while this meek maſter of anglers went on to ply his art, and catch fiſhes, and now and then was ſo condeſcending as to look upon you with a benevolent aſpect?

Angler. Nevertheleſs methought it uncivil in him not to be more troubled to ſee me dangling on the rock.

Painter. It was all becauſe of his ſweetneſs and ſerenity; for doubt not he felt a pity for your unpleaſantneſs: and what other accidents befell you in this pleaſant dream of yours?

Angler. I was all in a confuſion of thoughts; ſometimes I tangled my fiſhing-harneſs on the branches of the trees; and after that a great fiſh carried it all away with the top joint of my rod, juſt as I thought to land him; then again I found myſelf on the ſlippery ſides of Hanſon Toot; and juſt as — — but here comes the hoſt.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, your ſervant. I hope you ſlept ſoundly, and found the beds to your liking?

Painter. Excellent well: and pleaſant dreams to boot: for this gentleman ——

Angler. Huſh! huſh! — — your 'finger on 'your lip.'

Painter. I underſtand:—come, Mr. Marſh, let us have a light breakfaſt, a morning cup of barley wine, with a manchet or two, or an oaten cake, and then for Beresford Hall, and Mr. Cotton's fiſhing-houſe. What are you for, brother?

Angler. I care not if it be ale, or ſweet whey freſh from the cheeſe-vat, ſo you give me ſuch an oaten cake as we had yeſterday.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, here they are at your ſervice.—And now, if it pleaſe you, I'll be your willing guide to Beresford Hall.

Angler. If you are in earneſt and your own buſineſs will permit, we ſhall be greatly beholden to you.

Hoſt. I have occaſion towards Hartington; and the Hall ſtands by the road.

Painter. I'm glad to hear it: ſo, by your leave, we'll light our pipes, and whiff a counterblaſt* to King James, of peaceable memory. Now, brother, 'en avant;' I am ready for as many meaſures of Derbyſhire miles as a reaſonable, courteous gentleman may challenge.

Angler. You are mettleſome betimes; and we may chance to put you to the trial.

Hoſt. Sir, two miles will ſuffice to bring us

* His Majeſty had ſo great a diſtaſte to the uſe of *the weed*, that he wrote a treatiſe againſt it, intituled, 'A 'COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.' It was re-publiſhed in 4to. in 1672, with 'a learned diſcourſe by Dr. 'Everard Maynwaring, proving that tobacco is a pro-'curing cauſe of the ſcurvy.' This royal pedantic treatiſe is thought to be a conſiderable '*counterblaſt*' to His Majeſty's fame as an author.—ED.

to the Hall; but I ſhould firſt tell you there are two ways; one is the coach road, and the other a bridle-way through the Narrow Dale; and this laſt is the ſhorteſt.

Angler. I incline to whichſoever Mr. Cotton travels by, when he is on horſeback, becauſe that was the road he took with VIATOR, when he pointed to the houſe, and ſaid, '*This is now* '*like to be your inn for want of a better.*'

Painter. If I may chooſe, let it be whichever will give us the beſt proſpect over Beresford Hall.

Angler. You are in the right, brother: I yield me to your better opinion.

Hoſt. Well, then, Gentlemen, you ſhall both have your deſires, if you will take to the right hand path, which leads to Narrow Dale.

Angler. Now we are out upon the hills, what a ſpacious proſpect is before us! and here's a ſweet-ſcented morning, fit for honeſt anglers.

Painter. But what a rocky barren place! and what lines of ſtone walls, that have coſt more money to build than the land is worth!

Hoſt. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, the paſturage hereabouts is very fertile; and you may remember how Mr. Cotton declares '*theſe hills* '*breed and feed good beef and mutton.*'

Angler. Aye, and make the beſt cheeſe that goes to Derby market.

Painter. But you will not deny this to be a lone country of mooriſh mountains, and no ornament of woods to give them a relief?

Hoſt. Very true, Sir, when you are upon the hills; but down in the dales and glens, and by the banks of our trouty ſtreams, I may undertake to find you ſome rich landſkips, ſo grown over with ſhady ſycamore, and all kinds of trees, that you will not think it tedious to walk along them.

Angler. And forget not, brother, theſe are the very ſcenes, where the two great maſters of my art have loved to wile away their cheerful hours, in the moſt excellent of all recreations, and have been poſſeſſed with thoſe happy thoughts which they have recorded in the firſt and ſecond parts of the *Complete Angler*. And ſo long as truth and virtuous inclinations have any power to move the affections, their book ſhall continue to be embalmed in the judgments of men. Who that has read thoſe pages can wander on the banks of never-ceaſing Dove, where they have whiſpered their ſilent joys, or tread the paths they have trod, linked in a generous friendſhip, without ſome touch of a mutual feeling! But come, Mr. Marſh, we are ready to follow you.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, ſo pleaſe you to turn dowr

this lane; and now we are come to the top of Narrow Dale, look through the opening of the hills, and there is Beresford before you.

Angler. There, Sir, there! what ſay you now?

Painter. Indeed, a goodly manſion in the diſtance: and thoſe mountains which bound the proſpect riſe up with a natural variety, and blend themſelves into an harmonious landſkip.

Angler. And does not '*the houſe ſtand pretty?*'

Painter. Aye, truly: and now, brother, as we approach ſo near to the object of our happy pilgrimage, I glow with a part of your zeal.—Forgive me that I have been merry againſt anglers, and couched my doubtful meaning beneath ſome quips and quibbles. But now I open my heart to you, that I may participate in all your pleaſures, and therefore do you guide and govern me, for I am wholly yours.

Angler. And there's my hand in teſtimony that I return all your friendly thoughts: and I doubt not you will be better entertained on a nearer acquaintance with Beresford Hall.

Painter. But, methinks, there is ſomething of a Tower.

Angler. Nay, I ſee it not.

Painter. There, above the woods, to the right of the manſion.

Angler. At the top of the hill?

Hoſt. The ſame; and it is called the Flambeaux Tower.

Painter. It is all a choice ſubject, therefore give me leave to make a haſty deſign.

Angler. In this, brother, you ſhow your love for me. And pr'ythee, mine hoſt, is the Tower of Mr. Cotton's building?

Hoſt. Aye, Sir, and of free-ſtone, brought from the quarry that lies a few miles off. But I ſhall not here enlarge to particulars, becauſe a cloſer view will teſtify how it is done by the cleareſt rules of order.

Angler. But wherefore the name of the Flambeaux Tower?

Hoſt. Sir, I am to tell you that is a fancy of Mr. Cotton's; for he will often ride a diſtance from home, to viſit the Earl of Devonſhire at Chatſworth, or to Haddon Hall, and other great houſes, that he may take the paſtime of hunting the red deer, and hawking, and ſuch like diverſions, as gentlemen in England love to exerciſe themſelves in: ſo you may believe he will ſometimes return to the Hall by night.

Painter. Methinks he ſhould be a ſkilful rider to truſt his neck over theſe precipices and hills in the dark.

Hoſt. Sir, you may truſt my maſter's well-

bred ſteeds, and if you could but once ſee him on horſeback, you would have no fears about him: for he has learned to ride the great horſe in the ſchools; and no bounds or faults can move him. And when he is mounted for the field, in his cloſe doublet and large round hoſen, with his high boots, he is like a part of his horſe, and you would preſently aſk, 'what noble cavalier is yonder?' and I have but this more to ſay, when I was once in attendance upon him at the Earl of Derby's with his caſt of hawks, I heard the '*loyal Duke*' of Newcaſtle,* that excellent judge of horſemanſhip, declare before a great company of gallants that he knew no gentleman who carried himſelf more gracefully in the manage of a horſe than Mr. Cotton. And thus it is, when he is expected home o' dark nights, my lady will cauſe the beacon to be lighted at the top of the Tower, that he may have a ſure guide acroſs the hills, and an early

* William Cavendiſh, Duke of Newcaſtle, a finiſhed gentleman, and a moſt diſtinguiſhed patriot, was author of the well-known work on horſemanſhip, originally publiſhed in French at Antwerp in 1658, fol., and afterwards in Engliſh under the title of 'A new Method 'and extraordinary Invention to dreſs Horſes, and work 'them according to Nature, as alſo to perfect Nature by 'the Subtilty of Art.' 1667. fol.—ED.

diſtant welcome to cheer him.

Painter. A brave thought, and like the beautiful Hero, in ancient ſtory, when ſhe waited impatiently on the rocks for her Leander to ſwim acroſs the Helleſpont, at a great hazard, and only for the ſweet ſhort joy of breathing out his love ;--then ſhe ſet up a blazing torch, to be his guiding ſtar through the darkneſs of the night and the deep waves.

Hoſt. Indeed ? now I ſee why Mr. Cotton will ſometimes call it his '*Hero's Tower !*' * and I was too unlearned to underſtand the reaſon of it before ; but this I know, there is none

* In a poetic epiſtle to John Bradſhaw, Eſq. deſcribing his journey from London to *Basford Hall*, in his coach and four, he thus alludes to the Tower :

' Tueſday at noon at Lichfield town we baited,
' But there ſome friends, who long that hour had waited,
' So long detain'd me, that my charioteer
' Could drive that night but to Uttoxeter.
' And there the Wedn'ſday, being market-day,
' I was conſtrain'd with ſome kind lads to ſtay,
' Tippling till afternoon, which made it night,
' When from my *Hero's Tow'r* I ſaw the light
' Of her Flambeaux, and fanci'd, as we drave,
' Each riſing hillock was a ſwelling wave,
' And that I ſwimming was, in Neptune's ſpight,
' To my long-long'd-for harbour of delight.'

Poems on ſeveral occaſions, 1689, 8°.—Ed.

within the Hall but is ready to bid the maſter welcome when he comes.

Angler. That I believe; and I remember how VIATOR ſays to Mr. Cotton; '*that your* '*meal is ſo ſoon ready is a ſign your ſervants know* '*your certain hours.*' No doubt, they attend upon him with alacrity.

Hoſt. It were ſtrange elſe; and I would you might ſee the gladneſs of the commonalty and poorer ſorts that live hereabouts, to have him amongſt them;—as on Sundays, when they expect him at the church-door in Alſtonfields, at the fix't hour of ſervice; or on feſtivals and holidays, when the young men and maidens look for him to be a witneſs of their country paſtimes, and think their May-day games, and Lamb-ale at ſheep-ſhearing feaſts, want half their joyfulneſs, if any accident hinders him;—ſuch is their natural affection for his perſon. But now, Gentlemen, we are to take this ſide of the Narrow Dale, for in ſome parts it is boggy and moory; you may ſee the path winds by a moderate declivity; and now we are come to the bottom, and here is Beresford Lane; ſo we may paſs under this row of aſh-trees to the outer gate:——will you be pleaſed to enter?

Angler. Surely this ſteep road was cut out

of the rock, and here is a young wood about it, which ſeems to be of Mr. Cotton's own planting.

Hoſt. Aye, Sir: for he loves the ornamental art of planting gardens and orchards; nay, he hath writ a book of inſtructions for the ſame, and cauſed it to be printed in London.*

Painter. Indeed! I knew not he was author of any book, ſave his COMPLETE ANGLER.

Hoſt. Sir, Mr. Cotton has produced various compoſitions: and to ſay the truth, I know not if angling or books have the greater charms for his vacant hours. Some of his writings are of a poetic caſt, and there is one writ in praiſe of His preſent Majeſty;† and, as I have heard, ſome uſeful hiſtories have been Engliſhed by his pen out of the French tongue.‡

Angler. And I cannot doubt his writings re-

* The Planter's Manual of raiſing, planting, and cultivating all Sorts of Fruit-trees. London: 1675. 8vo.—ED.

† A Panegyric to the King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty, 1660. Folio.—ED.

‡ The Moral Philoſophy of the Stoics. Tranſlated from the French of Monſieur de Vaix. 1664. 8vo. And the Life of the Duke of Eſpernon, in 12 Books, wherein the Hiſtory of France is continued, &c. Tranſlated from the French of M. Girard. London: 1670. Folio.—ED.

flect the image of his ingenuous diſpoſition, and ſhow his reverence for virtue.

Painter. I hope they do. If they could be oppoſite to this—which I will not believe, unleſs you can tell me of your own knowledge,—I ſhould wiſh that he had not compoſed them.

Hoſt. And now, Gentlemen, this is Bereſford Hall before you.

Angler. On my word, a handſome manſion.

Painter. I did not think to find ſuch a fair houſe, ſo adorned with architecture: and what a ſpacious garden, full of contrivances to pleaſe the eye and plantations growing upon the rocks, and thoſe open ſhady groves and viſtos!

Hoſt. Well, Sirs, I am proud to think it is not behind your expectations.

Painter. It hath a choice mixture of natural and compoſed beauties that I have not often ſeen ſurpaſſed.

Hoſt. And within you will find every thing to be worthy of ſo honourable a gentleman as my maſter. By your leave, I'll go and warn the ſervants of your coming.

Angler.———Well, brother, what ſay you to all this? I pray you look at the peaceful walks underneath thoſe yew trees and cheſnuts.

Painter. And the ſtructure and workman-

ſhip of the houſe are deſerving of note: ſee you the bear rampant carved in ſtone over the doorway? — — but the hoſt returns.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, you have the liberty to make yourſelves welcome: will you pleaſe to walk in, and a ſervant will attend you.

Angler. What a noble hall is here, wainſcotted and pannelled in oak, with handſome furniture! Obſerve this mantel with the Cotton arms carved in oak: and here the family quarterings let into the lattice in ancient coloured glaſs: and theſe high chairs and ebony coffers.

Painter. Above all, ſome exceeding good limnings, and doubtleſs portraitures?

Hoſt. Sir, they are pictures of the family.

Painter. I pray you, whoſe is this of ſo noble a mien?

Hoſt. That is my maſter's late father, Mr. Charles Cotton the elder, of Ovingden, in the county of Suſſex, who died twenty years are now paſt. And here is the portraiture of my late miſtreſs: ſhe brought the manſion houſe and lands to the Cottons, in right of her mother, who was a deſcendant of the noble family of Beresford.

Angler. What a ſweet modeſty of diſpoſition ſhines in every lineament of her face!

Hoſt. You may believe me her look is but the mirror of her mind; for ſuch was the native meekneſs, diſcretion, and innocence of Miſtreſs Olive Cotton, ſhe was a pattern of women, and loved by the poor and rich.

Painter. It is the very image of candour: and the effects of the colours are ſo true to life, and the lights and ſhadows diſpoſed with ſuch a knowledge of the art, it is plain they are done by no leſs a hand than Sir Anthony Vandyke's. And who is this gentleman with his hunting-dogs beſide him, and a hooded hawk on his wriſt?

Hoſt. That, Sir, is another of this honourable family, and one who loved hunting and fowling; he it was brought thoſe antlers you ſee on either ſide of the mantel-piece, from ſome diſtant place in Ireland.

Painter. It is painted in the manner of that noted limner of Queen Elizabeth, Frederico Zuchero; and I incline to believe it repreſents the queen's falconer in Ireland, when ſhe commanded Sir Henry Sydney, *her deputie of that Realm*, to provide the Marquis of Savia, a nobleman of Spaine, '*with hawkes, doggs, and other ſuch pleaſures in exchange for certayne perfumed gloves he preſented to her Majeſty, much to her lyking and contentation.*'

Angler. And mark theſe ancient ſpurs, hunting-horns, and bits for bridles, and all kinds of implements for the chaſe, hanging up by the ſides of the windows; and here a bundle of falcons' hoods, bells, and jeſſes.

Servant. Sir, next to the diverſion of angling, my maſter loves falconry; and I have ſeen him caſt and reclaim his hawks as ſkilfully as the beſt gentleman in the county. He entertained a noble large company of falconers, it is now three months paſt, and there were ſo many hounds and horſes they could ſcarcely be provided withal. Nevertheleſs, my maſter rather applies himſelf to the practice of angling.

Angler. That I believe: and here is every kind of harneſs for fiſhing: fly rods and nets, and ſpears for eels.

Servant. So pleaſe you, Sir, on thoſe two pegs yonder you may ſee an old angle rod, that my maſter lays great ſtore by: it is roughly made, but has killed a huge quantity of trouts in its time; for it belongs to a worthy gentleman, Mr. Izaak Walton.

Angler. Say you ſo?

Servant. And I have many times ſeen him with that ſpliced rod and a little bag of brandlings, with a line and a float for bottom fiſhing, fill a good ſized pannier within a little diſtance

from this, up and down Dove Dale.—Indeed, it is wonderful to ſee his artful methods.

Angler. I perceive you are well acquainted with his perſon.

Servant. Sir! he is the moſt familiar of my maſter's friends: I have oftentimes waited upon him a-fiſhing, when he has viſited the Hall, and hope to do ſo again; for there is none of my maſter's gueſts we are all ſo pleaſed to ſerve; he is ſo condeſcending, and always thinks himſelf obliged. We have a chamber that my maſter calls '*Mr. Walton's own chamber.*'

Angler. Indeed! I muſt tell you I profeſs myſelf to be a ſcholar of his, and we call him the father of anglers: may we, therefore, have permiſſion to ſee that apartment?

Servant. With pleaſure, Sir.

Angler. Come, brother, have you done with your admiration of thoſe limnings? If you pleaſe, we may paſs on to ſee Mr. Walton's bed-chamber.

Painter. I am ready to attend you.

Servant. This way, Gentlemen, to the great ſtaircaſe.

Angler. Lead on, and we will follow.

Servant. Sirs, here is the chamber I told you of.

Painter. I declare, a goodly apartment; and

his bed with handſome coverlid and hangings: and I obſerve three angels' heads ſtamped on the ceiling in relief.

Angler. A fit emblem of the peaceful ſlumbers of the innocent; and ſo, I am ſure, are Mr. Walton's. And whoſe picture is that over the mantel?

Servant. That is my maſter, Sir; it was painted at Court, and brought laſt ſummer from London.

Angler. What a lively expreſſion of eye, and a great ſweetneſs in the lips!

Servant. It is the very look of my maſter; and I have heard ſay it was done by the king's painter, after the expreſſed deſire of Mr. Walton.

Painter. Aye, methought it was the touch of Lely, who hath been ſo deſervedly honoured by his Majeſty with the dignity of knighthood.

Angler. And is celebrated by the beſt poets* and wits of the age.

Painter. This portraiture is ſo delicately

* Colonel Richard Lovelace inſcribes a panegyric to him in his Lucaſta. And the following lines of Mr. Charles Cotton, addreſſed to the painter on another occaſion, are applicable to his own portrait, and teſtify to the familiarity between the poet and the painter:—

limned, and the colours ſo admirable, it could only be of a maſter's hand.

Angler. Beſeech you, brother, may not this chamber deſerve to be highly eſteemed of all anglers; think—here it was VIATOR had his lodgings, when Mr. Cotton brought him to his houſe.

Hoſt. There is the very bed where he was promiſed '*ſheets laid up in lavender*,' and you may be ſure he had them.

Painter. And ſee the pannels of oak-wood in figured patterns over the chimney.

Angler. It is a rich work, and falls in with the reſt of the chamber: look at this fine cabinet chiſelled in oak and inlaid with paintings.

Hoſt. And here again the lattice windows ſet with the arms of Beresford and Cotton.

Painter. And whoſe creſt is that? An eagle with wings expanded, argent beaked and legged, and holding in his dexter a belt azure!

' Nature and art are here at ſtrife;
' This ſhadow comes ſo near to life,
' Sit ſtill, *dear Lely*, thou'ſt done that
' Thyſelf muſt love and wonder at.'

From a poem of Mr. Cotton's, '*To my friend Mr. Lely*, ' on his picture of the excellently virtuous lady, the Lady ' Iſabella Thynne,' POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. Printed 1689, 8°.—ED.

Hoſt. That is my maſter's creſt, and you may ſee three cotton hanks for arms; that agrees with the name.

Angler. With a chevron azure between.

Painter. And a bear ſalient, ſable armed gules, muzzled and chain'd or.

Hoſt. Theſe are the Beresford arms: and here the quarterings of the noble family of the Stanhopes.

Painter. Stanhope, ſay you?—Quarterly ermine and gules—How is that?

Hoſt. Sir, you are to note, my late miſtreſs Olive, the mother of Mr. Cotton, was the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, Knt. by the heireſs of Beresford.

Angler. I thank you; it is all of a piece, and excellently finiſhed.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, if I may be ſo bold to remind you, we have many other things which will entertain you for ſome hours—as the Flambeaux Tower, and the Fiſhing Houſe, and the River.

Angler. True; our preſent pleaſing thoughts had made us forgetful: but we are ready to follow you.

Hoſt. Then, if you pleaſe, we may deſcend once more to the hall, and ſo into the garden. — — And now I will lead you by this riſing

ground to the Tower.

Angler. What is here?—a handſome terrace of graſs, ſet round with a double row of trees.

Hoſt. This is the bowling green: if you will take the trouble to look over this parapet, you may ſee a precipice ſome hundred feet deep.

Angler. It is quite a gulph, but overgrown with trees and briars. Here is a ſmooth ground for bowls; and I remember PISCATOR ſpeaks of this bowling green, and declares himſelf to be '*no very great bowler;*' but he ſays, '*I am* '*not ſo totally devoted to my own pleaſure, but* '*that I have alſo ſome regard to other men's.*'

Hoſt. That was but his modeſt opinion of himſelf; for I have ſeen him play and win great matches at bowls and quoits, both here and on Wolfscote Hill, which is a little diſtance on the other ſide of the Dove. But here we have the Proſpect Tower: you may ſee how it ſtands on the higheſt top of the rock, and within is an ornamented ſummer room.

Painter. It is a coſtly building, and in due proportions of architecture.

Angler. Then I beſeech you deny me not a picture, if it be but an outline,—only a memento.

Painter. I am free to do your bidding. And would you have thoſe handſome ſtone ſteps and

balluſters leading to the porch, and that ſtone ſeat near the door?

Angler. Aye, ſo pleaſe you; and do not forget ſome of thoſe ſhady trees: but above all, the beacon on the top, which has ſerved his beloved Hero to bring her Leander home, and recalls the olden times of our forefathers: for learned Mr. Lambarde,* in his Perambulation of Kent, brings this word from the 'Saxon '*Bechnian*, which is to call by ſigne, or *beck-on*, 'when they were made of great ſtakkes of 'wood, but were ordained by King Edward 'the Third to be highe ſtandards with their 'pitch-pots,' in the faſhion you here ſee it.

Painter. 'Tis worthy of all my little ſkill: an enchanting ſpot, and nothing neglected for its adorning.

Angler. Was it built by merry Mr. Rolſton?

Hoſt. The ſame; and thoſe ſmooth ſtones were brought from the quarries of Sheen, ſome miles off; and my maſter told him to do his utmoſt; becauſe his reſolution was to have a

* A PERAMBULATION OF KENT, containing the Deſcriptive Hyſtorie and Cuſtomes of that Shyre, by *William Lambarde*, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. 1576. 12°. He was one of the moſt eminent antiquaries of this country, and declared by the great Camden to be as diſtinguiſhed for learning and piety. He was appointed

little apartment for his own eſpecial privateneſs, where he might feaſt his eye with theſe proſpects, and ſo retired from the world, that no one might interpoſe between him and the vein of his thoughts. For he is ſo inclinable to be in love with books, that he will ſometimes paſs his day in a continual ſtudy.

Angler. I remember, in that poem prefixed to his COMPLETE ANGLER, he ſays,

> 'Dear ſolitude, the ſoul's beſt friend,
> 'That man acquainted with himſelf doſt make,
> 'And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
> 'With thee I here converſe at will,
> 'And would be glad to do ſo ſtill;
> 'For it is thou alone that keep'ſt the ſoul awake.
> 'How calm and quiet a delight
> 'It is, alone,
> 'To read, and meditate and write,
> 'By none offended, and offending none!'

Painter. Well, it is a place, of all others, where a man may create a phantaſtic world around him, free from all the accidents of fortune. And how tempered in our thoughts and

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Keeper of the Records in the Tower, of which he preſented an account to her Majeſty, under the title of Pandecta Rotulorum. This, with other great works, did not ſee the light till publiſhed by his grandſon in 1635. His tomb may be found in the church of Sevenoaks.—ED.

wiſhes ſhould we all be, if we could oftener regale ourſelves with ſuch ſpiritual repaſts of ſtudy and contemplation! But come, I have deſigned the tower in black and white; and now let us within.

Hoſt. This way, Sirs,—and ſo to the top. Here is the beacon and the marks of the torch-lights, that have many a night guided my maſter on his return to the Hall.

Angler. Look over this mirador, and ſee the garden below embroidered with roſes, and other choiceſt plants and flowers.

Painter. It is a little paradiſe: there is ſuch a concealed artfulneſs in theſe contrivances, as makes them like a cultivated nature.

Hoſt. This we uſe to call the garden of the tower, and every flower and ſhrub hath been planted and watered by the hand of his Counteſs.*

Angler. And here Mr. Cotton occupies many hours with great pleaſantneſs to himſelf, in writing thoſe hiſtories you ſpoke of?

Painter. It is not to be wondered at; for ſo peaceful a ſpot might well kindle the thoughts

* The ſecond wife of Mr. Cotton; Mary, the daughter of Sir William Ruſſell, and widow of Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglaſs.—Ed.

of a leſs cheerful writer.

Angler. But look! what is yonder?' a houſe by the ſide of the river, in the ſhade of ſome trees!

Hoſt. That, Sir, is the FISHING-HOUSE.

Angler. And the Dove, '*that winds through* '*the vale like a ſnake?*'

Hoſt. The ſame.

Angler. What a ſylvan proſpect is here! I am tranſported with the deſire of a nearer view.

Painter. Say you ſo? then let us proceed towards it; for I am no leſs impatient.

Hoſt. Well, Sirs, now you are come down from the tower, I will bring you to the river, along a by-path.

Angler. Aye, here it is, by the ſide of that bench of ſtone underneath the cheſnut trees: but have a care, brother, or you may ſtumble down.

Hoſt. This way, ſo pleaſe you, Gentlemen; by this unorderly path under the aſh trees; but look to your heels; for here are high rocks, and ſomewhat difficult.

Painter. So-ho! Mr. Marſh, I cannot hold pace with you.

Angler. Why what's the matter, Brother?

Painter. Not ſo faſt; I am like to tip over.

Hoſt. Here, Sir, take my hand, and put your foot on this root; ſo, you are ſafely down.

Angler. And here is the DOVE! as limpid as the Heliconian ſprings!

Painter. Come, maſter, give over your ecſtatics, or clothe your thoughts in ſome poetic lines.

Angler. Stay a while: for I ſee a little temple before us, fit for the ſhrine of the muſes.

Hoſt. It is the FISHING-HOUSE; and I have brought the key, that you may go in and look about you.

Angler. Then I beſeech you unlock at once; for I have a paſſionate deſire to put my foot into this retreat '*dedicated to anglers!*' What do you think of this, brother? '*is it not prettily* '*contrived?*' mark the cipher carved in the front, on the keyſtone of the door, which repreſents the firſt letters of Mr. Walton's and Mr. Cotton's names, underneath thoſe inviting words, PISCATORIBUS SACRUM, 1674.

Painter. Indeed a choice ſpot for a fiſhing-houſe!

Angler. Aye, you ſee '*it ſtands in a kind of* '*peninſula.*' And you may remember how Mr. Cotton promiſed VIATOR, he ſhould ſee his fiſhing houſe '*upon the margin of one of the* '*fineſt rivers for trouts and grayling in England.*'

Mr. Walton's name and his twiſted in cipher declare the near affinity of love between thoſe happy anglers.

Painter. By and by I muſt make a draught of this, for the neat building, and this grove of trees, and the Dove, make it all a moſt engaging landſkip.

Angler. And now we could only deſire one thing more;—to enjoy the company of thoſe loving fiſhermen, and ſee them take their recreation, and hear them ſing together ſome choice ſongs. But come, I am full of expectation for what we may find within.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, the door is open!

Angler. This is marvellouſly contrived: what a delight for fiſhers! all the wainſcoting covered with landſcapes, and cheerful anglers on the banks of the river, ſitting in the ſhade of rocks, or caſting their flies into the ſtream.

Painter. And fiſhes moſt delicately painted on the oak wainſcoting.

Angler. Aye, ſpotted trouts, and graylings done to the life.

Hoſt. And here are the portraits of Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton, on the pannels of the beaufet.

Angler. And indeed very handſome and becoming figures.

Hoſt. Nor could they be more reſembling; there is Mr. Walton in his 'ſad coloured ſuit,' leaning againſt a rock, who is now going to bait his hooks; and Mr. Cotton has his fly rod in his hand, and a waiting boy behind with his landing net.

Angler. Is this the portrait of Mr. Walton, deſigned by the gentleman architect from Nottingham?

Hoſt. The ſame; then Mr. Rolſton undertook to paint this of Mr. Cotton, to be a companion picture to him he loves ſo dearly.

Painter. I declare I have never ſeen any thing to pleaſe me more. They are worthy of each other.

Angler. Dear brother! I dare not aſk you for what I now deſire.

Painter. You may dare aſk anything I can pleaſure you in.

Angler. If you could make me a true copy of all we ſee here, I ſhould be the happieſt man alive.

Painter. I ſhall do it willingly.

Angler. It is kindly ſpoke, and that I may entice you to the work, I will read to you that paſſage in Mr. Cotton's book, where he brought hither his happy companion.

Painter. Pr'ythee begin, and I'll prepare the while.

Angler. Well then, you are to underſtand, Mr. Cotton and his gueſt being up and dreſt early the next morning, after their journey from Derby, PISCATOR ſaid to his boy, '*Take the* '*key of my fiſhing-houſe and carry down theſe* '*two angle rods in the hall window thither with* '*my fiſh-pannier, pouch, and landing net, and* '*ſtay you there till we come.*' And then down they went cheerily together, and a delicate morning it was; and when they were arrived at the door, PISCATOR invited the other to walk in, and there ſit and talk as long as he pleaſed. And VIATOR declared he was '*more pleaſed* '*with this little houſe than any thing he ever* '*ſaw: it ſtands in a kind of peninſula too, with* '*a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly* '*go in, leſt I ſhould not like it ſo well within as* '*without, but, by your leave, I'll try. Why,* '*this is better and better, fine lights, fine wainſ-* '*coted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble* '*table and all in the middle.*'

Painter. Here is the very table made out of fine black marble.

Hoſt. Taken from our Derbyſhire pits, and as you ſee, clearly poliſhed, and all rounded at the corners.

Angler. And theſe chairs, carved in oak, with the handſome pavement in black and white, are

all of a piece with the other ornaments.

Painter. He was an exceeding ſkilful limner, and worthy of Mr. Cotton's friendſhip, that painted theſe proſpects and figures; for the hills and rocks are to the very nature, and for the portraits, they are not inferior to any artiſt of this day; and it was a clear diſcerning taſte imagined all thoſe ornamental fittings.

Angler. And ſo thought his happy gueſt, VIATOR; but Mr. Cotton civilly interrupted his praiſes, and ſaid, '*Enough, Sir, enough; I* '*have laid open to you the part where I can* '*worſt defend myſelf, and now you attack me* '*there. Come, boy! ſet two chairs, and whilſt* '*I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always* '*my breakfaſt, we will, if you pleaſe, talk of* '*ſomething elſe;*' and ſo theſe affable gentlemen agreed to converſe together about fly-fiſhing in clear rivers: but firſt of all VIATOR ſaid to Mr. Cotton, '*If you will lend me your ſteel,* '*I will light a pipe the while, for that is com-* '*monly my breakfaſt in a morning too:*' and then down they ſat, and PISCATOR gave him ſome inſtructions in making of artificial flies, which I have read attentively, and I may declare them to be worthy of all remembrance and practice by every hopeful angler. And after that away they went to the river for their amuſe-

ment, and to try the flies they had themſelves twiſted after nature.

Painter. And what then?

Angler. I think you need not be told that they had good ſport of trouts; and the ſtranger proved himſelf to deſerve the character Mr. Walton gave of him in his firſt part of the COMPLETE ANGLER.

Painter. And pray what was that?

Angler. Why, Mr. Walton declared that he was ſo ſuitable to his own humour, which is to be free and pleaſant, and civilly merry, that his reſolution was to hide nothing that he knew from him. And I have no doubt Mr. Cotton entertained the ſame opinion of him; and ſo they fiſhed the ſtream till the ſervant came to tell them it was dinner time. And Mr. VIATOR was ſo allured with the ſport, that the next morning he longed to be at the river again; and when he heard the wind ſing in his chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leapt out of bed, and had juſt made an end of dreſſing himſelf as Mr. Cotton came in to call him up.— — And now I will leave you to yourſelf; only, I beſeech you, as far as your patience will allow you, repreſent all you ſee: yet I would not be unreaſonable.

Painter. I am ſo in love with the place,

that I hope to ſatisfy you in every particular; ſo do you go and catch me a brace or two of trouts.

Angler. That I'll do willingly, and when your work is finiſhed, come to me and you ſhall try your luck too. And now, Mr. Marſh, you and I will walk forth and look at the river; good bye, brother, and remember this is to be your maſterpiece.

Painter. I'll do my beſt to give you pleaſure: let me but find you with ſome trouts when I come.

Angler. Doubt me not; farewell.——

Hoſt. Now, Sir, will you pleaſe go higher up the ſtream?

Angler. With all my heart: but let me untie my angle and line, that I may be ready: and now what fly do you recommend? here is a caſe, full of all ſorts of my own making: but I remember, Mr. Cotton ſays, '*they who* '*go to Rome, muſt do as they at Rome do;*' and as I have a certain ſort of pride, and have no mind to be laughed at by that ſatirical gentleman in the fiſhing-houſe, I ſhall be glad to make a good choice; and I dare ſay you know the likings and diſlikings of the trouts in the Dove?

Hoſt. Well, Sir, I will not put on a falſe modeſty in that matter; and if you'll let me ſee

your caſe of flies, I may be able to find one or two will make ſome execution.

Angler. Here they are.

Hoſt. Aye, indeed! Are theſe of your own twiſting? They are very ſkilfully done: nay, Sir, Mr. Cotton himſelf could not tie them better, and I am bold to ſay you are no ſtranger to our Derbyſhire ſtreams?

Angler. It is not my firſt ſeaſon in the Dove by many: and I know ſomething of the Wye and Derwent, and the clear Lathkill too.

Hoſt. Then, Sir, if you can fiſh in the Lathkill, which is beyond all emulation the brighteſt water in Derbyſhire, and perhaps in England, and breeds the reddeſt trouts, you muſt be well ſkilled in the art; and ſo I might take you to be from theſe flies, which for a cloſe imitation of the natural fly are quite maſterly.

Angler. I ſee you would encourage me with a little praiſe: but pr'ythee which do you recommend: it is early in the ſeaſon for a GREEN DRAKE, but here is the STONE FLY: or would you prefer the DUN CUT?

Hoſt. Sometimes I have known the GREEN DRAKE to appear before this, and you may depend he will be out in a few days, for I have examined the caddis and they are almoſt come

to maturity; but you cannot have a better fly than this DUN CUT, and it is an excellent piece of workmanſhip.

Angler. I'll make the trial of it; and now the wind is whiſtling, and the water curls merrily, ſo let us begin.

Hoſt. There, Sir, was a riſe.

Angler. Nay, he came ſhort; but there he is again. I have him; ſo, ſo; now, Mr. Marſh, for the net: 'twas well landed, and a fine fiſh it is; but I have ſeen ſome in better ſeaſon—ah! there is another; methinks he's yet bigger: and now I come to look at him, he's better fed: and there's a third! Well, this is a gameſome river.

Hoſt. Indeed, Sir, you have a gentle wriſt. I wiſh Mr. Cotton could ſee you; he would not part with you for ſome days; but would entertain you with ſo many pleaſures, that you would be contented to remain at the Hall, and almoſt forget yourſelf to be a ſtranger.

Angler. Would he were here!

Hoſt. Alas! I would he were with all my heart.

Angler. I have the greateſt deſire poſſible to ſee a gentleman endowed with ſo many accompliſhments, and of ſuch a generous ſpirit. But let us move upwards.

Hoſt. Aye, Sir; yonder, where the river makes a bend, 'tis a deep water, and ſtill; but it is ruffled by a good breeze of wind, and you'll find ſome large trouts lie there.

Angler. Wherever you recommend. What a green turfy walk is here! I could almoſt envy Mr. Walton his angling with a float, to ſit on ſuch a bank, and recline himſelf under the ſhade of theſe trees: the graſs is ſo well mowed, 'tis as ſoft under foot as velvet, and fit for a bowling ground.

Hoſt. Sometimes Mr. Cotton and his friends will have their pleaſure here at bowls inſtead of yonder by the Tower.

Angler. Well, it muſt take the work of ſome labouring men to keep all this graſs plot ſo ſmooth, for there is near two acres of it.

Hoſt. Yes, Sir, the gardeners have enough to do: and this brings to my mind a ſtory of Mr. Cotton—but it is not worth your hearing.

Angler. I pray you let me have it whatever it is.

Hoſt. Well, Sir, I need not tell you my maſter is the fartheſt poſſible from an avaricious man, for his hand and purſe are open to the poor; and he will always have his ſervants well provided: but the cook is ſometimes a pinch-cruſt, and then the ſervants will grumble.

Now it chanced one day, in the laſt ſummer, as Mr. Cotton walked down this way to fiſh, the mowers were cutting the graſs badly, and ſo he cried out to them, 'How now, fellows! 'what do you call this? a graſs plot or a mea-'dow land? I pray you let me ſee it better 'done, and ſmoothly.' Thereupon they looked at one another doubtingly, and whiſpered among themſelves: at length one that was known to be ſomething of a dry wit among them, after ſome little perſuaſive winks and nods of the others, came forward with his hat in his hand to be their ſpokeſman. Then in a very humble tone, and with ſomething of a facetious look, which always takes with Mr. Cotton, he ſaid,

'Little meat, and half enough,
'Makes the ſcythe cut high and rough.'

So becauſe Mr. Cotton has no auſterity of behaviour towards the loweſt and pooreſt man that ſpeaks to him civilly, he enquired what his meaning was, and then the truth came out. 'Well, well, honeſt man,' he replied, 'go to 'your work, and I'll preſently ſee to it.' And ſo he walked home to the Hall, and there he made a rout at the cook, and ordered a ſervant to take down proviſions enough, and plenty; and in the afternoon he found his raſcals hard

at work, bending luſtily over their ſcythes. Then he goes and looks at them; and then out ſteps the poet with his hat in his hand as before, and ſays to him,

> 'Now we've meat, and ſome to ſpare,
> 'It makes the ſcythe both wipe and pare,'

meaning the graſs ſhould be cut ſmooth and fine. So Mr. Cotton laughed at his ruſtical wit, and ſaid 'go to—go to, thou art a wag;' and ſo he turned away, and took his recreation a-fiſhing, and I am ſure he was more entertained than he choſe to tell them.

Angler. They are happy ſervants to be under a maſter who is ſo accoſtable and ſweet tempered. — — But here comes the gentleman from the fiſhing-houſe.

Painter. So, brother, what ſport?

Angler. Excellent good. And how have you ſped?

Painter. Thoſe paintings in the fiſhing-houſe have detained me longer than I thought; but I have done them with all the correctneſs I am maſter of.

Angler. A thouſand thanks to you. But look ye, a large fiſh has come to me: I have him faſt; now do you take the rod, and you ſhall have the praiſe to kill this trout within view of Mr. Cotton's fiſhing-houſe.

Painter. It may be the ill luck to loſe one; for I ſhall but bungle at him.

Angler. Come, be perſuaded, and quickly.

Painter. Well, then, I'll try a bout with him. Ah me! what an unmannerly glutton it is.

Angler. Point your rod high—keep him with a ſteady hand; ſo—it is well done.

Painter. Ah me! how he ſtruggles—there! ſaw you that tumble he made? Shall I jerk him out?

Angler. Oh, by no means; but have patience: give him his play, and a little more line—ſo-ho! that's enough—hold up your rod—there, now wind him up with a diſcretion, and we ſhall bring him to land preſently.

Painter. Where is the net?

Angler. I have it ready; fetch him round hither.

Painter. There was a tug he gave: I ſhall loſe him—beſeech you take the rod again.

Angler. Pardon me, you ſhall have your ſport: worry him a bit: ſee how he lies on the water—this way, and now you have him, as you well deſerve.

Painter. That was exceeding fine ſport; I never thought the pleaſures of angling were ſo great. I'm quite hot and confuſed. He is a

handſome fiſh, ſpotted red all over. How many have you taken?

Angler. Three trouts; but this laſt you have ſo handled like a ſkilful 'prentice in the art is worth them all: it is a heavy fiſh, and ſee what fine condition he's in. You ſhall make another trial lower down the ſtream, where the water is in rapids. But before we go let me ſee your paintings.

Painter. There they are; and I was never more in love with my employment, than when I ſat in the fiſhing-houſe, and ſaw Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton looking upon me from the doors of the beaufet. I have endeavoured all I could, (but in vain) to delineate honeſt Izaak, who looks ſo meekly.

Angler. Nay; it is an exact copy of yonder portrait: what can be more winning than to ſee his mute calmneſs, which only happy anglers know! And Mr. Cotton, whoſe native diſpoſition ſhines in that mirthful countenance, which can be no other than his own. What ſay you, mine hoſt, to this limning; hath my brother caught Mr. Cotton's look?

Hoſt. Aye, Sir, to the life:—indeed I confeſs myſelf ſurpriſed how this gentleman hath handled it. And ſo for Mr. Walton,—you may now declare yourſelf to be acquainted

with his perſon,—and garb, and geſture.

Painter. I hope you ſpeak freely as you think, and then I am ſatisfied; and here is the external of the fiſhing-houſe, at a near view.

Angler. It is all exceeding good; the lights and ſhades of this inviting ſpot painted with a perceptible truth.

Painter. And here is one more which is the fiſhing-houſe within doors; and that, I muſt ſay, is the beſt of all.

Angler. I proteſt this is even beyond yourſelf. '*Give me leave to embrace you.*' Why, Sir, it is a matchleſs piece of art. Look you, Mr. Marſh, there we all are, as like as poſſible, talking in the fiſhing-houſe.

Hoſt. I have never ſeen ſuch a natural painting.

Painter. Come, come, Sirs;—you ſo enhance my poor deſerts, you make me bluſh,—indeed you do.

Angler. I ſpeak nothing more than the truth: the colours are admirable, and the whole is breathing with life—and there is the beaufet in ſmall—and the rocks and river, and contented anglers ſitting beſide them:—every touch of Mr. Rolſton glowing with an equal vivacity I cannot thank you enough.

Painter. Well, brother, the pleaſure you ex-

preſs is a full reward for all my pains. So, if you pleaſe let us return towards thoſe rocks we paſſed in our way from the Proſpect Tower.

Angler. Moſt willingly; and there it was I had a purpoſe in my mind, to put you in the way to catch another trout.

Painter. But what have we yonder, oppoſite to this bend of the ſtream? It ſeems a fantaſtical place.

Hoſt. That, Sirs, is a green receſs, built up by my maſter, where he will ſometimes have his friends to dine in ſummer, and now and then give them a game of bowls for their entertainment in the cool of the evening. You may ſee the ſhelving ſides are of ſoft moſſy turf, and made to lean upon at your length. I have often been a witneſs to the innocent mirth of Mr. Cotton when he has entertained his gueſts underneath thoſe trees;—as Mr. Alexander Brome,* and Mr. Flatman, of the Inner Temple, in London, and others. And I remember, it is many years now paſt, (indeed it was that memorable joyful year of the king's return from

* Alexander Brome, a poet, born 1620, and died 1666, eminent for his loyalty. His congratulatory poem on the miraculous and glorious return of Charles 2nd, fol. was publiſhed 1660; and his ſongs and poems, 1664. 8vo.—Ed.

his forced exile,) Mr. Walton ſent my maſter word, that he and their mutual friend, Mr. Brome, chancing together to be in Stafford, had challenged one the other to walk on pilgrimage to Beresford, and make free with the trouts in his river Dove. Well do I remember the joy of my maſter, when he received the letter: alas! methinks thoſe happy days ſhall never return.

Painter. Nay, Mr. Marſh: it is the permitted liberty of an honeſt reaſon to '*hope all* '*things*;' fortune will ſometimes flout the beſt of men, and lead them forcibly through all ſorts of contrary meanders and labyrinths; but ſhe can never deject the ſpirits of brave chriſtian men.* I beſeech you entertain more cheerful

* Mr. Cotton's hopeful temper amidſt his cares has been well expreſſed in theſe lines 'To my dear and moſt 'worthy friend, Mr. Iſaac Walton.

'And ſome delight it is the while,
'Though nature now does weep in rain,
'To think that I have ſeen her ſmile,
'*And haply may I do again.*

'If the all-ruling Power pleaſe
'We live to ſee another May,
'*We'll recompenſe an age of theſe*
'*Foul days in one fine fiſhing day.*'

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions.—ED.

thoughts: and did the introduction of Mr. Brome follow this ſelf-invitation of the Stafford pilgrims?

Hoſt. Aye, Sir: and Mr. Thomas Flatman chanced at the time to be a gueſt at the Hall, a moſt ingenious and alluring companion, who, as I have heard my maſter jocoſely ſay, was the happy accepted lover of two miſtreſſes.

Angler. And yet, methinks, in his younger days, he wrote a ballad againſt the peaceable joys of matrimony.

Painter. Mr. Cotton jeſted merrily with his friend, well knowing how at once he woo'd the ſiſter arts of Poeſy and Painting:* and, indeed, ſo evenly divided his affections between them, that it may be doubted to which he paid moſt ſucceſsful courtſhip.

* Thomas Flatman. His poems were firſt publiſhed in 1674, 8vo. The ballad here alluded to will be found at p. 121. He afterwards took to him a wife, and was ſerenaded by his companions with his own contumelious ſong againſt marriage. His own portrait deſigned by himſelf, is prefixed to his Poems: and the following lines, in his 'Pindarique Ode, *The Review*,' are a teſtimony to his practice of limning;

'To extricate myſelf from Love,
'Which I could ill obey, but worſe command,
'I took my Penſils in my hand;

Hoſt. Well, Sir, when the meſſage came from Mr. Walton, my maſter and Mr. Flatman could ſcarce expreſs the happy thoughts that poſſeſſed them; only this I may ſay, every hour ſeemed to be an age till the arrival of their friends; and the ſervants in the houſe participated in the buſy expectation of their coming; and Mr. Walton's lodging chamber, and one for Mr. Brome were prepared. Then at length theſe friends had the happineſs to embrace each other; and ſeeing it was in the heat of ſummer, Mr. Cotton brought them, after dinner, to this receſs, and there entertained them with pipes, and fruits, and wine; and becauſe it was ſoon after the king's happy and glorious recovery of his throne, they ſung ſome loyal ſongs, and drank the king's health in old Canary.

Angler. It was worthy of honeſt cavaliers; and who is there would not gladly have joined in ſuch a merry-making?

'With that artillery for conqueſt ſtrove:
'Like wiſe Pigmalion thus did I
'Myſelf deſign my Deity.
'If ſhe did frown, one daſh could make her ſmile,
'All bickerings one eaſy ſtroke could reconcile:
'Thus did I quiet many a froward day,
'While in my eyes my ſoul did play.'—ED.

'Oh how happy was their leiſure,
'Oh how innocent their pleaſure!
'Oh ye vallies, oh ye mountains,
'Oh ye groves and cryſtal fountains!
'How they loved *to viſit ye*,
'*And toaſt the king at liberty*.'

Think, what a happy concurrence of four poets! Methinks I now ſee them, ſeated round this ſtone table, beneath the ſhadowy ſycamore-trees and elms.

Painter. Four poets, ſay you? Thou haſt a creative fancy; for Mr. Walton was but a writer of proſe; notwithſtanding, I am ready to grant his images of rural life are as poetical as any in our language, and his COMPLEAT ANGLER a continued paſtoral, abounding in natural refinement—nay, equal to thoſe of Phineas Fletcher* or Michael Drayton.†

Angler. Doubt not, Sir, that Mr. Walton may claim his niche in the Temple of the Muſes:

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* Author of the Purple Iſland, printed 1633, 4to. and Piſcatory Eclogues, 1633, 4to.—ED.

† Michael Drayton was an admirable poet, and amongſt other numerous works, wrote the *Shepherd's Garland, faſhioned in* 9 *Eglogs*, which was printed in 1593, 4to. Alſo the POLY-ALBION, a chorographical deſcription of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, foreſts, and other parts of this renowned iſle of *Great Britain*, 1612, 1613, and 1622, all in folio.—ED.

and indeed, of all thoſe who ſung joyful quartettos that day within this receſs, he had as clear a title as any to be crowned with the bays of Parnaſſus: for when you read, as I hope you will do, the ingenious poems of loyal Mr. Brome, you will find in the prefix of friendly encomiums beſtowed upon it, a moſt joyous eclogue of Damon and Dorus, and writ by Mr. Walton that very day of the King's Majeſtie's reſtoration; indeed, I cannot give it a higher teſtimony of praiſe than that it is worthy of his fertile pen; and thus it begins;

Damon.

'Hail happy day! Dorus, ſit down;
'Now let no ſigh, nor let no frown,
'Lodge near thy heart nor on thy brow:
'The King! the King's return'd! and now
'Let's baniſh all ſad thoughts, and ſing
''We have our laws, and have our King.'

Dorus.

''Tis true, and I would ſing, but oh!
'Theſe wars have ſunk my heart ſo low,
''Twill not be raiſed.

Damon.

'What—not this day?
'Why, 'tis *the twenty-ninth of May:*
'Let rebels' ſpirits ſink; let thoſe
'That like the Goths and Vandals roſe
'To ruin families, and bring
'Contempt on our Church and King,

'And all that's dear to us,—be ſad;
'But be not thou; let us be glad.
'Yea, let us dance, ſhake hands, and ſing
''We have our laws: GOD SAVE THE KING.'*
Iz. Walton.

Painter. I ſay Amen: and may we always '*have our laws and have our King!*' and now let us walk higher up the ſtream, which may vie with the poetic Caſtalia as the happy reſort of the Muſes.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, you will find the river very pleaſant below, and when you are acroſs the bridge by that rock, not many ſteps paſt the fiſhing-houſe, you will ſuddenly find yourſelves in Derbyſhire.

Angler. I am ready for any thing, where all is ſo full of pleaſure.

Hoſt. And now that we are come to it, ſo pleaſe you, I'll take my leave, for I have buſineſs at Hartington: and here is the wallet with a ſtore of proviſions for dinner; and ſo, Gentlemen, my humble ſervice to you; I wiſh you good luck a-fiſhing.

Angler. Farewell.—Now, Brother, let us croſs to the other ſide into Derbyſhire, for ſo

* To my ingenious friend, Mr. Brome, on his various and excellent poems: an humble eglog. Damon and Dorus. Written the 29th May, 1660.—ED.

Mr. Cotton did with his friend VIATOR, and promiſed '*a good fiſh ſhould fall to his ſhare.*

Painter. I pray you ſtay yet a moment within this proſpect, for I am wholly poſſeſſed with ſome peaceful thoughts, that I would not drive away for any recreation you can promiſe me. There is a murmur of the waters over that ledge of rock, which keeps time with a muſical meaſure, and invites us to linger on the margin.—Think how many thouſand years the Dove has flowed along this rocky dale, and ſhall flow for ages yet to come. So God provides for the ſuſtaining of His works;—'*He ſendeth the ſprings into the valleys—He watereth the hills from His chambers.*'* And as the River is to the natural world, ſo is the CHURCH to GOD's ſpiritual people on earth. In the firſt beginnings flowing from the fountain of the precious blood of His own eternal SON:—alas! a little deſpiſed ſtream that burſt forth from Calvary; but deſtined by His myſterious will to flow through the world, gathering into herſelf and purifying all the tributary branches to ſwell her into an unknown dignity and grandeur.

Angler. And who can expreſs the bleſſings ſhe hath imparted to the nations by her admi-

* Pſalm civ. 10.

niſtration of holy ſacraments, and united worſhip, according to the inſpired oracles, moulding her children, after the pattern of their Saviour, in innocency and love. Think of the happy multitudes who have been waſhed in her ſacramental element, as the appointed laver of regeneration! Think how her ordinances and harmonious doctrines, her miniſtry and her creeds, founded by the holy apoſtles, have been the ſufficient cure of all heart-aches and corroding cares, the refuge of all unquietneſs, and the very bond of unity to all Catholic Chriſtians ſcattered over the world!

Painter. And as ſhe hath proceeded onwards from the diſtant apoſtolic ages, bearing the image of Chriſt, ſo ſhe will continue to be the mother of all, who are baptized into His death.

Angler. And notwithſtanding profane ſeceders, turning to their own inventions, ſhall fall away, and vainly hope to ſtop her courſe, and ſully the purity of her ſtreams; ſtill the promiſe is ſure, and ſhe ſhall flow on with her unceaſing tide, until at laſt ſhe ſhall pour all her collected waters into the boundleſs ocean of eternity. — — But come, let us purſue our quiet walks; for I verily believe there is nothing in all this to forbid poor creatures of the earth taking their innocent enjoyment. Indeed, all theſe viſible

beauties of nature are but ſweet expreſſions of the divine mind, that we ſhould rejoice in Him who hath created them. But remember, when the wiſeſt of men ſays, '*go thy way, eat thy* '*bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a* '*merry heart*,'* he adds, '*it is the gift of God*,' whereof we ſhall one day give an account. And now I am ready to accompany you.

Painter. Come, then, for I have a great deſire to make my large trout a brace, ſo let us to our angles.

Angler. Look you, Brother, here I have a ſecond angle rod, that we may both fiſh in company; now ſay, whether it ſhall be a fly or a worm? You are at liberty to make a choice.

Painter. Not a doubt, but a worm and a quill for me.

Angler. Nay, nay, let me perſuade you to be a fly-fiſher; aſſure yourſelf it is a delicate ſport, worthy of an ingenious artiſt as you are; and all anglers are agreed that it is the pleaſanteſt and moſt ſkilful way to deceive trouts.

Painter. I will not loſe time in arguments; but remit you to honeſt Izaak Walton, that is henceforth my maſter of angling.

* Eccl. ix. 7.

Angler. As you will: here is your tackling; and now you are fitted; ſo let us go over the bridge, that we may follow Mr. Cotton's foot-ſteps; for be ſure he muſt know the likelieſt holes in his own river. And he ſaid to his companion, '*You ſhall now go downward to* '*ſome ſtreams between the rocks, below the little* '*foot bridge you ſee there, and try your fortune.* '*Take heed of ſlipping into the water as you fol-* '*low me under the rock.*' That is the very ſpot where you now ſtand.

Painter. He muſt be an unhandy clown, that ſhould ſlip, for there is room enough, and to ſpare.

Angler. Well, this is the ſpot where he adviſed VIATOR to throw in; to which the other replied: '*This is a fine ſtream indeed! There* '*is one—I have him.*'

'*And a precious catch you have of him,*' anſwered Mr. Cotton, '*pull him out! I ſee you* '*have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gen-* '*tleman, even throw him in again and let him* '*grow till he be more worthy your anger.*'

'*Pardon me, Sir,*' (then ſaid VIATOR) '*all's* '*fiſh that comes to the hook with me now.*'

Painter. Bravely reſolved; and I declare I mean to follow this example, if I have permiſſion to do ſo.

Angler. You ſhall do as you liſt. Only '*fiſh* '*me this ſtream by inches*,' after Mr. Cotton's inſtructions.

Painter. With all my heart, and I am ſo much in love with his river and his inſtructions, that I ſcarce know which to think the beſt.

Angler. Well then, to make you love them both the more, you are to underſtand VIATOR caught another and another. After that PISCATOR invited him '*to go down the other ſide*, '*lower, where you will find finer ſtreams and* '*better ſport, I hope, than this;*' ſo let us do the ſame.

Painter. Wherever you pleaſe.

Angler. Now we are over the bridge and into the Peak of Derbyſhire; and here it was the ingenious fiſhers pleaſed themſelves and each other with a diſcourſe on angling: and thought their recreation was innocent, as being an encourager of cheerfulneſs, patience, and brotherly kindneſs. So do you begin; but keep at your diſtance, leſt the fiſhes ſee you, before you get a glimpſe of them; for you are to remember the Dove is one of the cleareſt rivers in all England. Now let your quill go with the ſtream by the bank yonder, for hereabouts it was PISCATOR aſſured him, there were very

good fiſh; '*both trout and grayling lie here;* '*and at that* GREAT STONE *on the other ſide,* '*'tis ten to one a good trout gives you the* '*meeting.*'

Painter. Then I'll offer him all the temptation I can. Ah! ſaw you that, Mr. Angler, my quill went under the water;—and there again!

Angler. I pray you be quiet:—now ſtrike, but as Mr. Cotton ſays, '*with moderation.*'

Painter. So, I have him tight.

Angler. Be gentle; he is gone, as I feared.

Painter. 'Twas my haſtineſs! I incautiouſly ſtrained at him: but you ſhall find me manage the next with greater ſkill.

Angler. Truſt me, you have your leſſon to learn; for angling is no leſs an art than a pleaſure, and one that requires both patience and ſkill.

Painter. That I plainly ſee: but I have baited my hook again: and there is another pulling at my worm. Now, if I do not vex him, call me no fiſherman: aye, aye, maſter, you may plunge and ſhift as you will; but I hold you now.

Angler. Have a care, for he is a fine one.

Painter. Fear me not; you ſhall ſee the manner of my handling: but there! he has

thrown off into the middle of the ſtream; how he dives and plucks about! I hope he will not demoliſh my tackle.

Angler. Well, then, do not tear him about too much.

Painter. What a rage he is in! ſo, ſo—he begins to ſicken. Where's the net?—thank you—we have him. Now, Sirrah: where are you? I declare he is as big as the other I caught up yonder. And now, brother, that I may not hinder you, leave me here alone, with my angle rod; and I beſeech you let me have that pleaſant book, which Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton have printed together, with a love ſo communicable; that while I recline on this bank, I may remember how they have often done the ſame thing: and it may be I will leave my angle rod for a time, 'to fiſh for itſelf,' and make a landſkip; for look how pleaſantly the Proſpect Tower hangs over our heads: and I am ſure that rock is a hundred feet high; and is crowned with oak and aſh trees, that grow in all the crevices.

Angler. There are many paſſages of rare beauty in all this glade; and ſince you are ſo diſpoſed, I will invite you to that riſing ground, and there you ſhall deſign the fiſhing-houſe, and the Tower on the rock, ſo as I may have a

combination of thoſe two with the bridge, and all the river and the craggy ſides. It will be a choice proſpect!

Painter. You are right, and it ſhall be done to the beſt of my abilities; but I'll lay my angle in the river, near to that '*great ſtone*,' ſo that I may have my chance of a trout whilſt I'm at work.

Angler. And becauſe you leave your angle for my ſake, I will read ſome paſſages out of Mr. Walton's COMPLETE ANGLER for your entertainment before I begin fiſhing. Here—is not this a favourable ſpot?

Painter. Aye: come, let us ſit on this graſs, that ſmells ſo ſweetly of wild flowers; and do you make a choice out of Mr. Walton's book.

Angler. Well, then, you may remember, that on a time, in a cheerful morning in the month of May, VENATOR, a huntſman, walked out towards Hodſden, (that is a country village not many miles from London,) where he had appointed a friend or two to meet him, that they might beſtow a day on hunting the otter. Then, by the way, he fell into the company of a Gentleman Falconer, and as theſe were come together to Tottenham Croſs, in Hertfordſhire, Mr. Walton overtook them: ſo, after his own civil manner he accoſted the ſtrangers, and aſked of

their journey and occaſions, ſaying, 'You are 'well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to 'you both. I have ſtretched my legs up Tot-'tenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your 'buſineſs may occaſion you towards Ware, 'whither I am going this fine freſh May morn-'ing.' Now, Mr. Walton poſſeſſes that be-nignity of ſpirit, and ſuch a winning method of diſcourſe, that you may eaſily believe 'he made 'the way ſeem ſhorter' by his good company.

Painter. He ſhould be a pattern of cheerful gravity, or he has, I know not what, artifice to make himſelf appear ſo, ſince his writings betoken ſo many endowments of native gen-tleneſs.

Angler. But that it is no artifice I may take upon me to declare, and to ſay the truth, an inbred ſweetneſs and compliance are notable, both in his look and words; inſomuch that Aucups, the falconer, on his firſt acquaintance, took the liberty to ſay: 'Methinks, Sir, we may 'promiſe good diſcourſe from you that both 'look and ſpeak ſo cheerfully.'

Painter. Then after thoſe polite ſalutations they were all inclinable to travel pleaſantly to-wards Ware?

Angler. And as they walked and converſed, they praiſed their ſeveral recreations: and firſt,

Mr. AUCEPS, the falconer, exerciſed their attention concerning the element he uſed to trade in, which was the air; and he would fain make it clear, that this was 'an element that exceeds 'both the earth and water; and, though I ſome-'times deal in both,' (this is what Mr. AUCEPS ſaid) 'yet the air is moſt properly mine; I and 'my hawks uſe that moſt, and it yields us moſt 'recreation; it ſtops not the ſoaring of my 'noble, generous falcon; in it ſhe aſcends to 'ſuch a height as the dull eyes of beaſts and 'fiſh are not able to reach to; their bodies are 'too groſs for ſuch high elevations: in the air 'my troops of hawks ſoar up on high, and 'when they are loſt in the ſight of men, then 'they attend upon and converſe with the gods; 'therefore I think my eagle is ſo juſtly ſtyled '*Jove's ſervant in ordinary:* and that very fal-'con, that I am now going to ſee, deſerves no 'meaner a title, for ſhe uſually in her flight 'endangers herſelf, like the ſon of Dædalus, 'to have her wings ſcorched by the ſun's heat, 'ſhe flies ſo near it: but her mettle makes her 'careleſs of danger; for ſhe then heeds nothing, 'but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid 'air, and ſo makes her highway over the 'ſteepeſt mountains and deepeſt rivers, and in 'her glorious career looks with contempt upon

'thoſe high ſteeples and magnificent palaces 'which we adore and wonder at; from which 'height I can make her to deſcend by a word 'from my mouth (which ſhe both knows and 'obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to 'own me for her maſter, to go home with me, 'and be willing the next day to afford me the 'like recreation.' Now, is not that a cheerful deſcription? and, that I may not be thought immoderate, I will omit many paſſages; but I beſeech you liſten to the praiſes that Mr. Falconer makes of 'thoſe little nimble muſicians 'of the air, that warble forth their curious dit-'ties, with which nature hath furniſhed them 'to the ſhame of art. As firſt the lark, when 'ſhe means to rejoice; to cheer herſelf and 'thoſe that hear her; ſhe then quits the earth, 'and ſings as ſhe aſcends higher into the air, 'and having ended her heavenly employment, 'grows then mute and ſad, to think ſhe muſt 'deſcend to the dull earth, which ſhe would not 'touch, but for neceſſity.'

Painter. Aye! 'grows then mute and ſad 'to think ſhe muſt deſcend to the dull earth!' How natural that is! Mr. Walton's words are more muſical than the ſong of the lark—and his ſtrains higher than her aerial flight, for they bring you nearer to thoughts of heaven.

Angler. Then he proceeds: 'How do the 'blackbird and throſſel with their melodious 'voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, 'and in their fixed mouths warble forth ſuch 'ditties as no art or inſtrument can reach to! 'Nay, the ſmaller birds alſo do the like, in 'their particular ſeaſons, as, namely, the leve-'rock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the 'honeſt robin, that loves mankind both alive 'and dead.'

Painter. Beautiful! 'the honeſt robin that 'loves mankind both alive and dead;' that has an alluſion to the ballad of the Babes in the Wood, a ſad and ſimple hiſtory that ſo mightily touches the affections of children.

'Theſe pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more could ſee the man
Approaching from the towne.

'Their prettye lippes with blackberries
Were all beſmear'd and dyed,
And when they ſaw the darkſome night
They ſat them downe and cryed.

'Thus wandered theſe two little babes
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they dyed
As babes wanting reliefe.

'No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,

Till Robin red-breaſt painfully
Did cover them with leaves.'*

Stop, dear brother; for I would not have you to mar thoſe paſſages you have now cited out of Mr. Walton by ſome that are worſe.

Angler. Liſten to one more, and I have done. 'But the nightingale, another of my airy crea-'tures, breathes ſuch ſweet loud muſic out of 'her little inſtrumental throat, that it might 'make mankind to think miracles are not 'ceaſed. He that at midnight, when the very 'labourer ſleeps ſecurely, ſhould hear, as I have 'very often, the clear airs, the ſweet deſcants, 'the natural riſing and falling, the doubling and 'redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted 'above earth, and ſay, Lord, what muſic haſt 'thou provided for the ſaints in heaven, when 'thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſic on earth!'

Painter. I now remember that deſcription: it is beyond my praiſe;—it is all muſic together, and I declare to you, I know not which I am moſt in love with—the ſong of the nightingale,

* The original of this ballad is to be found in '*A 'handfull of Pleaſant Delites*,' contayning ſundrie new Sonets and delectable Hiſtories in divers kinds of meters, newly deviſed to the neweſt tunes. At London, 1584. Printed by Richard Jhones, dwelling at the ſign of the Roſe and Crown, near Holbourne Bridge.—Ed.

or the meek penman who hath ſet that ſong to ſuch muſic.

Angler. I told you the writings of Mr. Walton have a power to unlock the affections; and I am ſo bold as to aſſure you, that many men I could name, who mocked at fiſhers and fiſhing, before they had peruſed the COMPLETE ANGLER, have been moved to practiſe his art by the perſuaſive arguments they have found in it.

Painter. That I can believe, and for my part I am almoſt brought to wiſh myſelf a Falconer by theſe teſtimonies which AUCEPS hath adduced to the praiſe of his 'noble, generous 'hawks, and thoſe little nimble muſicians of 'the air.'

Angler. Stay a while, till I bring before you what the merry huntſman had to ſay for his recreation; and after that the commendations Mr. Walton beſtows on the greater excellency of his own happy art of angling. But now I perceive you have made an outline of this landſkip, ſo let us go down to the lower ſtreams of the river, where I have ſomething better to ſhow you.

Painter. I am not willing to doubt any thing you ſay: but what can you find more full of beauty than theſe landſkips hereabouts?

Angler. Of that I ſhall give you leave to judge when I have brought you to a ſpot will enchant you; and there you may be ſure to catch a good fiſh.

Painter. Well then, let us be doing; and now I think it is time to repair to my angle, that I left in the water to fiſh for itſelf.

Angler. There it is, and ſo take it up.

Painter. How now!—my worm and hook both gone!—Look you!—and it may be I have loſt a good trout, whilſt I was charmed with thoſe ſong-birds, that ſung ſo ſweetly out of Mr. Walton's aviary.

Angler. Never mind,—you ſhall preſently '*try a fall*' with another; and pray take notice that trout was not loſt, for quiet Mr. Walton ſays, 'no man can loſe what he never had.' Ah! ha! ſaw you that fiſh?—he roſe juſt above yonder great ſtone on the other ſide. If I have any luck, I ſhall land him preſently.

Painter. You have caſt your fly in the very ſpot; and there!—look——there he is again

Angler. I have him faſt.

Painter. See—what a ſummerſault he made

Angler. He ſhould be a trout from his nimbleneſs, and a plumper too.

Painter. I beſeech you handle him like an artiſt—here is the net and all ready—haul him in.

Angler. Not ſo faſt—not ſo faſt, brother—let him have his time.

Painter. There again! ſaw you that leap he gave? By my word you have the right knack.

Angler. Now you obſerve he has a running line—and now I may bring him up again—ſo, ſo—he has done his worſt—now fetch the net; but if you love me, manage him with a prudent hand; ſo, you performed it handſomely; and a fine fiſh he is: come, let us go down to PIKE POOL. I know not how it may fare with you; —but methinks it ſhould be near to dinner-time.

Painter. In plain truth I am well diſpoſed to play my part at that.

Angler. Away then by this bank, where the ſtream becomes broader. See how it hurries by that bed of rock with a loud murmuring.

Painter. How now! there is a rock in the river like a church ſteeple, and forty feet high!

Angler. That is the PIKE POOL you have heard of.

Painter. Say you ſo? what a ſpot of ſolitude is here!

Angler. Now tell me is not this a charming nook for a recluſe angler? But here we muſt make our paſſage once more into Staffordſhire,

by theſe cobble ſtones, that we may come to the margin of the POOL; for you ſee we are ſtopped on this ſide by the rocks.

Painter. I am willing to follow you.

Angler. Look well to your footing, and give me the wallet; for I fear you will let that drop into the water, and now your hand—ſo—

Painter. We are well over; and of all places I have ſeen, this is ſurpaſſing in beauty. Surely it is a rocky dell, that is worthy of a poet's praiſe: now if Petrarch had ſung of his Laura by theſe rocks, they would be thought as fine as Vaucluſe; and this ſtream as bright and nimble as the Sorga itſelf, which I was once happy enough to viſit as I paſſed by Avignon towards Italy: and was permitted the leiſure to ſketch ſome imperfect limnings of the ſtrangely ſhaped and rugged rocks, from which the myſterious fount of the river guſhes into daylight. It is true I may not boaſt to have caught my brace of trouts in its limpid ſtreams; but I taſted ſome ſkilfully dreſt by the civil hoſteſs of the village inn that is called after the name of the Poet. Oh Sir, if you had there been the companion of my prolonged wanderings, with what delight ſhould we have peruſed together thoſe unimitable poems of Petrarch! And do you recollect how he ſays,

'L'acque parlan d'amore, e l'aura e i rami
'E gli augeletti, e i peſci, e i fiori, e l'erba,
'Tutti inſieme pregando ch'io ſempr'ami.'

Angler. I remember the lines. And be it known to you, Petrarcha was himſelf a brother of the angle.

Painter. Nay, Sir, your authority for this? I grant you, the impaſſioned poet might grave the name of his Laura on the hard rocks, or picture to his imagination her beautiful image reflected in the deep clear caverns of the river;

'Or in forma di Ninfa or d'altra Diva
'Che dal più chiaro fondo di Sorga eſca
'E pongaſi a ſedere in ſu la riva:'

but I cannot be perſuaded to believe that ſo hopeleſs a lover could be a happy angler. He that was the moſt learned of his age, and Poet Laureat crowned with the triple garland at Rome, an angler!

Angler. Happy or unhappy—learned or unlearned—I may tell you he was a fiſher;—and be theſe lines my witneſs, which you may find in his latin works;

'Retia nunc ſunt arma mihi, et labyrinthius error
'Vimineâ contextus acu; qui pervius undis
'Piſcibus eſt carcer, nullâ remeabilis arte:
'Pro gladiis curvos hamos, fallacibus eſcis
'Implicitos, tremulaſque ſudes, parvumque tridentem

'PISCATOR modò factus ego, quò terga natantum
'Sistere jam didici, duroque affigere saxo.
'Primitias en flumineæ transmittimus artis
'Et versus quot Clausa domos habet arctaque Vallis,
'Quæ tibi piscículos et rustica carmina pascit.'*

Painter. Marry, Sir, after those harmonious verses that you have so fixedly treasured up in your memory it is undeniable you may have the honour to claim Petrarcha for one of your fraternity.

Angler. And what was more natural than he should seek an inward consolation for his diseased thoughts in so quiet and sweet a recreation; and on the banks of his loved river indulge his thoughts with those 'Visions' of the departed Laura, which Master Edmund Spenser† hath rendered from the Italian into harmonious English verse:

'Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
'A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
'Whereto approached not in anie wise
'The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
'But many Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
'That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce

* Lib. III. Epist. 3.

† The Visions of Petrarch, '*formerly translated*' by Edmund Spenser, at the age of 14: originally printed in a book of some rarity, 'The Theatre of JOHN VAN-'DER NOODT.' 8° 1569.—ED.

'To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall;
'That my glad hart thereat did much rejoyce.
'But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
'I ſaw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
'The ſpring, the place, and all cleane out of ſight;
'Which yet aggrieves my hart even to this houre,
'And wounds my ſoule with rufull memorie,
'To ſee ſuch pleaſures gon ſo ſuddenly.'

But now look around, and tell me, you that have ſeen famed VAUCLUSE, if this dell be not more woody and umbrageous than the banks of the Sorga; and look at the doublings and wrenches of the ſtream, which make it the moſt ſingular place that can be imagined for natural beauties; and let me tell you, they have been deſigned by Mr. Iſaac Walton, junior, the ſon of our maſter of angling.

Painter. How! has Mr. Walton a ſon, and a limner too?

Angler. You may take Mr. Cotton's word for that.

Painter. Then I ſhall be inclined to love him for more reaſons than one.

Angler. Well, then, you muſt know, PISCATOR and VIATOR having fiſhed the 'ſtream 'by inches,' came lower down, and then ſuddenly VIATOR exclaimed, '*But what have we 'got here? a rock ſpringing up in the middle 'of the river! This is one of the oddeſt ſights*

'*that ever I ſaw.*' To this PISCATOR replied, '*Why, Sir, from that Pike that you ſee ſtand-*
'*ing up there, diſtant from the rock,—that is*
'*called Pike Pool, and young Mr. Iſaac Walton*
'*was ſo pleaſed with it, as to draw it in land-*
'*ſkip, in black and white, in a blank book I have*
'*at home, as he has done ſeveral proſpects of my*
'*houſe alſo, which I keep for a memorial of his*
'*favour.*'

Painter. A book full of landſkips did you ſay! in black and white, and all done by the hand of Mr. Izaak Walton, junior? that were indeed a treaſure to poſſeſs! But come;—let us repoſe ourſelves along theſe ſhady banks that Mr. Walton, and his ſon, and Mr. Cotton all loved, and that deſerve to be loved by every honeſt angler. See theſe wild flowers, which ſpring around, and make a ſoft cuſhion for us; here is the wild thyme, the Nottingham catch-fly, and coltsfoot, and violets — —

Angler. And what is no leſs germaine to the preſent argument,—a handſome repaſt!—So let us fall to't.—Here is an excellent cake, and ſome hang'd martinmas beef; with a meaſure or two of mine Hoſt's good ale. Are you prepared?

Painter. I may warrant you, and no wiſe dainty after our long walk.

Angler. O that we could now poſſeſs our dear accompliſh'd Civilian, that hath more learning than both you and I together!

Painter. Aye; if he were here reclining with us by the ſide of PIKE POOL, our entertainment would be complete: and let us not deſpair to inveigle him hither next month of May.

Angler. Well, I have known ſtranger things come to paſs; and now, if you pleaſe, we'll drink his health in a loving cup of barley wine.

Painter. A worthy toaſt! fill to the brim!

Angler. To the brim.

Both. Here is a health to our polite Mr.

I. O. A.

Angler. A true lover of honeſt Izaak; and to hear him deſcant on the gentle craft, you might declare him to be a practiſed diſciple.

Painter. Then what ſay you to his books of emblems and engraved pictures of angling? and do not forget that ebony cabinet in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, furniſhed with all ancient treatiſes of your art, and other merry ſports and paſtimes of England.

Angler. Aye; and I love him the more for his love of my maſters: and though he hath never wetted a line, nor ſoiled his hoſen in purſuit of the finny tribes, yet in imagination

he hath done both one and the other: and is no leſs verſed in the philoſophy of angling than learned in Lord Coke's Inſtitutes, and the Law of Nations.

Angler. I wiſh him all health; and may he ever poſſeſs Sir Chriſtopher Hatton's moderate deſires, and be able to ſing,

> 'I weigh not fortune's frowne nor ſmile,
> 'I joye not much in worldly joyes;
> 'I ſeek not ſtate, I reake not ſtyle,
> 'I am not fond of fancie's toyes!
> 'I reſt ſo pleaſed with what I have,
> 'I wiſh no more,—no more I crave.'

Painter. So ſay I. And now remember your promiſe, and give me the huntſman's arguments in praiſe of his paſtime of hunting, when he was in the company of Mr. Walton and the Falconer, all the while they walked to Hodſden.

Angler. Moſt willingly; and you are to know, when Mr. Falconer broke off his diſcourſe, and entreated VENATOR to ſay his beſt in praiſe of the chaſe, that honeſt candid huntſman began with a commendation of the earth, being that element upon which he drives his 'pleaſant 'wholeſome hungry trade;' and then declared, that 'hunting is a game for princes and noble 'perſons; it hath been highly prized in all

'ages; it was one of the qualifications that 'Xenophon beſtowed on his Cyrus, that he 'was a hunter of wild beaſts. Hunting trains 'up the younger nobility to the uſe of manly 'exerciſes in their riper age. What more manly 'exerciſe than hunting the wild boar, the ſtag, 'the buck, the fox, or the hare? How doth 'it preſerve health, and increaſe ſtrength and 'activity?'

Painter. Well ſaid, Mr. Huntſman; pr'ythee proceed.

Angler. 'And for the dogs that we uſe, who 'can commend their excellency to that height 'which they deſerve? How perfect is the 'hound at ſmelling, who never leaves or for-'ſakes his firſt ſcent, but follows it through ſo 'many changes and varieties of other ſcents, 'even over and in the water, and into the 'earth! What muſic doth a pack of dogs then 'make to any man, whoſe heart and ears are ſo 'happy as to be ſet to the tune of ſuch inſtru-'ments! How will a right greyhound fix his 'eye on the beſt buck in the herd, ſingle him 'out, and follow him, and him only, through a 'whole herd of raſcal game, and ſtill know, and 'then kill him! For my hounds, I know the 'language of them, and they know the language 'and meaning of one another as perfectly as we

'know the voices of thoſe with whom we diſ-
'courſe daily.'

Painter. Aye, I warrant you, PISCATOR had need of all his eloquence to overcome theſe winning arguments in favour of the noble ſport of hunting. And what more did VENATOR ſay?

Angler. At length he gently excuſed himſelf from enlarging his diſcourſe, and ſaid, 'I will 'not be ſo uncivil to Mr. PISCATOR, as not to 'allow him time for the commendation of an-'gling, which he calls an art, but doubtleſs it is 'an eaſy one; and, Mr. AUCEPS, I doubt we 'ſhall hear a watery diſcourſe of it; but I hope 'it will not be a long one.'

Painter. And how did PISCATOR reply to this pleaſant jeſting?

Angler. He received it as a well-bred angler would do, and thus replied: 'Gentlemen, let 'not prejudice prepoſſeſs you.' Do you obſerve how enured Mr. Walton is to meekneſs and patience? And you ſhall ſee, by-and-by, that he was able to bring forward a ſtore of arguments and examples to prove the greater excellence of his art of angling.— — But firſt, I am for another cup of ale. And here's a health to Mr. Walton and his ſon, and Mr. Cotton, his adopted ſon, that have often ſat where we now

ſit, and I have no doubt with hearts as thankful as I hope ours to be.

Painter. I drink to all three.

Angler. And here's a good wiſh for a ſouth wind, that Mr. Thomas Barker ſays, 'blows 'the fly in the trout's mouth,'* and good ſport to all anglers.

Painter. To ſuch of them as be honeſt men.

Angler. Let me tell you, all true brothers of the angle are honeſt men.

Painter. Agreed, agreed.—So here's a ſouth wind to all anglers. And now, whilſt you entertain me with PISCATOR's diſcourſe, ſo ſuitable to this occaſion, I will deſign that rock and the

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* And ſo thought Mr. Charles Cotton; as witneſs theſe lines:

'*To my dear and moſt worthy friend, Mr.* Izaak Walton.

'A day without too bright a beam,
'A warm, but not a ſcorching ſun,
'A *ſouthern gale* to curl the ſtream,
'And, maſter, *half our work is done.*

'There, whilſt behind ſome buſh we wait,
'The ſcaly people to betray,
'We'll prove it juſt with treach'rous bait
'To make the preying trout our prey.'

POEMS *on* SEVERAL OCCASIONS, p. 115—ED.

pool, and theſe umbrageous trees, which give us their ſhelter from the ſun.

Angler. I thank you, and ſhall eſteem it as highly as the landſkips of Mr. Walton junior, that lately returned from his travels to Rome, in company with his kinſman, pious Mr. Thomas Ken, Fellow of St. Mary Winton College, in Wincheſter.

Painter. How! did you ſay with Mr. Ken? he that is chaplain to Dr. Morley, the ſelf-denying Biſhop of Winton, who maintains the primitive doctrine and diſcipline, and has reſtored the daily ſervice in his Churches?

Angler. The ſame;—and follows the Biſhop's example of an aſcetic life even in the midſt of this luxurious age: and has lately writ '*A* '*Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the uſe* '*of the Schollars of Wincheſter School*,'* where he himſelf was trained to learning and good manners.

Painter. Indeed! a book that moſt lovingly perſuades young chriſtians to dedicate their tender age to the ſervice of God.

Angler. And I can never forget a diſcourſe I once heard him preach to the poor in St. John's Church, in the Soke near Wincheſter, wherein

* The firſt edition was printed, 1674, for J. Martyn.

he exhorted them to the duties and privileges of holineſs,—and with ſuch a ſweet and melting eloquence—that when he told them of Chriſt's whole life of ſuffering for their ſakes, he drew tears from many eyes.

Painter. But how did it come to paſs that he ſhould travel with Mr. Walton junior?

Angler. Becauſe of his affection for old Iſaak, who had been his early counſellor and guide, when he was left an orphan: for Mr. Walton had married his ſiſter, Miſtreſs Ann Ken, 'a 'woman of remarkable prudence, and of the 'primitive piety:' but ſhe is now at reſt, and 'lyeth buried, ſo much as could dye,' in the bleſſed Virgin Mary's Chapel in the Cathedral in Worceſter.

Painter. Well: he could not make a more grateful return for the father's love, than to take upon him the part of Mentor to the ſon in his foreign travels: but come, I remember me how the Hoſt ſaid, Mr. Walton had good luck in this pool, and I deſire to follow his example, and wheedle a big trout for our ſupper.

Angler. And ſo you ſhall; and becauſe you have loſt your hook, I'll ſhow you how to fix another.

Painter. Grazie, Peſcatore mio.

Angler. Let me find a hook with two horſe

hairs twiſted together: here it is, and you may ſee a loop at the end. Now mark, put the loop of the fiſh-line through this loop of the hook, and then bring the hook through the loop in the fiſh-line, and draw them tight together—ſo—and here is a freſh brandling, and now you are fitted.

Painter. O' my word, 'tis neatly done; ſo, I have laid my rod. Come, Sir, begin: How pleaſant this is!

Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake
Fiſh we take,
There we ſit
For a bit
Till we fiſh entangle.
None do here
Uſe to ſwear;
Oaths do fray,
Fiſh away.
We ſit ſtill
And watch our quill,
Fiſhers muſt not wrangle.

But let us have the angler's grave,—watery arguments: I am inquiſitive to hear what he will make againſt the Hunter.

Angler. Not ſo grave, I promiſe you; but full of empaſſioned eloquence and no leſs ingenuity. Thus then he began, 'Gentlemen, let

'not prejudice prepoſſeſs you. I confeſs my 'diſcourſe is like to prove ſuitable to my recrea- 'tion, calm and quiet; we ſeldom take the 'name of God into our mouths, but it is either 'to praiſe him or pray to him; if others uſe it 'vainly in the midſt of their recreations, ſo 'vainly as if they meant to conjure, I muſt tell 'you it is neither our fault nor our cuſtom; 'we proteſt againſt it. But, pray remember, 'I accuſe nobody; for as I would not make a 'watery diſcourſe, ſo I would not put too much 'vinegar into it; nor would I raiſe the reputa- 'tion of my own art, by the diminution or ruin 'of another's. And ſo much for the prologue 'to what I mean to ſay.' After that, with arguments excellently contrived, he praiſed his own loved element and occupation, and uſed every allowable artifice to ſhow how they are more excellent than all others. I could now open to you many paſſages of his diſcourſe, that have all the natural fragrancy of wild flowers ſcattered with a careleſs hand; and whilſt he ſets forth the beauty of the works of God, you may be lifted to praiſe the Maker of them for that moſt wonderful attribute—His love to man. Indeed, he applied himſelf with ſo great a zeal to the commendation of angling, and heightened his diſcourſe by ſo many harmonious digreſſions

and teſtimonies to the pleaſure and high eſteem thereof, that, when they arrived at Theobald's Park, whither the Falconer was proceeding to a friend's houſe, who mewed a hawk for him, he declared to PISCATOR, 'I now part with you 'full of good thoughts, not only of yourſelf, but 'of your recreation.' And yet, let me tell you, he did but a ſhort time before profeſs to pity anglers, 'becauſe of their heavy contemptible 'dull recreation.'

Painter. And after the Falconer was gone, did VENATOR expreſs any civil diſpoſition towards anglers?

Angler. Aye; for you have ſeen how his purpoſe was to hunt the Otter at Hodſden, that was three miles further; and ſo he continued his walk with Mr. Walton, who all the while purſued his diſcourſe of fiſhes and fiſhing.

Painter. Indeed! then his diſcourſe was three miles long! All the while, ſay you, till they came to Hodſden?

Angler. And not only ſo; but without any averſeneſs in Mr. VENATOR.

Painter. Then, I cannot but conſider him the meekeſt and moſt polite man in the world to liſten with a cheerful willingneſs to ſo long a commendation of an art that he had 'heard 'many merry huntſmen make ſport and ſcoff at.

Angler. Be not ſo confident; ſtay a little, nd I ſhall make you confeſs that Mr. Walton dorned his arguments with ſuch a matchleſs ommixture of learning and eloquence, as made iis praiſe of angling like ſweet muſic even to he huntſman's ear; for when they were left ogether, after the Falconer was gone to his riend's houſe, Mr. Walton invited his com-anion to enlarge his diſcourſe on hunting, and romiſed he ſhould 'neither want time nor his attention to hear it.' But this the other gently eclined, becauſe he was kindled with a deſire to ear how Mr. Walton could perſuade him that ngling was 'of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not eaſily attained to;' the which if he could do, he promiſed to 'attend him a day or two a-fiſhing, and become his ſcholar.' Whereupon Mr. Walton was charmed with the hope of the Huntſman's converſion; and he did, by obvious arguments, poſſeſs his mind with the ſame high and happy thoughts as himſelf had the enjoyment of; for he convinced him how it was an excellent and a pleaſant art 'to deceive a trout, that is more ſharp-ſighted than any hawk,' and how 'the man that hopes to be a good angler muſt not only bring an inquiring, ſearching, obſerving wit, but he muſt bring a large meaſure of hope and

'patience, and a love and a propenſity to the 'art itſelf.'

Painter. And thus Mr. Walton, by an alluring ſuavity, perſuaded the Huntſman that angling was near a-kin to wiſdom, '*all her ways plea-'ſantneſs, and her paths peace!*' *

Angler. Doubtleſs,—and I would have you underſtand that Mr. Walton, who is a known lover of truth, here declares that he has diſcovered, by a practical acquaintance with his art, 'the very ſitting by the river's ſide is not only 'the quieteſt and fitteſt place for contemplation, 'but will invite an angler to it; and ſettle his 'mind in a quiet repoſe, and there make him 'fit for revelation.' Then, after many more examples to the lawfulneſs and high eſteem of angling, he declares, that 'whoſoever ſhall view 'the ancient eccleſiaſtical canons, ſhall find 'hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as 'being a turbulent, toilſome, perplexing recrea-'tion; and ſhall find angling allowed, as being 'a harmleſs recreation that invites them to con-'templation and quietneſs.'

Painter. This methinks is ſuitable; for ſo pious miniſters may forth into the meadows, and there ſit and angle in a retirement, and

* Prov. iii. 17.

unbend their minds from too close study; and, moreover give glory to God, when they see the rocks and waters that He hath formed, and the whole earth spangled with flowers or other ornaments, for the service and delight of mankind.

Angler. And I believe that every hour of innocent freedom from the cold-hearted humours of the world, and every secret instinct of reverence and affection towards God is a step forward in our path to the unseen glories of His presence. 'And it is only while we are 'still that we are like a tranquil water reflecting 'Heaven.'——Thus, VENATOR became more and more charmed into an attention, until Mr. Walton brought him to the persuasion that angling was 'an employment full of various 'pleasures and events;' and after that declared, how 'learned William Perkins, Dr. Whitaker, 'and Dr. Nowel, sometime Dean of the Ca-'thedral Church of St. Paul, in London, so 'noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, pru-'dence, and piety, were dear lovers and con-'stant practisers of angling.'

Painter. I dare not deny the commendations Mr. Walton bestows on fishing, if peaceful Dr. Nowel gave his authority to the enjoyment of it; for he was a most excellent example of

ancient ſimplicity and holineſs; and who can tell the deep ſearchings of his ſpirit into the truths revealed in the ſacred ſcripture! as witneſs his Church Catechiſm, and the part he took in drawing up the Articles of our Faith, which ſhall be the guiding ſtar of happy England amidſt the rocks, and ſhelves, and quick-ſands, and cloudy ſtorms of ages yet to come.

Angler. Alas! I have a ſad forecaſting of times, when the Church (and through her ſide the Commonwealth of England) ſhall be again aſſailed by weariſome cenſurers, the declared enemies of her polity and miniſtrations,—and yet more of her endowments.

Painter. Be not vexed with theſe unquiet thoughts: God hath His flock in His own keeping: unleſs through ſome decay of piety in our Biſhops and Miniſters of religion, by their neglecting of the ſacraments, the daily church ſervices, the Faſts and Feſtivals, and primitive rules of diſcipline, He ſhould again be angered againſt the ſhepherds, and let the wolves into the fold.

Angler. Alas! for that day, if ever they ſhould diſparage and ſlur thoſe miniſtrations, which are their divine commiſſion to the end of time, and their bulwark!—for then would the love and reverence of men be again changed

into an averſeneſs, and ill-ſpeakers of church-government provoke diſunion, ſo as the very vail of the temple ſhould be rent in twain. ——But to return to the example of pious Dean Nowel, I may tell you, this moſt wiſe man was 'a dear lover and conſtant practiſer 'of angling as any age can produce; and his 'cuſtom was to ſpend, beſides his fixed hours 'of prayer, a tenth part of his time in angling, 'and alſo of his revenue, and uſually all his 'fiſh, amongſt the poor, that inhabited near to 'thoſe rivers in which it was caught, ſaying 'often, "that charity gave life to religion;" 'and at his return to his houſe he would praiſe 'God, he had ſpent that day free from worldly 'trouble; both harmleſsly and in a recreation 'that became a churchman.' And more I have to ſay; for you will not deny to Sir Henry Wotton your partial opinion and praiſe.

Painter. That I will not, becauſe I know he was a man of notable qualities; and one that was a lover of excellent artificers in limning and ſculpture, and willingly afforded his ear and his purſe to every poor man that was ſo happy as to gain acceſs to him.

Angler. Then I have but this more to ſay, namely, how Mr. Walton declares, that 'Sir 'Henry Wotton, whoſe experience, learning,

'wit, and cheerfulneſs, made him one of the 'delights of mankind, was alſo a dear lover and 'frequent practiſer of the art of angling, of 'which he would ſay, "'Twas an employment "for his idle time, which was not then idly "ſpent: for angling was, after a tedious ſtudy, "a reſt to his mind, a cheerer of his ſpirits, "a diverter of ſadneſs, a calmer of unquiet "thoughts, a moderator of paſſions, a procurer "of contentedneſs."'

Painter. Sir, you could not more certainly move me to favourable thoughts of angling, than by perſuading me to believe that Sir Henry Wotton had a love for this paſtime.

Angler. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo; and now, after this long digreſſion, I intend only to tell you, that thoſe irreſiſtible arguments wherewith Mr. Walton adorned his diſcourſe, brought the Huntſman and himſelf to Hodſden, that was the end of their journey. And then Mr. Walton ſaid, 'I am glad your patience hath held 'out ſo long, for my diſcourſe hath brought 'us within ſight of the Thatched Houſe.'

To this the other replied: 'Sir, you have 'angled me on with much pleaſure to the 'Thatched Houſe, and I now find your words 'true; that good company makes the way ſeem 'ſhort; for, truſt me, Sir, I thought we had

'wanted three miles of this houſe, till you ſhowed 'it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn 'into it, and refreſh ourſelves with a cup of 'drink and a little reſt.'

'Moſt gladly, Sir,' replied PISCATOR, 'and 'we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters 'that we are to meet to-morrow.' Then VENATOR anſwered him, 'That we will, Sir, and 'to all the lovers of angling too; of which 'number I am now willing to be one myſelf; 'for by the help of your diſcourſe and company 'I have put on new thoughts, both of the art 'of angling and of all that profeſs it: and if you 'will but meet me to-morrow at the time and 'place appointed, and beſtow one day with me 'and my friends on hunting the Otter, I will 'dedicate the next two days to wait on you, 'and we two will for that time do nothing but 'angle, and talk of fiſh and fiſhing.' Then PISCATOR cheerfully took him at his word, and ſaid: ''Tis a match, Sir; I'll not fail you, '(God willing,) to be at Amwell Hill to-mor-'row morning before ſun riſing.'

Painter. A more ſweet and loving diſcourſe I have not heard. I declare to you I am moved by a ſenſible charm to liſten to theſe ingenuous ſtrangers, as they enliven each other by an accidental dialogue on angling.

Angler. And who would not desire that he might spend a fine fresh morning once a year at least in Mr. Walton's company, and hear him allege his plausible arguments to teach men to be peaceful anglers? And if I might persuade you to read all he says in praise of his art, you would find such a harmony and so many suitable colours in the composition of his book, that you might declare it to be a picture designed with all the graces of Titian, and the sweetness of Correggio.

Painter. Well, brother, this I will declare, that I am like the gentleman Falconer, and begin to love both Mr. Walton and his art; nay, I have listened with a secret pleasure to his conversation, and hope to hear what entertainment his friend the huntsman provided for him, when they two met at Amwell to hunt the Otter.

Angler. That you shall hear by and by, but first let me see your sketch of *Pike Pool.*

Painter. There it is, and the best I can make it.

Angler. It is indeed a skilful picture: all of a just and natural proportion: and now, because you have had so much civility and patience, I will make you some requital, and go a-fishing with you for an hour; but look, you have a

nibble; for your quill is out of ſight.

Painter. And ſo it is! now I hope to find a good trout to my hook—how ſhall I play with him?

Angler. Take up your rod, and try if it be a little one or a big one.

Painter. It is but 'a diminutive gentleman.'

Angler. Then throw him in again, and put on another worm:—there, you have a ſecond!

Painter. Now! I warrant this is a mettleſome fiſh.

Angler. Then anſwer him conformably.

Painter. Ah!—I am but an *ignoramus*, with all my pride; nevertheleſs I hope I ſhall not loſe him, for he will be worth his weight in gold, only becauſe I took him in this very ſpot; and if I catch him, I'll draw his likeneſs in colours at my leiſure.—He goes away at a daſh—I fear my tackling will not hold out.

Angler. I am a hoſtage for the line, if you will practice him pliantly—but do not jerk him.

Painter. I beſeech you take the rod and ſhow me.

Angler. Well then—you muſt cheriſh him a bit—thus—and now ſtraighten him by degrees drawing in your line.

Painter. See how he doubles back.

Angler. Ay: but I have him in hand—ſo—

now do you take the rod again, and puzzle him, and give me the net—it is well done—this way with him—I have the Hector, and I declare to you it is the largeſt fiſh we have taken to-day.

Painter. Oh, brother, I am quite in love with this paſtime of angling—it is the pleaſanteſt thing in the world—and I profeſs myſelf from henceforth a willing diſciple of Mr. Walton.

Angler. Indeed! I am charmed to hear you make this honeſt declaration; and I may tell you, for your encouragement, that you are like to prove a handy craftſman, ſo let us go lower down to the freſh ſtreams.

Painter. I have almoſt had enough: and I cannot hope to be pleaſed with any place after this woody dell. I have never ſeen the like for a retirement.

Angler. Well, as you pleaſe: but what is yonder above our heads, which is overſhadowed by the aſh trees? methinks it looks like a hole in the rock.

Painter. I believe it is, and if you are ſo inclined, let us ſcramble up and look into it: perchance we ſhall make a diſcovery.

Angler. With all my heart; lead on: but have a care, for it is a ſcraggy place, and you

may hap to come down again heels over head.

Painter. Look to yourſelf; a Carolus to a groat that I'm there firſt.

Angler. Say you ſo? then pr'ythee let your footing keep pace with your words, for I am after you.

Painter. Heigho!—ſtop there,—I have ſlipped up; beſeech you—give me a hand.

Angler. Ha, ha! Signor, whoſe ſomerſault was that? try again:—but ſee, I am up firſt,—and what a concealed cavern is here, 'covered 'over with rude grown briers,'* and big enough for a man to ſtand upright in, if he deſired a ſhelter.†

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* Titus Andron. Act. 2. Sc. 4.

† Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Cotton, ſtates that 'a natural excavation in the rocky Hill on which Be-'resford Hall ſtands, is ſhewn as Mr. Cotton's occa-'ſional refuge from his creditors:' and to this Cotton himſelf probably alludes in the following lines of his Ode to Retirement.

'O my beloved Caves! from Dog-ſtar heats,
'And hotter perſecution's ſafe retreats,
'What ſafety, privacy, what true delight
'In the artificial night
'Your gloomy entrails make,
'Have I taken, do I take!
'How oft, when grief has made me fly
'To hide me from ſociety,

Painter. Ay, and we have ſeen the times that ſuch a cave had been worth a king's crown, when he that was near to loſing one, was compelled to hide himſelf from his purſuers.

Angler. Let us pray God that the nation may reſt from her troubles;—that we may ſit '*every man under his vine and under his fig-*'*tree;*' and angle when he will, in peace beneath the ſhade of ſycamine trees, free from all contentions and jars.

Painter. This, I hope, may be our happy lot; and now we have ſix braces and a half of trouts; ſo if you pleaſe, let us back to Alſtonfields; for we have two miles to walk, and the ſun is going down.

Angler. I am quite willing to be at home, for I begin to tire; here is the way.

Painter. So—we are come again to the ſteep hill by Narrow Dale: I wiſh we were paſt it.

Angler. There are ſome houſes;—and a woman ſtanding at her cottage-door—ſhall we follow the example of good Dean Nowel, and

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'Even of my deareſt friends have I
'In your receſſes' friendly ſhade
'All my ſorrows open laid,
'And my moſt ſecret woes entruſted to your privacy.'
Occaſional Poems, p. 138.—Ed.

make her happy with the contribution of ſome of our fiſhes?

Painter. I had the ſame thought.

Angler. Here, good woman; will it pleaſe you accept this couple of trouts, and I dare believe you'll know how to cook them.

Cottager. I humbly thank you, gentlemen, and it is not the firſt time I have dreſſed trouts: for noble Mr. Cotton beſtows a great part of his fiſh upon us. He hath a charitable heart towards his poor neighbours: and for gentlemen anglers, he loves to ſee them take their ſport in his river.

Angler. That I am ſure of—we wiſh you a good evening.

Cottager. Your ſervant, kind gentlefolk; and I thank you too.

Angler. So—we are arrived once more at the King's Head, and there is mine hoſt at his door looking about for us. Well, Mr. Marſh!

Hoſt. Sirs, you are welcome; and I hope you have found good ſport in our river Dove.

Angler. Exceeding good; ſee,—here are ſome brace of trouts for ſupper: and now we'll reſt ourſelves on this bench till they be ready.

Hoſt. I'll bring them in a trice, for '*the kettle is ſet upon a quick fire of wood, and the liquor's boiling up.*'

Angler. That's well! and, Hoſt, '*whilſt* '*your fiſh is boiling, beat up the butter for your* '*ſauce.*'

Hoſt. It ſhall be done, Sir! and '*I'll ſtrew* '*it plentifully with ſhaved horſeradiſh and a* '*little pounded ginger.*'

Angler. He remembers every word how Mr. Cotton taught VIATOR to dreſs a trout or grayling, which queſtionleſs is of all other the beſt way.

Painter. That I believe. — — —

And here comes mine Hoſt again with the trouts:—they are ſerved as quickly as we could deſire—ſo do you ſay grace, brother.—Amen.

Hoſt. Sir, They are good-ſized fiſh, and exceeding well conditioned.

Angler. The biggeſt is my brother's, that he took in the Pike Pool, after you were gone home; and he has declared it to be his purpoſe, from this day, to call himſelf a ſcholar of Mr. Walton, and endeavour to learn the ſecrets of our craft.

Hoſt. Indeed, Sir! I am heartily glad of this —for I have heard Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton ſay, when men are quietly employed a-fiſhing, it teaches them to lay aſide uneaſy thoughts and cares, being a paſtime that is full of hope; and this gentleman gives promiſe to

be a ſkilful artiſt with his angle.

Angler. True—and I'll drink his health in a glaſs of Staffordſhire ale—ſo make us a loving cup, with toaſted bread and ſugar, the ſame as yeſterday.

Hoſt. Sir! it ſhall be done as you deſire.—And quickly.—

Angler. That is well—come brother, here's to you and your honeſt Maſter, Mr. Izaak Walton, and I will not forget Mr. Charles Cotton, for you muſt now look upon him as an adopted brother.

Painter. Truſt me, I want no perſuaſions to love Mr. Cotton, who hath provided ſuch delights by the river Dove, and made them all 'ſacred to anglers;' my mind is full of the train of thoſe pleaſures. And now reſolve me this queſtion: Why may we not divert ourſelves another day or two on the margin of this fine river?

Angler. Are you in earneſt?

Painter. Indeed am I; and if you are ſo inclined, I'll be wholly diſpoſed of by you.

Angler. Why, that's brave! I accept your challenge; and ſeeing you have abandoned yourſelf to my conduct, I will perſuade you to walk back to the town of Aſhbourne through the whole valley of Dove Dale.

Painter. That is agreed. Oh! I am full

of joyful thoughts of rare angling; and perchance we may yet find ſome beautiful landſkips; nevertheleſs, methinks, we have ſeen the choiceſt parts of the river: is it not ſo?

Angler. Of that I ſhall aſk leave to ſay nothing; do you but wait till to-morrow, and when you are come to the lower ſtreams towards Aſhbourne, I will remit the queſtion to your own free judgment.

Painter. Well, I have ſuddenly a thought come into my mind.

Angler. What is that? I hope it is to give us a ſong, for I know you have not been denied a voice or an ear; ſo tune up your muſic, and after that I'll make ſome attempts myſelf, and ſing an innocent ſong.

Painter. Anon—anon—but now tell me, why ſhould not we two happy anglers, that have found our walking legs up and down the ſlopes of theſe glades, ſtretch them again to-morrow morning, and go to the higher parts of the Dove, and ſee how this river '*ſprings from* '*a contemptible fountain*,' that Mr. Cotton ſays, '*he can cover with his hat.*'

Angler. On the word of an angler, you are the ſtrangeſt man that ever I ſaw! Let me tell you, the path there and back is near upon twenty miles,

'Up hill and down dell,
'By rock and by fell.'

Painter. What care I for twenty miles, ſo I may but drink a cup from that fountain of the Dove to the health of my maſter, Mr. Izaak Walton?

Oh! the gallant fiſher's life,
It is the beſt of any;
'Tis full of pleaſure, void of ſtrife,
And 'tis beloved by many.

Both. Other joys
Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our ſkill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleaſure.

Angler. In a morning up we riſe,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to waſh our eyes,
Leave the ſluggard ſleeping.

Both. Then we go,
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To the Dove,
That we love,
If we have the leiſure.

Angler. Excellent, excellent—'*you have conquered me;*' and to ſpeak the truth, I but tried

if you were in earneſt; for once on a time I walked by myſelf to the Dove Head, and I may tell you all the way is as full of fair ſweet proſpects as any can deſire that love angling and the wild hadder of the moors; ſo let us be gone to-morrow before the ſun riſing.

Painter. I care not how early; and now every one to bed with a prayerful heart, that he may ſecretly fetch down his conſolation from Heaven, and make every thing contribute to his gradual aſcent thither.

Angler. Good night, all.

CHAPTER IV.

The Angler *and the* Painter *take a pleaſant walk to the ſource of the* Dove.

Angler.

HOW now! brave Gentleman, how fares it with you this morning?

Painter. Truſt me, I am full of joyful expectations.

Angler. Then you do not repent your ſudden challenge to walk acroſs the moors to the Dove Head?

Painter. Oh, Sir, never fear me.

'Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate ſings
'And Phœbus 'gins to ariſe,
'His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
'On chalic'd flowers that lies.'

The air of theſe mountains hath a wholeſome freſhneſs that gives wings to the ſpirit.

Angler. Very true; and I have the authority of learned Sir William Temple to declare, that health and long life are to be found on the Peak of Derbyſhire, and the heaths of Staffordſhire. Are you for breakfaſt?

Painter. Ay! and look, our hoſt has provided for us in this arbour in his garden; ſee, how it is grown over with jeſſamines and honeyſuckles.

Angler. And here is a hedge of ſweet-briers —it all breathes fragrancy.

Painter. It is very pleaſant; and now let us diſcuſs our breakfaſt with all freedom, as honeſt anglers ought to do: here's new baked bread, and milk and honey; and here's a bowl of curds and whey, with nutmeg and ginger. Are you for that?

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. What ſay you, brother; is not here a moſt freſh and unmatchable morning for travellers? Do but look over thoſe hills; and there are the blue moors, backed by the burniſhed light of the ſun riſing behind them. What can be more glorious?

Painter. Nothing, nothing—ſee how he '*cometh forth as a bridegroom from his cham-*
'*ber, and rejoiceth as a ſtrong man to run a*
'*race.*'—

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we baniſh ſorrow;
Sweet air, blow ſoft, mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to pleaſe the mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, plume thy wing, nightingales, ſing,
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow.
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy neſt, robin redbreaſt,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let muſic ſhrill,
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thruſh in every buſh,
Stare, linnet, and cock ſparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourſelves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Angler. Excellent well!—it is a ſong of Mr. Thomas Heywood?

Painter. The ſame; and now it is your turn.

Angler. Let me conſider a while; I'll give you a ballad of John Welbye. Or ſtay—now, I have one:

In pride of May,
The fields are gay,
The birds do ſing, ſo ſweetly ſing—

So nature would
That all things could,
With joy, begin the ſpring.

Then, lady dear,
Do you appear
In beauty, like the ſpring;

I dare to ſay,
The birds that day
More cheerfully will ſing.*

And now we have done breakfaſt, and I am ready to attend you.

Painter. Well, then, let us be going. I am with you, lead on. You remember how the hoſt told us there were two roads to Beresford: let us take the coach road by the left for a change; and now we are at the top look before you, for there again is Beresford Hall.

Angler. Oh! that Mr. Charles Cotton were now there! and we might be invited to receive ſome inſtructions in fly-fiſhing!

Painter. And my maſter, honeſt Izaak, with his bottom-fiſhing,—ſo pleaſe you, brother.

Angler. That I heartily wiſh too.—But ſee we are once more arrived at the brink of the the river.

* Ballads and Madrigals by Thos. Weekes, 1598.—Ed.

Painter. Do we croſs over this fordable place?

Angler. Nay—that would be roundabout to Hartington; and mine hoſt adviſed us rather to turn underneath thoſe rocks which are cloſe to Pike Pool; for there we may paſs the river, and have a pleaſant proſpect of the fiſhing-houſe; and then by a nearer path acroſs ſome fields to Hartington, and after that I can find my way.

Painter. With all my heart; ſo here we are again: ſee the turfy bank where we had the enjoyment of Mr. Walton's book; and the cobbling ſtones acroſs the Dove.

Angler. The ſame; and ſo take care, or you may have an unlucky tumble into the river.

Painter. Over with you, Sir!—I am an angler now, and fear not 'the element I trade 'in.'

Angler. Bravely, Mr. Pictor, you have a dexterous management with your heels. Now to the right by this high bank: and look how the river winds through the meadows, above the fiſhing-houſe; and there you ſee before you Hartington Church; if you pleaſe, we may paſs to the left of the town; and now, for a little while, we muſt bid farewell to the Dale.

Painter. I am ſorry to hear it; our pleaſures

are all too ſhort-lived: methinks I could ſpend all the month of May near to Mr. Cotton's fiſhing-grounds.

Angler. That we might do with great contentment; but for to-day we muſt rove among the moorlands; and if ſome of them are barren and bleak, yet they will be ſet off to advantage by freſh ſtreams, and valleys, and flocks, and herds. Then remember, though we are on pilgrimage, we may ſit down on turf cuſhions when we are weary, and ſing merry ſongs, in deſpite of care, ay, and of fortune too, that 'rackets with man as with her tennis ball.'

Painter. And I am reſolved to take a pleaſure in all I ſee; but what is yonder hill?

Angler. That is Banktop; and there is Carderlow Hill, in Staffordſhire. But now prepare yourſelf; for you are come to a buſy water-mill, and yonder you may ſee Ludwell Spring, that within a few yards of its riſing, falls into the Dove.

Painter. How ſay you? is this the very ſource of a river guſhing with ſo ſudden a force, and leaping out of a cavern in a conſiderable ſtream from underneath the ground?

Angler. This ought to be noted in your blank book; for it confirms an obſervation of Mr. Cotton, that '*the Dove from its head for a mile*

or two is a black water, becauſe it ſprings from the moſs; but in a few miles travel is ſo clarified by the addition of ſeveral clear and very great ſprings bigger than itſelf, which guſh out of the lime-ſtone rocks, that before it comes to my houſe, which is but ſix or ſeven miles from its ſource, you will find it one of the pureſt cryſtalline ſtreams you have ſeen.'

Painter. That is true; for, look, before theſe waters are joined, the Dove is a darkiſh colour. But here ſhe comes away, rejoicing in the clearneſs of Ludwell Brook: and ſo they hurry themſelves in company to the mill with a mutual alacrity.

Angler. There let them go, and to-morrow we ſhall meet them by Hanſon Toot.—But who comes here?

Painter. It is a little country damſel.

Angler. Good morning, pretty maiden. What are you come for?

Maiden of the Mill. To fetch ſome water, Sir.

Painter. I pray you be civil, and let me taſte ſome of this clear ſpring of the Ludwell from your pitcher.

Maiden. You are welcome, Sir. I'll dip it in.

Painter. Thank you, gentle maid; 'tis as cold as an icicle; and what is your name?

Maiden. Margery, ſo pleaſe you, Sir.

Angler. Well, my pretty Margery; we are greatly beholden to you; and here is a half Sevil piece to buy ribands for Sundays and holidays; and ſo farewell.

Maiden. Your ſervant, kind Gentlemen, and I thank you both.

Angler. God ſpeed you, pretty Margery and may you live as harmleſs and happy as you now appear to be, and ſome day or other walk to church on flowers. Come, brother, let us be forward; for you and I muſt up to Wheeldon Hill, that towers to the ſkies yonder.

Painter. With all my heart: farewell, Margery. — — What a ſecret charm is in a youthful innocency, that hath not put off the white garments waſhed in the fountain of baptiſm I have heard it ſaid, a child's mind gives a pattern of a church temper; it looks to have come freſh from heaven, and to be the only thing fit to re-aſcend to the celeſtial preſence.

Angler. And that, we may believe, was the reaſon of our Redeemer exhorting mankind to have the mind of children. And did he not openly declare that their angels do always behold the face of their Heavenly Father? meaning their guardian angels.

Painter. Are you of that opinion?

Angler. I would not take upon myſelf to pry into the vaſt ſecrets of celeſtial intelligences: but, becauſe the church declares that God hath '*ordained and conſtituted the ſervices of angels* '*in a wonderful order*,' and prays that '*they* '*may ſuccour and defend us on earth*,' I am not denied the conſolation to think how thoſe etherial choirs have a ſweet miniſtration on our behalf, as channels of grace; elſe why doth St. Chryſoſtom exhort us to pray for the angel of peace, if they are not able to keep us out of heart-aching ſins? And if I could fix in my mind the aſſured image of one ſuch angelic preſence as my ſecret companion, this vale of tears would become a delightful Eden—this deſert a near approach to heaven: for then it would be my moſt pleaſant and glorious employment to lift up my feeble voice in the cherubic hymn; my ſoul would be faithful and devout,—all things would become pure,—all things holy,—all things peaceful and lovely. And thus following my unſeen guide, I ſhould have a bleſſed fore-intimation of the realms of light, and my earthly ſervices be a preparation for the awful preſence of the Higheſt. Methinks I could never defile my body, which is the temple of God, nor permit a bad thought, or a ſordid deſire to taint the ſanctuary of my

immortal ſpirit,—If I knew that would put to flight my angel, and compel its winged ſorrowful retreat back to the courts of heaven,—not with triumphant Hoſannas for a victory over ſin and death, but to make a record of my fatal diſcomfiture to its weeping companions of the ſkies. Therefore, do not deny me the liberty to believe that God's bright angels throng inviſibly through the univerſe, and '*encamp about them that fear Him.*'

Painter. Nay, I wiſh to be of your opinion, and that we have an intereſt in the prayers of miniſtering ſpirits, and ſo may attain unto ſome likeneſs to them: yet remember that they themſelves are kept by the grace of ONE that is above all principalities and powers in heaven or in earth. And we have this ſurpaſſing reliſh of hope, that as His divine unerring eye beholds us with the love of a Mediator, and His Spirit is within and over us as a Comforter, infuſing an immortal power into the inmoſt ſoul, we have the confirmation of a continual grace, that imprints a more ſublime virtue than the preſence of angels or archangels—yea, or of cherubim and ſeraphim, who veil their faces before Him. Oh! wherefore is it that we cannot attune our thoughts to the high employment of the inviſible Church, who with

loud voices ſound forth joyful hallelujahs to God?

Angler. Becauſe, brother, through our want of faith our eyes are blinded, that we cannot realize the preſence of the heavenly world, which, nevertheleſs, is around and about us, as ſurely as theſe mountains and theſe ſkies. Give me leave to tell you, the Church always has, and, notwithſtanding the decay of piety, does now acknowledge the '*communion of ſaints*,' —to wit, that the ſaints now on earth have ſpiritual fellowſhip with '*the general aſſembly* '*and Church of the firſt-born, which are written* '*in Heaven.*'*

Painter. How mean you? with the ſaints departed and admitted into the preſence of Chriſt?

Angler. So it is. I ſpeak not now of the dignity that is wrought in holy perſons by the permitted communion with God, according to the laſt prayer of our Saviour, that they might be one with Himſelf, (*as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they alſo may be one in us,*)†—nor of the fulfilment of His rich promiſe, that His Father and Himſelf would *love them, and come unto them, and make their abode*

* Heb. xii. 22. † John xvii. 21.

with them,* nor of the ineſtimable gift of the Comforter, which ſhould *abide with them for ever*, (*for he dwelleth with you, and ſhall be in you:*) †—neither will I now further inſiſt on the bleſſed aſſurance in Scripture of the ſpiritual communion of ſaints on earth with God's angels, who are *miniſtering ſpirits, ſent forth to miniſter for them who ſhall be heirs of ſalvation*,‡ yea, and rejoice over them, yea, and wait for their ſouls, to carry them triumphantly into Abraham's boſom.—But, bleſſed be God! beſides all this, we have aſſurance of the love of that innumerable company who wait in hope of the bright morning of the reſurrection, who whilſt on earth were renewed in the image of our God, and endued with the ſpirit of Chriſt,—even thoſe ſucceſſive generations that have departed this life in faith, and now made perfect and inhabiters of the ſupernal City. Bleſſed be God! they are ſecret witneſſes to our deſires, our penitential tears, our faſtings, our inward ſtruggles, our outward croſſes,—are preſent with us in the Holy Church, joining in thoſe very ſacraments and prayers which were their own comfort and ſupport in *their* day of

* John xiv. 23. † Ibid. xiv. 17.
‡ Heb. i. 14.

probation. Nay, death itſelf hath no power to accompliſh the ſeparation of thoſe we have moſt dearly loved:—the grave hath cloſed over their mortality, they have eſcaped from their outward periſhable frame, and have winged their way to unimaginable joys; but it may be they are with us in unſeen communion.—What if their ſpirits mingle with ours in a wonderful order? and although we preſume not to fathom the myſtery beyond what is revealed in Scripture, may we not join with them and with the ten thouſand times ten thouſand hoſts of heaven, in praiſe of the eternal unity of the Godhead, that hath given us this earneſt of a glorious immortality?

Painter. Oh! the unſearchable riches that are even now within our graſp, if we knew to put forth our hand and reach them!

Angler. But alas! becauſe of the natural averſeneſs of our ſouls from heavenly contemplations, and our too intenſe fixedneſs on the unreal pleaſures of the world, we cannot be warmed and affected with the kindlings of holy deſires.

Painter. 'Tis true, yet ſtrange,——for a religious ſpirit is the higheſt gift of God; it is an incenſe that riſes perfumed to His lofty throne, from whence it flows, and gives peace

of ſoul which ſetteth at naught all the chances of fortune.

Angler. True, for to be ſpiritually minded *is peace*, and by the bond of peace we are kept in the unity of the Spirit.

Painter. And that peace is nowhere elſe to be found but only in the Church, as witneſs thoſe choice verſes of Mr. George Herbert, who dedicated his muſe to the Divine Majeſty, and his life to a chriſtian holineſs.

Sweet Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And aſk'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did ſeem to anſwer, No:
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the Lace of Peace's Coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpie
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperial: Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worm devour
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man;
Whom when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began:
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who lived with good encreaſe
Of Flock and Fold.

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſs did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat;
Which many wondering at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it, and that repoſe
And peace, which every where
With ſo much earneſtneſs you do purſue,
Is only there.*

Angler. You are in the right: the meaning of Mr. George Herbert was, that peace may only be found in the unity of the Holy Church, which is *built on the foundation of the apoſtles and prophets, Jeſus Chriſt being the chief corner ſtone;* and St. Chryſoſtom hath ſaid the name

* Herbert's Poems, THE CHURCH, p. 117.

CHURCH is a name of harmony;—and truly,—for he declares it to be a place of angels and of archangels, a palace of God, heaven itſelf;—and her anointed miniſters are the bearers of God's faithful meſſage;—baptizing all people into her one communion, diſpenſing to all the euchariſtic Body and Blood of Chriſt their Redeemer, and catechizing all, young and old, in the holy myſteries of the Scriptures, which diſplay the glory of God in the government and redemption of the world.

Painter. '*How beautiful upon the mountains* '*are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,* '*that publiſheth Peace.*'

Angler. And when the prophet would raiſe up the heart of the afflicted Church, '*toſſed* '*with tempeſt and not comforted,*' he ſaith, '*Be-* '*hold, I will lay thy ſtones with fair colours, and* '*lay thy foundations with ſapphires, and I will* '*make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of* '*carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleaſant ſtones.* '*And all thy children ſhall be taught of the* '*Lord; and great ſhall be the Peace of thy* '*people.*'——But we grow too ſerious—let us be forward, or we ſhall ſcarce reach the end of our walk.

Painter. I am with you: and what big mountains are they, ſo dark in the diſtance? they

uſt be ten miles off. I hope we ſhall have othing to ſay to them.

Angler. Truſt me, brother,—and ſomething eyond them too, if you would ſee Dove Head -day; but they are not ſo far as you think, nd when you come to them, you'll like them one the worſe for their ſteepneſs. But now e are arrived at Pilſbury, you may ſee Broad Meadow—that is a handſome manſion-houſe n the other ſide of the ſtream; and this is Wheeldon Hill.

Painter. Well, to be ſure, he is not ſo difficult and tedious as he looked to be from Ludwell.

Angler. I declare no man living can trudge better than you do. And now you may find Crowdey Cote Bridge in the bottom, and a ſpring that contributes all its clearneſs to the Dove; and thus I have brought you to Sternſale; and ſo let us paſs to the right.

Painter. Stay awhile, brother; methinks we are leaving our Dove, and that I have no mind to do.

Angler. Let me perſuade you, for it is only to bring you back to her again with greater contentment; ſo you may leave her to her own careleſs pleaſures in thoſe flowery meads, whilſt you and I paſs through Glutton Dale; and here

we have dipped into the valley, and are come to the baſe of the hill, that looked ſo towering ſome miles off.

Painter. Indeed! we are arrived at it quickly. Has this mountain a name hereabouts?

Angler. Ay, and a well known one—with its elder brother, that is twice as high; they are the Great and Little Cromes; and there you may now ſee them before you, with cattle feeding on the very pinnacle.

Painter. That is a ſtrange ſight; I wonder how they clambered up ſuch a ſteepy crag.

Angler. And ſee, I am as good as my word, for here we are come again to the Dove;—ſo follow me over this wooden bridge into Staffordſhire.

Painter. Is this your River Dove? She is not grown bigger ſince laſt we parted.

Angler. You are in the right; ſhe is leſs and leſs,—and darker than we remember her: for her path has been through ſome boggy mountainous ways; but like the eyes of a Mooriſh beauty, ſhe is clear and ſparkling, and is now hurrying on to the ſweet proſpects about Mr. Cotton's fiſhing-houſe that we ſo lately paſſed: and do you mark how ſhe declines the invitations of theſe little rocks and glades, and water-docks, and ſhaly banks that hope to detain

ıer, breaking away from them with a diſdainful murmur.

Painter. And not without reaſon, for the proſpects hereabouts are middling.

Angler. Nay — turn yourſelf, and look at thoſe high mountains: the two Cromes are now behind us, where the flocks and cattle ſtill browſe on the ſummits.

Painter. How, ſay you? Not thoſe Cromes you ſpoke of an hour ago?

Angler. The ſame; but now they preſent themſelves in a bold profile, and are broken into ſharper edges.

Painter. Sharp indeed, — for the crags on the top are of ſuch a narrowneſs, that I would not believe the cattle might ſtand there, if I did not ſee them do it: and, for my own part, I would not go over thoſe rocks '*for a thou-*'*ſand pounds.*'

Angler. '*Nor tumble off them for two.*'

Painter. It is 'an odd country indeed:'— but halt, brother, what is that I ſee?

Angler. Having paſt by Winterſide, that looked ſo cold and rocky, we are come to Waſhgate; and tell me what you think of the landſkip before you?

Painter. You have taken me quite by a ſurpriſe, for here is a prodigious paſſage in the

mountains that for rudeneſs of nature cannot be exceeded: methinks we are come to the world's end.

Angler. See how the Dove is ſuddenly forced down theſe rocky ledges, and is then joined by another and as rapid a ſtream,—Calſhaw Brook, that is ſcarce deſerving of a name,—yet guſhes down with a merry loud noiſe.

Painter. I am enchanted with this wilderneſs: but I will confeſs your mountainous ways have put my metal to the proof, and I begin to be weary; ſo I beſeech you let us ſit awhile, that I may do my beſt to make a picture of theſe high rocks; and I ſhall aſk you to read me ſome paſſages from my maſter's Book of Angling; and I remember how, becauſe his happy companion, VENATOR, promiſed to dedicate two days to angling in his company, it was agreed they ſhould firſt beſtow the next day to hunt the Otter.

Angler. You ſhall hear what they did after they met the next morning, juſt as the ſun was riſing. For you are to know, as they came to Amwell Hill, the dogs had juſt put down an Otter. Then, after a ſhort greeting, Mr. VENATOR told him to 'look down at the bot-'tom of the hill there, in that meadow, che-'quered with water-lilies and lady-ſmocks, there

you may ſee what work they make. Look! look! all buſy; men and dogs, dogs and men —all buſy.' Then PISCATOR declared; 'he was glad to ſee ſo many dogs, and more men, all in purſuit of the Otter: let us compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honeſt VENATOR, let us be gone, let us make haſte; I long to be doing—no reaſonable hedge or ditch ſhall hold me.'

Painter. Was it Mr. Izaak ſaid that?

Angler. Ay, ay; quiet Mr. Walton, that arries himſelf with ſo ſingular a ſweetneſs and emper—but he hath a cheerful ſpirit, and withal ſweet inſtinct towards innocent recreations: nd ſo he was ſuddenly tranſported, and 'longed to be doing.' Think how the meek angler romiſed 'no reaſonable hedge or ditch ſhould hold him.' I can almoſt think I ſee him now with his ſtaff, haſting to the bottom of the hill, where 'the men and dogs, dogs and men, were all buſy.'

Painter. And tell me what they ſaw when they got there?

Angler. They met a Gentleman Huntſman, that was cheering on his dogs to take the Otter; ſo they enquired where he found this Otter; and he replied, 'Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place a-fiſhing: ſhe has this

'morning eaten the greateſt part of this trout;
'ſhe has only left thus much of it, as you ſee,
'and was fiſhing for more; when we came we
'found her juſt at it: but we were here very
'early, we were here an hour before ſun-riſe,
'and have given her no reſt ſince we came;
'ſurely ſhe will hardly eſcape all theſe dogs and
'men.' Then, after a ſhort converſation, he bade them follow him, for he ſaw the 'Otter 'above water at vent, and the dogs cloſe with 'him; I now ſee, he will not laſt long—follow, 'therefore, my maſters, follow; for Sweetlips 'was like to have him at this laſt vent.' Then you may be ſure they followed, and with a great eagerneſs: then VENATOR cried out: 'Oh me! 'all the horſes are got over the river, what 'ſhall we do now? ſhall we follow them over 'the water?' 'No, Sir, no;' (ſaid the Otter-huntſman) 'be not ſo eager; ſtay a little, and 'follow me, for both they and the dogs will be 'ſuddenly on this ſide again, I warrant you, 'and the otter too, it may be. Now have at 'him with Killbuck, for he vents again.' Then VENATOR, having a natural propenſity to all kinds of ſports with dogs, heartily exclaimed, 'Marry! ſo he does: for, look! he vents in 'that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: 'now he is gone again, and has bit the poor

dog. Now, Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; ſome above, and ſome under water: but now, now ſhe is tired, and paſt loſing. Come, bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! It is a Bitch-otter, and ſhe has lately whelped. Let's go to the place where ſhe was put down; and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all to.'

Painter. Excellent! What a joyful and natural confuſion of the huntſmen! '*men and dogs, dogs and men, all buſy.*'

Angler. And after that they went to an honeſt ale-houſe, where they had a cup of good barley wine, and ſang *Old Roſe*, and ſo they rejoiced together, and then bade farewell with mutual good thoughts and wiſhes; and ſo honeſt Mr. Walton and his ſcholar went to their ſport of angling.

Painter. Very pleaſant! what a natural ſprightlineſs of manner in handling his ſubject! and ſuch maſterly touches of art, that it is all like an excellent piece of painting. But now I have done my poor draught of the landſkip, ſo let us forward; methinks Dove head is never to come.

Angler. Patience, brother, for you have, ere long, ſomething more to ſee: and now we are

paſſed over the bridge back again into the county of Derby, what do you think of this ſudden change in the river? There are high rocks and crags on either ſide: ſome have been tumbled down to the bottom in confuſed heaps, and threaten they will block up the paſſage.

Painter. This makes the Dove more fretful and noiſy, and rather than ſhe will be detained in this ſtony wilderneſs, ſhe vaults over the crags, and throws herſelf into a caſcade underneath the bridge.—But look to your feet; for I like not this edge of the cliffs, that ſtand ſo high. How now! there is another glen joins itſelf; and, I declare, a rapid ſtream, as big, or may be bigger than the Dove, and to ſay the truth, I know not which is our own river.

Angler. Then make ſome gueſs before I declare it to you.

Painter. I cannot reſolve you. Methinks that to the right is more like to come from Derbyſhire.

Angler. Nay, the left hand is our courſe; the other water, that guſhes in her channel with ſo ſingular a ſteepneſs, is Cooper-Brook; and if you liſten, you may hear with what a ſweet harmony ſhe welcomes the approach of her future playmate, and pays her willing tribute into the ſtreams of the Dove, and is happy to

hange her own name for another and a better, hat is in ſo great eſteem with all anglers.

Painter. Here is one of thoſe ſpots of nature hat I love to behold. This is the nobleſt rchitecture imaginable; for here are moun- ains, and rocks, and valleys diſpoſed in a wild rder, that is more excellent than the richeſt rnaments of all Greece: nay, I will not make n exception of the Parthenon at Athens, or he great Coloſſeum in Rome;—nor the very illars of the gate, which was called Beautiful, n the Temple at Jeruſalem, nor all the once lorious Palmyra are able to contend for noble- neſs againſt theſe works of nature.

Angler. Which is not to be wondered at, ince thoſe were builded by man; but the hills ave God for their founder: it is He that '*weighs the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance.*' He it is that can make them break forth into ſinging, or cauſe them to be deſolate; that can remove them into the depths of the ſea, as eaſily as He cauſed their higheſt tops to be covered with the flood, when He opened the gates of heaven.

Painter. And for that beautiful ſtructure of the Temple of Zion which was ornamented with ſo many thouſand talents of gold, and refined ſilver and braſs, and a number of all

manner of precious ſtones, that Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle ſays, was capable of impoveriſhing the Indies,—and thoſe cherubims overlaid with gold within the oracle that ſtretched forth their wings, ſo that the wing of the one touched the one wall, and the wing of the other cherub touched the other wall—where are they now?—they are diſperſed as a dream: but theſe mountains ſhall remain till that hour, when '*the heavens ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe*, '*and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.*'

Angler. And hath not He declared, (whoſe '*coming*' ſhall then be) that Solomon himſelf, the builder of the firſt Temple, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one even of thoſe heathy flowers you have in your hand? I beſeech you give me that bunch you have plucked, and when I go home, I'll dry them in a book, that I may ſometimes call back again to my mind this happy day's journey, and theſe ſweet thoughts amidſt the ſprings of the Dove.

Painter. Do ſo; and I am glad to think that in this manner I ſhall live the better in your memory.

Angler. Truſt me for that, brother. But we muſt not tarry; we muſt be away for Dove Head.

Painter. I am with you:—but here are more

ups and downs than I expected; how long will they laſt? for I begin to flag.

Angler. Cheer up, heart, and follow me; and that I may beguile the length of the way along theſe moſſy ſlopes that are ſo ſoft under foot,—and becauſe you are won to the love of angling,—I will perform my promiſe, and read you that epiſtle of Mr. Cotton to Mr. Izaak Walton.

Painter. I ſhall be charmed to hear it.

Angler. Then liſten,—

'Feb: y^e^. 13. 1676.

'My deare and worthy Father,

'Suppoſing you (who are ever ſo conſtant 'to your reſolutions) to bee by this time re- 'turn'd to London, I venture to give you the 'trouble of a letter to enquire how you doe, 'and whether I may hope to ſee you here this 'approaching ſummer: in truth I long for no- 'thing more than to ſee you, and therefore if 'your affaires either invite you this way; or 'will permitt you to beſtow ſome time upon 'your friends that love you, itt will, without 'complement, bee as great a ſatisfaction to 'mee, as I could allmoſt wiſh. In the next 'place, give mee leave to enquire how my

'Lords Grace of Canterbury does, and my 'Lord of Winton. The laſt of which was 'every where in theſe parts ſo confidently re-'ported for dead; that in earneſt, I concluded 'him ſo, till I received your laſt letter, which, 'though you did not mention him in itt, aſ-'ſured mee nevertheleſſe hee was ſtill living, 'otherwiſe I ſuppoſe you had had no buſineſſe 'at Farnham: your owne famyly I need not 'ſo ſtrictly to enquire after, becauſe I know 'you will tell me without aſking, ſo that till I 'ſhall againe heare from you, I have little more 'to ſay, excepting to tell you y^t^ I have here 'encloſed ſent you a ridiculous ſong I made 'one day by the River ſide; that my Lady of 'Ardglaſs is your ſervant, and joins with mee 'in the requeſt of ſeeing you here, together 'with that old and conſtant truth, that I am, 'and muſt ever bee, whilſt wee two live,

'Dear Father, Your moſt affectionate friend,

'Sonne and Servant,

'CHARLES COTTON.'

'We are all here very well, that is now wee 'begin to thaw again: for ſo nipping a winter 'has not been for theſe many years, and yett 'when the water was frozen up almoſt, and

only a ſmall gullet open in the ſharp of the ſtreams, I then killed ſeveral Graylings, 16, 17, 18, and 20 inches long with an Aſh grub, and no more than one ſingle hayre, as ſeverall can witneſſe; and that in their full vigour and beſt ſeaſon. My ſervice I pray to Mr. Danieil Sheldon; to whom by the next returne of the carrier I will ſend ſome flies and direct them to Sir Joſeph Sheldon.'

Painter. A very pleaſant cheerful letter, and a ſure witneſs to the love theſe two familiar maſters of angling bear to each other's perſon.

Angler. I would we had that '*ridiculous poem made one day by the River ſide*;' which was encloſed in it: but that was not in the poſſeſſion of my *Aldine Scholar*; and I am only permitted to hope Mr. Walton hath treaſured it up with ſome others to be hereafter put forth to the world in print.

Painter. In a handſome 'litel boke'—and becauſe you have ſhewn me how my maſter will ſometimes court the favour of the muſes, it may come to paſs ſome May morning, when they are angling together, the two poets ſhall reſolve to aſk Mr. Richard Marriott* to print

* Richard Marriott was the publiſher of almoſt all Izaak Walton's works.—ED.

their verſes in a happy conjunction.

Angler. That would be as worthy of our peruſal as the SHEPHERD'S GARLAND *faſhioned in Eglogs*, by Mr. Walton's honeſt old friend Michael Drayton: and doubtleſs my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, who loves Mr. Walton and his art of fiſhing, will have a pleaſure to affix his IMPRIMATUR *ex Ædibus Lambethanis.*

Painter. And methinks Mr. Cotton, when he commanded his ſervice to Mr. Daniel Sheldon and promiſed to ſend ſome flies to Sir Joſeph Sheldon, knew that Mr. Walton was on a ſhort viſit to the Archbiſhop at Lambeth.

Angler. Or it might be at his palace in Croydon?—but look you, there is the Dove, down in the deep glen beneath; and though ſhe grows more diminutive, yet there are bright rills that ſilently glide out of the mountains to ſwell her little eddies and caſcades —— — And now, here is another turn in the path, and ſo I have brought you to Dove-head.

Painter. Indeed! I'm rejoiced to hear it, but how! I ſee no '*contemptible fountain that* '*I can cover with my hat*,' but a tolerable ſtream.

Angler. Patience, good brother—it is true we are here come to the hamlet of Dove-head; but for the ſource of the ſtream, you are to

mount with me the ſide of this broad mountain, that is called AXE EDGE.

Painter. Alas the day! up this great mountain, which is as high as Mont Blanc in Switzerland? but much darker, I warrant you. Well, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,—but I'm almoſt exhauſted.

Angler. Come, let me give you a helping hand.

Painter. I thank you, but I'm too big-hearted to yield me—ſo put on your manhood, and ſtalk along; I'll ſtem Broad Axe Edge with a 'heart of controverſy.' Heigh ho! now we are up, and here is nothing I can ſee in the likeneſs of a river.

Angler. Pardon me, for I may now wiſh you joy; look to this ſide of you; here is the 'contemptible little fountain.'

Painter. Indeed! and ſo there is—what a marvellous little fountain! but it is a moſt clear and pellucid ſtream.

Angler. And yet Mr. Cotton declares this river '*from its head, for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the reſt of the Derbyſhire rivers of note originally are; for they all ſpring from the moſſes.*

Painter. Well, I ſee no moſſes hereabouts, but a highland downy turf, and it is a pure and

tranſparent rill.

Angler. Well, well; we may leave theſe nice queſtions; only this is for certain, here is the ſource of the river Dove—ſo let us ſit and reſt ourſelves.

Painter. With all my heart, for I was never ſo tired in my life, ſcrambling up and down theſe moorlands:—I ſcarce thought my legs would carry me ſo far.

> 'Here down my wearyed limbs I'll lay,
> 'My pilgrim's ſtaffe, my weeds of grey.'

Angler. It is a good angler's walk, I grant you; and by the ſun we are eight hours from Alſtonfields!

Painter. Come, then—where is the knack of proviſions?

Angler. Here it is, and I profeſs to you I am both hungry and thirſty. There is a ſlab of ſtone that covers the fountain will ſerve for a table—and here is the well of water to cool our Rheniſh.

Painter. So, ſo; it is all delightful: indeed it all breathes of pleaſure; let's open the wallet, and make ourſelves joyful at the head of the Dove. By the word of an angler, I mean to throw away all cares and be light-hearted. Come, Sir, your appetite is ſqueamiſh.

Angler. Truſt me, I'm quite hearty; and here's my ſervice to you in a cup of wine.

Painter. The ſame to you, and is not our hoſt a good caterer? with hunger for ſauce, this proviſion is fit for a king!—and I am now able, on this wild moor, to be as happy as any prince in Chriſtendom.

Angler. And why not, if we have grateful and contented hearts?

'Sweet are the thoughts that ſavour of content,
'The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
'Sweet are the nights in careleſs ſlumber ſpent;
'The poor eſtate ſcorns Fortune's angry frown.
'Such ſweet content, ſuch minds, ſuch ſleep, ſuch bliſs,
'Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miſs!'—

But come, Sir,—it is your turn for a ſong; ſo pleaſe you begin.

Painter. Well, then, I'll try my voice at a ſong of George Withers:

'Lordly gallants, tell me this,
'Though my ſafe content ye weigh not,
'In your greatneſs, what one bliſs
'Have you gained that I enjoy not?
'You have honours, you have wealth
'I have peace, and I have health,
'All the day I merry make,
'And at night no care I take.

'Bound to none my fortunes be,
'This or that man's fall I care not;

'Him I love that loveth me;
'For the reſt a pin I care not.
'You are mad when others chafe,
'And grow merry when they laugh;
'I that hate it, and am free,
'Laugh and weep as pleaſeth me.'

And now we'll drink a health to our maſters in angling.

Angler. And let it be in a ſip of clear water from this fountain-head of the Dove, by way of memorial.

Painter. Well, well, only a ſip, and—after that we'll drink to them in better Rheniſh.

Angler. With all my heart.

Painter. Here's to Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton.

Angler. To Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton! And now, by your leave, I'll grave the two firſt letters of their names in cipher on this very ſtone that is over the fountain.

Painter. How mean you?

Angler. Here are tools, I borrowed from our hoſt, for I had bethought me of this, and muſt confeſs I purpoſed it in my mind, the laſt time I travelled this way. So do you be buſy in a picture, and I'll make a rude copy of the cipher which is over the door of the fiſhing-houſe.

Painter. It is an excellent conceit; and I

hope Mr. Cotton may one day chance to hear of this, and wonder at the unknown travellers that hold him in ſo high eſteem; and would he might now ſee our mutual labours! Come, Sir, lend me your ſteel, and I'll light a pipe—ſo! and now do you tell me ſomething of this Axe Edge which is as dark as a thunder-cloud, but no more like an axe than I'm like a tree. Are we now in the county of Derby or Stafford?

Angler. Which you pleaſe: for here you may now ſtand with one foot on the county of Stafford, and the other in Derbyſhire; look you, or I will rather ſay, liſten; for you will ſcarce hear, and cannot ſee the puny Dove that now trickles out of the well under our feet, and goes ruſtling through the long graſs down the ſide of the mountain; and nevertheleſs I may tell you, ſhe is big enough to divide the counties one from another for many a long mile. There: '*go thy way, little Dove*,' and make glad the thouſand meadows that you have a mind to viſit in your rambles.

Painter. And, truſt me, ſhe ſhall receive the applauſes of many meek and happy anglers in return for the pleaſures ſhe beſtows on them. But tell me ſomething further, honeſt Piſcator, of this great mountain.

Angler. Well, then, you are to note, Axe

Edge gives birth to many a trouty ſtream: and if we had time to come at them, I could ſhow you ſome clear fountains, as the Goit and others; but next to the Dove is the river Wye, that flows down this mountain, till it comes to the hot wells at Buxton, and after that, to Bakewell and the noble hall at Haddon; and is thereabouts made brighter than before by the Lathkill. But ſee, here we have Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton's initial letters twiſted together in cipher, and graved on the ſtone. I hope no uncivil hand will untie the knot that joins them.

Painter. I hope ſo too, for it is excellently well graved, and a worthy tribute to our maſters at the very fountain-head of their favoured Dove.

Angler. And now for a ſong. Nay we muſt be ſtirring, or we ſhall not find our way to Alſtonfields before dark.

Painter. Ah me! I had almoſt forgot: did you ſay all the way back to Alſtonfields? and muſt it be? I know not if my legs will carry me ſo far.

Angler. Then you may uſe your beſt arguments to perſuade them; for I can tell you, Axe Edge is a cold bed for travellers, and you'll find no houſe of entertainment by the way. But, come, another cup, and then let us pack up, and away with a good will. Sir, I pledge you.

Painter. Well, well! that's a refreſhing draught, and I am with you, ſo do you lead on.

Angler. And I have ſomething to tell you for your comfort. I ſhall bring you by a near path acroſs theſe mountains to the other ſide of the Great Crome; it is not half the diſtance and for the greater part down hill.

Painter. That's pleaſant news; but now I'm unconquerable; I'm fit for any thing.

Angler. Come, then, bear away to the left; and what ſay you to theſe ridges that are piled up one after the other?

Painter. It is all exceeding wild. Theſe mountains have a noble ſolemn look.

Angler. But let me think awhile: I have ſome miſgivings. I cannot reſolve me which is our neareſt way; let us try this wild path to the left.

Painter. Nay, Maſter, if you have loſt your reck'ning over theſe Alps, we ſhall chance to ſleep under this 'moſt excellent canopy, the

'air.' But ſtay; what is yonder?—a lonely cottage on the next brow. So fortune has helped us at a pinch.

Angler. 'Tis ſome poor peaceful ſhepherd's cottage; let us go forward and knock! Holloa! within there!

Shepherd. Who's there? how now, my lads!

Angler. Good even, maſter: can you tell us the way to Hartington?

Shepherd. To Hartington, good gentlemen? marry can I, 'twere ſtrange elſe: old Racing Harriſon might bring you acroſs theſe mountains blindfolded, if need were.

Angler. Pr'ythee tell us, if we are to take to the left hand?

Shepherd. Ay, to the left, through yon ſlip-ſtyle; and mind to keep the Crome on your right: but ſtay awhile; I'll fetch my ſtaff, and go along with you.

Painter. We thank you: but firſt let us offer you a cup of good wine; and if it pleaſe you, I'll put this cold pie on the ſettle at the door, for ſupper, when you come back. And now who's for a pipe?

Angler. I—and all. Come, Maſter Shepherd, try my Virginia.

Shepherd. I thank you, gentlemen travellers; and now this way, for the evening comes on.

Painter. You ſeem to have a hearty old age; you ſtep like a yonker.

Shepherd. Ay, Sir; the time has been, when I was huntſman's groom to the noble Earl's father, I could ſcale theſe hills from morning till ſunſet, and tire down the ſtouteſt buck.

Angler. Then you have ſerved the great family of Cavendiſh?

Shepherd. That, Sir, has been my pride theſe many a-year, in peace and war. I followed the Earl's noble brother, General Charles, to Grantham, and was cloſe to him at the battle of Gainſborough, when the rebel Noll forced him and his unbroken Lincoln troop into a quagmire. I myſelf heard him refuſe quarter from ſo ſeditious a crew, and ſaw him caſt his blood that flowed from his wounds into their faces, and ſo he died as he lived, one of the moſt loyal cavaliers and ſervants of the late king. After that I was made ranger hereabouts: but now I am three-ſcore years, and ſome of the ailments of age have come upon me; ſo I tend my little flock of ſheep, and pay my honourable Lord a peppercorn for rent.

Painter. Are theſe lands hereabouts the Earl of Devonſhire's?

Shepherd. That are they for miles and miles. He's a little king in all this country, and a right

royal maſter to old Racing Harriſon. Now look ye, Gentlemen, the path lies between theſe two hills; and when you come to another ſlip-ſtyle at the bottom, you are to hold right on, till you ſee ſtars twinkle through the hole in the top crag of the Crome.

Angler. Ay, now I remember. Thanks, honeſt Shepherd, and good even to you.

Shepherd. Good even, young Gentlemen; and will you pleaſe give an old man his licenſe? Ah! memory tells us youth is a ſlippery time; and every ſtep you take ſhall bring you nearer or wider the way of heaven. We ſhall not meet again on theſe hills; but when the laſt trump ſhall ſound, may we all be found with the mark on our foreheads.

Painter. Amen to that pious wiſh. And now a hearty farewell, and thanks for your ſafe conduct. Truſt me, we ſhall remember honeſt *Racing Harriſon* of the hills.

Shepherd. I thank you, good Gentlemen; and may peace be with you. Away! for night draws apace.

Angler. Brother, there was ſomething touching in that old Shepherd's parting words. But ſee, we are now come behind the Great Crome.

Painter. Is it poſſible? and ſo ſoon! You promiſed to make the way ſhorter, and well it

is ſo; for thoſe golden lights from the ſetting ſun bid good even to the landſkip, and the valleys are thrown into an oppoſition of deepening ſhadows.

Angler. '*En avant*' is the word, ſeeing how the evening cloſes around us.

Painter. Why, what a conjuror are you! Sure we are come again to Glutton Dale, or I'm miſtaken?

Angler. The ſame; and here you will paſs into Stern Dale, and then by Crowdey Cote, and Ludwell, where we are now arrived; and ſo you are within a mile of Hartington.

Painter. Why, this is excellent! and now methinks I ſee Hartington Church. Ho! ho! I'm off my legs.

Angler. Come, Sir, one more ſtretch, and then we're at home; ſo be a man;

> 'Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
> 'And merrily hent the ſtyle a,
> 'Your merry heart goes all the day,
> 'Your ſad one tires in a mile a.'*

Painter. Truſt me, never was pilgrim gladder to ſee the goal of his journey, than I ſhall be to find myſelf at Alſtonfields.

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* Antidote againſt Melancholy. A. D. 1661.—ED.

Angler. Well, my good companion, we have had a luſty walk, that's true; and now give me thine hand, for here we are come to our inn.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, my humble ſervice to you both. You muſt be weary.

Painter. Let me tell you, I'm nigh exhauſted, for I have never made ſuch a march till now; but every thing I have ſeen hath exceeded my hopes; indeed, I am tranſported with love towards your moorlands, and the River Dove.

Hoſt. I am happy to hear you ſay ſo.

Painter. And now let us take a light ſupper, and then to bed; for I ſee Mr. Marſh has prepared a diſh of trouts for us, ſo let me ſerve you.

Angler. I'm quite willing: for, to ſpeak the truth, I'm no leſs weary than yourſelf; and, moreover, we have a long day before us to-morrow; for our purpoſe is to ſleep at Aſhbourne.

Hoſt. Gentlemen, I ſhall be ſorry to loſe your company. I wiſh I could detain you by the Dove till Mr. Cotton's return; and he'll be grieved to hear how he has miſſed the pleaſant acquaintance with ſuch lovers of the angle.

Angler. And, I pray you, let him underſtand '*how we fiſhed his ſtream by inches*,' and do not

rget our thanks to him for this liberty in his bſence.

Painter. And how we were enchanted with ıe ſylvan proſpects about his houſe and grounds, ıd all the ornaments in that temple of his, deıicated to anglers.

Hoſt. Sirs, you may depend I ſhall.

Angler. And, moreover, do you tell him how ve walked to Dove-head, and there graved on flat ſtone that covers the fountain, the firſt letıers of his and Mr. Walton's names, in honour ſf their mutual friendſhip.

Hoſt. Indeed!

Painter. Ay, as like as poſſible to the cipher hat is over the fiſhing-houſe.

Angler. And this out of reſpect to him and Mr. Walton; and ſo he may find that inſcripıion any day he is willing to travel thither.

Hoſt. Sirs, I am not able to expreſs my thanks for all your kind thoughts of my dear and honourable maſter: and becauſe you hold him in this eſteem, give me leave to preſent you ſome ſerious verſes he compoſed in the laſt days of a cold winter; they are writ with his own hand, and have never been in print.

Angler. Nay, Mr. Marſh, is it poſſible you are in earneſt?

Hoſt. Sir, wait but a moment, and I'll go

fetch them. —— ——
And here they are at your ſervice.

Angler. Indeed I may not rob you of ſuch a treaſure.

Hoſt. Sir, my heart is overpowered. Here I have preſerved them for two years paſt; but you are welcome, and none ſo worthy to receive them as a gentleman that entertains ſuch thoughts of the writer. They will be ſafe in your good keeping, and I beſeech you to take them.

Angler. I know not what I ſhould anſwer.

Hoſt. Sir, they are freely yours.

Angler. A thouſand thanks, moſt kind and worthy Mr. Marſh, for ſo precious a gift: it ſhall be preſerved as a memento of theſe happy hours we have ſpent about Beresford Hall. Look you, brother.

Painter. I wiſh you joy.

Angler. I am in haſte to read them.

Painter. Pray do ſo. I long to hear them.

Angler. I perceive they are verſes on

OLD AGE.

Why ſhould fond man to his owne wrong,
A weary life ſeeke to prolong
By thoſe detected cheats of art,
That only add unto the ſmart,

The growing malady and paine
Of life, of which wee ſo complaine?
As if there could bee a new way
To make things proſper by decay;
As if a tree ſhowld wider ſpread,
By looſing ſap, its graceful head;
Or higher towards heaven ſhoot,
For being hollow att y^e^ root.
Med'cine helps old men only ſo,
As burnings are allay'd by ſnow,
Which often makes us worſe endure,
Cheating the paine itt cannot cure;
And to death only mends our pace,
As painting ſooner ſpoiles a face.
  But ſay wee could, when once grown old,
Our ruines by ſuch props uphold,
Who would, to his own peace untrue,
His leaſe of miſery renew?
The young, who in ſoft pleaſures live,
May well ſolicite a reprieve,
When death does threaten, ſince they doe
Nothing but life and pleaſure know.
But they to whom living alone
Is hourely execution,
Should not evade methincks the cure
Of all the doloures they endure.
  What, when cold cramps our limbs invade,
When nature's viſibly decay'd,
When all our youthful vigour's gone,
Sight, hearing, taſte, complexion
Are fled, and faded, when all ſence,
Nay worſe, when all intelligence
(Which only human life does bleſſe)
Is turn'd into forgettfulneſſe,

Or ſees but in a magic glaſſe,
The ayery fine young thing it was,
What is there then, O then I ſay,
Showld make us longer wiſh to ſtay?
'Tis not the palſey, nor the gout,
The tiſſick, nor the num'rous rout
Of ling'ring paines old men beſt name,
Which we can rationally blame.
Old age itſelf is the diſeaſe,
Whoſe wretched traine conſiſts of theſe.
For as health, vigour, beauty, grace,
Gayetie, and diſpoſedneſſe,
Make up its ſpritely equipage
T' our morning and meridian age;
So is old age attended by
All ſorts of paine and miſery,
More faithful followers by farre
Than th' other briſke attendants are,
Who falſely with our fortunes fly:
Theſe never leave us 'till we dye.
Age is th' effect of time, and courſe,
In which, alaſſe, there's no reſſource;
Art, that is ſo ador'd, and great,
Can here but little glory gett,
Who, where faint nature does refuſe
T' aſſiſt, muſt needs her credit looſe.
Phyſic itſelf, that ſowv'raigne friende,
To humane kind muſt miſſe her end,
And ſhort in her endeavour falls
With all her herbs and mineralls,
And but afflicts y^e^ patient more,
In weak'ning what ſhee can't reſtore.
Ceaſe then, old man, thy fate t'eſchew,
As youth has had, give age itt's due,

Lye downe, and dye, and ſo make roome
For him whoſe turne 'tis next to come
CHARLES COTTON.

Painter. They are excellent verſes; but of a melancholy caſt.

Angler. The beſt of us will ſometimes be oppreſſed with ſad forebodings. Mr. Marſh, you have laid a laſting obligation on me.

Hoſt. Sir, not another word, I beſeech you; but if I might make ſo bold, I have one requeſt to make of this gentleman who is ſo ſkilful a limner.

Painter. What is it? for truſt me it is already granted, if it's within my poor ability.

Hoſt. Sir, it is that I might have a deſign of my maſter's fiſhing-houſe, in black and white, from your pencil.

Painter. Moſt willingly, and I'm happy to make any return for your civility to my brother.

Hoſt. Sir, I thank you; and here is an ancient letter of my late miſtreſs, Mr. Cotton's mother, that ſhe once writ to the ſteward at the Hall; and perhaps this gentleman will read it aloud: and it is quite at your ſervice, if you will be pleaſed to accept it.

Painter. Indeed, I am greatly beholden to you. Now, brother, do you read the letter,

and I will draw a copy of the fiſhing-houſe out of my blank book.

Angler. With all my heart—here it is:

'HONEST WILL,

'I wonder I heard not from you the laſt 'weeke. I ſend you an accompt of my wants: 'pray get ſo much money as you can, and 'brew the half-hogſhead of ſtrong beare, and 'put it into the little houſe' *(that is the Flam-'beaux Tower you ſaw)* 'and one hogſhead of 'ſmall, which will require four ſtrikes of mault, '2 for the ſtrong, and 2 for the ſmall: and 'I deſire your wife to doe me the favoure as 'to brew them herſelfe; remember to do it 'ſpeedylie before hott weather comes, for I 'ſhall be verie ſpeedily in the countrie. Send 'me Jack's height, that I may buy his coats 'fitt, and the height of my owne chambre, that 'I may fitt my bed. Deſire your wyfe to looke 'in the trunke where my work lies, and ſend 'mee one that is fully finiſhed, and one that 'is not, of the quiſhions in Iriſh worke, and 'the broad peece of quiſhion canvis, 2 yards 'broad that is unwrought; let mee know how 'my garden grows, and tell John Gardiner 'that if I do not finde my gardens in ample 'maner when I come, that hee and I ſhall not

bee friends: bid him ſend word if he would have any thing ſent down for them. Mr. Upton remembers him to you and your wife, and deſires to know whether his meare bee brought in bed or noe, and I deſire to knowe how my black damſell doth; pray get your own horſes in good caſe, in caſe I ſend for you, or you are to meet mee: remember mee to all my friends, but eſpecially to John Hayes, John Baſſet, Dic Ball, and tell him I will bring his cognizance with mee. Let us get the blew coate where wee can; deſire your nephew to looke in my trunk of books, and there you ſhall finde a large booke in writing with a parchment cover, blotied on one ſide with inke towards the nooke of it, its of preſerving & conſerving, & ſend it up by this bearer, by whome I think I ſhall ſend you further newes of my coming downe, if Mr. Parker be not the cauſe; but however doe what I have deſired. Send me word what's become of that gratious elfe Pud; ſo I reſt,

'Your loving M^ris^

'Olive Cotton.

my bleſſing to the two
comrades that keepe the

'rabbits, Jack & Bilburd.

'Maye the 19th
1650.'

'For my truſtie ſervant
'William Grindon at
'Beresford, this with
'care & ſpeede
'Staffordſhere.'

Painter. What a primitive kindneſs of nature there is in every line. I declare to you, brother, it is more deſerving to be treaſured up in an angler's cabinet than thoſe Latin epiſtles I have ſeen of famed Miſtreſs Anna Maria Shurman.

Angler. It is the letter of a careful and benevolent miſtreſs.

Hoſt. Ay, Sirs! and that ſhe was indeed. Alas! if ſhe had lived long enough, it had been happier for Mr. Cotton. But ſhe was ſnatched away, like a too delicate flower, as ſhe was.*

* She died at the age of 38, as appears from a poem of Sir Aſton Cockaine:—'On the death of his dear 'couſin germaine, Mrs. Olive Cotton, who deceaſed at 'Beresford, in the 38th year of her age, and lies buried 'at Bentley, by Aſhbourne.'—ED.

Will it pleaſe you, Sir, to receive this letter? for I have ſome others by me.

Painter. I thank you heartily, Mr. Marſh, and I may not decline a kindneſs ſo freely offered; and here is my copy of the fiſhing-houſe, which is not worthy to be called a return for ſuch a gift.

Hoſt. Sir, my humble duty and thanks to you, and if ever you come this way again, and it pleaſe God I live, you ſhall then find this natural view of the fiſhing-houſe glazed and hanging up over my parlour chimney.

Angler. Well, I hope ſome happy day we may all meet here again: and ſo let us to bed, and pleaſant dreams to every one.

CHAPTER V.

The return of the Angler *and* Painter *to* Aſhbourne, *through* Dove Dale.

Angler.

WELL, brother, now we are come over the river into Derbyſhire, and are arrived under Wolfscote Hill, tell me what you thought of our honeſt hoſt at Alſtonfields, and his charges.

Painter. I know not which to admire moſt, the good cheer and beds that he gave us, or the moderateneſs of the ſcore. There we have lived like brave gentlemen for three days, and been moſt civilly and handſomely treated, and the charge was no more than I have paid for a day's reckoning at an inn in Weſtminſter.

Angler. If I may ſpeak my real thoughts, I have not met a more modeſt and decently behaved man than Herbert Marſh; ſo I ſhall make honourable mention of him to all my

friends that come to theſe parts, and recommend them to take up their lodgings at the King's Head.

Painter. And ſo will I. But whither are we going?—what a deſolation is here!—I wiſh we might return to that Vale of Tempe, by Beresford Hall, and Mr. Cotton's fiſhing-houſe: for now, we are ſcarce come a mile, and you have only bald hills, with rubble ſtones that hang on the ſides.

Angler. It might all ſeem to be a dull kind of place, but for the windings of the Dove, that hurries fretfully away from this dreary region, '*which ſhe would not touch but for neceſ-*'*ſity;*' and for her ſake, I beſeech you, excuſe the want of other graces hereabout: for, truſt me, by and by you ſhall find ſome maſter-pieces of nature's work. So let us follow whither ſhe leads the way: and now we are come to Bigging Dale, that has the variety of ſome tufts of wood, and pointed crags.

Painter. I ſee no beauties to marvel at; but I will put on my maſter's patience:—and ſee,—here are cobbling ſtones acroſs the river, that will give us a change, and a paſſage into Staffordſhire.

Angler. If you will be adviſed, we ſhall do better on this ſide.

Painter. As you pleaſe. But look: yonder is a pair of water-birds, dabbling down the ſtream before us. I hope they are Alciones, that is, our native king-fiſhers; or, as ſome will call them, Hoop-birds.

Angler. It is an even lay they are water-ouſels; for you may always find them up and down about the Dove: nevertheleſs, they are hard to come at. But wherefore deſire to have them Halcyons?

Painter. Becauſe I have a ſingular regard for thoſe birds, knowing them to be an emblem and prognoſtic of calmneſs; and I am ſure, theſe days I have enjoyed you on the brink of the Dove have been 'Halcyon days' for me. How does the Sicilian mariner rejoice during the time of the Alcyons ſitting on their neſts! for then, as Pliny writes, the ſea is not ſo boiſterous, but more quiet than at other times. And yet, you are to note, this bird is prohibited to the Iſraelites, as unclean, in the book of Leviticus, wherein it is rendered as the Lapwing; but this learned Sir Thomas Browne declares to be a miſtake. And the reaſon for this divine prohibition is 'the magical virtues aſcribed unto it 'by the Egyptian nation; for they ſo highly 'magnified the Halcyon in their ſymbols, they 'placed it on the head of their gods; and Orus,

'their hieroglyphic for the world, had the head 'of a Hoop-bird upon the top of his ſtaff.' And I may tell you certain other peculiars of this famed water-fowl;—as that they make their neſt, and hatch their young, in the middle of winter; and this neſt they build ſo as it may float on the waves; and becauſe Providence inſtructs every moving creature with a ſecret inſtinctive wiſdom, they will faſten it to ſome rock or border of the ſea, by an artful ſlender line, that the changing tides may not carry it away from home.

Angler. Come, my brother, you are poetical; you do but magnify the nature of your Halcyons, and amuſe me with pleaſant fables.

Painter. Nay, Sir, that is their own contrivance, and none of mine; and you may believe Ariſtotle and Baſilius, when they declare that the tempeſtuous winds are huſhed into ſilence, and the angry ſea is becalmed, for fear they ſhould give any diſturbance to this friend of mariners, whilſt they neſtle their young ones. And a learned Auguſtine* monk aptly compares this Halcyon to the Saviour of mankind, who hath no ſooner taken up His place in the ſoul, than all the ſwelling billows of this world's

* P. Auguſtinus Cheſneau, Orpheus Euchariſticus. Ed.

ſtorms are changed into a holy quietneſs. There is no longer any threatening of calamity, but a ſublime confidence: then the lowering clouds paſs away before the beams of the glorious *Sun of Righteouſneſs*, and the pleaſant gales breathe nothing but peace and joy. Then the believer, holding faith and a good conſcience, meets with no ſhipwreck; for Jeſus '*maketh the ſtorm a* '*calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill;*' then the Chriſtian mariners '*are glad becauſe they* '*be quiet: ſo He bringeth them to their deſired* '*haven.*'*

Angler. Oh! that the Heavenly Halcyon might be ever with us, to impart unto our unquiet thoughts His own divine calm! Then the tempeſtuous whirlwind of our paſſions ſhould be ſilenced, and we made capable to enjoy that promiſe—'*Peace I leave with you, my peace I* '*give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I* '*unto you.*'†

Painter. And thus be prepared for the immortal joys laid up in ſtore for the humble ſoul. —But there again you may mark them flitting away before us;—and now they are alighted on that great ſtone in the middle of the ſtream.

Angler. I ſee them; and I may tell you, for

* Pſalm cvii. 29, 30. † John xiv. 27.

certain, they are water-ouſels. Now would I give two ducats for a gun! for a dear friend of mine, who is an angler, and has a fancy for all kinds of birds, and is acquainted with their nature, and feathers, and notes, deſired me to bring him home a water-ouſel, if I chanced to meet one, that he might ſet it in his muſeum of ſtuffed birds. And there is nothing in moderation I would not do to pleaſure him; he is ſuch a civil, honeſt brother of the angle.

Painter. As namely?

Angler. He is one you have an acquaintance with.

Painter. Pr'ythee his name, if he be a meek angler.

Angler. Well, then, I may tell you, Francis Mieris, whom I have heard you declare to be one of the choice painters of Holland, bears the ſame initials.

Painter. Indeed! then I can unravel your enigma: it is your moſt worthy kinſman, bound to you not more by a near affinity than an ancient friendſhip,

F. M.

that is, or ought to be, ſomewhere in Oxfordſhire: not many miles diſtant from Fair Roſamond's Bower in Woodſtock Park.

Angler. The ſame: and if he had lived there ſome fifty years agone, he had been as deſerving to receive the dedication of THE SECRETS OF ANGLING, *teaching the choiceſt tooles, baits, and ſeaſons, for the taking of any fiſh, in Pond or River*, as Mr. Roger Jackſon's 'worthy and 'reſpected friend, Mr. John Harborne of Tack-'ley, in the county of Oxford, Eſquire:'* but that he hath been reſerved to theſe times is one of the joys of my life, for he is a ſtaunch and truſty friend, that will ſtand by a man in the day of his troubles.

Painter. But I knew not he was a lover of angling?

Angler. Marry is he: and ſince you are become one of our fraternity, I could deſire you no greater pleaſure than to ſit by the ſide of a river in his company, and hear him make a choice of paſſages out of Mr. Walton's book; and he eſpecially loves that innocent converſation, and thoſe ſongs of the milkmaid and her daughter; which I hold to be a more rural and engaging picture of primitive manners, than is to be found in any writing:—I will not make an exception of brave Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia; or Will Shakſpeare's "Lover's Lament."

* See Note p. 28.—ED.

Painter. I wiſh that friend were here—what pleaſures he would find in Dove Dale!

Angler. Ay, and next to that I wiſh I now had a letter he wrote me ſome days before I left my houſe, that I might give you the peruſal thereof; it was about an Otter hunt he ſaw near to Guy's Cliff in Warwickſhire; and I declare to you he pictured that Otter hunt to my mind with all the naturalneſs of Mr. Walton, when he met his friend VENATOR at Amwell Hill. And this I may tell you, he hath a delicate hand on a fly rod, and knows more ſecrets of angling than moſt others: and both loves and endeavours the art of huſbandry, that is worthy of an Engliſh Gentleman's practice—inſomuch he is acquainted with moſt of Thomas Tuſſer's '*Hundreth Good Pointes of* '*Huſbandrie.*' — — But we are entered into Mill Dale—ſo now, if you pleaſe, we may paſs into Staffordſhire by this bridge, over the river, and then look out; for yonder you may ſee ſomething you have met before.

Painter. What is that?

Angler. Why, Sir, have you forgotten the Wheelbarrow Bridge? and there is Hanſon Toot on your left hand, and that ſlippery zig-zag path which leads to Aſhbourne.

Painter. And ſo it is indeed! there is the

very ſpot where we caught our firſt brace of trouts; but do not tell me we muſt part with the Dove ſo ſoon.

Angler. Not for the world! but rather walk to Aſhbourne along the river, where we ſhall find freſh occaſions for pleaſure and ſurpriſe on both margins—ſo croſs the bridge, and look you do not tumble.

Painter. Truſt me, '*I can go by myſelf.*'—Why what a fine diſplay of rocks! We have met with nothing like them for boldneſs; they are thrown about in a delightful confuſion. What natural arches are thoſe cut in the cliff, that falls perpendicular into the dell,—and yonder high pinnacle which ſtands alone on the other ſide?

Angler. Theſe are called the 'Dove Holes,' and that is dignified with the name of the 'Shepherd's Abbey.'—Now you are come to

DOVE DALE;

now you ſee crags on crags of all ſhapes; and the Dove grows more proud and ſwelling, ſeeing herſelf to be ornamented with ſuch landſkips.

Painter. And that is not to be wondered at: you are as good as your promiſe, for I declare this is one of the moſt beautiful dales in all

England. Let us tarry awhile, that I may endeavour to ſketch this delightful proſpect as a memorial. 'Twill be a day to ſpeak of hereafter. Every ſtep I take I am more enamoured of your river.

Angler. See yonder rock, on the other ſide, that has ſlipped from the mountain, and ſtands out with a look of defiance.

Painter. And which are theſe to the left hand?

Angler. One is the 'Steeple Rock,' and the other the 'Watch-Tower.'

Painter. My pleaſure is more than I can expreſs. Think of the nobleneſs of nature: what tongue can articulate—what pencil can deſcribe theſe combinations of a grand deſign? O Sir! think how God hath planted a paradiſe on earth, for 'bad man' to refreſh himſelf in; and times and ſeaſons, and woods and rocks, and rivers, and the glorious ſun in his tabernacle of the heavens, all appointed for the delight of his creatures; ſo that, turn whitherſoever they will, their eyes cannot look off from a miracle:—and oh! why is it that our hearts are not attunable to thoſe high hallelujahs which are ſung to the ſound of golden harps, from throne to throne, by angels in heaven, who being '*arrayed in* '*white garments with palms in their hands, and*

'*crowns of gold on their heads, ſing the ſong of* '*the Lamb for ever:*' this we know to be their preſent glorious occupation; man only has no deſire for ſuch a tranſporting joy: he will forget God in the very midſt of his great and marvellous works. But I beg you pardon, Sir! I was carried beyond myſelf by theſe river proſpects.

Angler. It is all very enchanting, and begets in a ſpiritual mind high thoughts of our Maker's goodneſs and glory; and now whilſt you work out your picture of the landſkip, I'll try to kill a brace of trouts. And by and by, when we are arrived lower down, we will recline ourſelves beneath a large flowering hawthorn tree that I know of, and there you ſhall put out your angle-line to fiſh for itſelf.

Painter. Agreed: and I have not ſeen a river of ſo much promiſe.

Angler. Look how the water criſps over the ſhelving rocks, and is thrown back into the eddies; being, as Mr. Cotton ſays, '*ſo ſtraight-*'*ened in her courſe between the rocks*,' ſhe has a greater ſwiftneſs than ever.

Painter. Well then, go you and fiſh downward, and I will follow when I've made my picture. — —How now, Sir; how has it fared with you?—tell me what luck.

Angler. I have caught two brace of trouts and a ſkipjack, that I put into the river again. And now we are come to the great hawthorn tree, that is worthy of note for its ſpreading branches.

Painter. So here let us reſt our legs; and now I hold you to your promiſe, that my angle ſhould fiſh for me at breakfaſt time; ſo, by your leave, I'll fit my tackling, that I may make a trial underneath this broad caſcade. —— I am prepared.

Angler. Now drop in your line ſlyly, and beware you do not ſplaſh the water; and then come back to me, and I'll prepare breakfaſt, which we have honeſtly earned by our two hours' walk. Then we may drink a cup merrily, and ſing ſongs in DOVE DALE.

Painter. I have done as you bid me, and put my quill in a ſecret place, where I promiſe myſelf a trout.

Angler. Do not doubt it: and therein is the great praiſe of angling,—that hope is not only reaſonable, but is enjoined upon them that practiſe it; and but for that, angling might be a dull recreation. And now recline yourſelf underneath this hawthorn, and entertain your thoughts with the proſpects I have brought you to.

Painter. Indeed, the delightfulneſs of all I

ſee, cannot be expreſſed by words; and I beſeech you what great cavern is at the top of that rock?

Angler. That is 'Reynard's Cave'—it is an admirable contrivance of nature, and if you pleaſe, we may clamber up, and pay maſter Reynard a viſit in his Hall.

Painter. You will not eaſily perſuade me to that; why, Sir, it is perpendicular!

Angler. Well, well; as you pleaſe--nevertheleſs you would find no difficulty worth the naming. And yonder is a rock called 'Pickering Tor,' and that is the 'Iron Cheſt:'—but come, take your cup; and here is delicate meat, ſo fall to't.

Painter. It is excellent—and now my ſervice to you and to that honeſt angler we both know of—that meek friend of yours who deſcribed the hunting of the Otter, near to Warwick, with ſo eloquent a pen.

Angler. That is well remembered; and may he never want opportunity to take his recreation in a clear ſtream; and now once more; for I muſt drink to another that I love as my own ſoul—that ordained Prieſt of our Holy Church, one of the ornaments and the delight of Merton College in Oxford. I may not break out into an eulogium that his diſpoſition would

rebuke, if he were preſent with us: but he cannot deny me the joy to drink his health;—ſo join with me!

Painter. Moſt gladly—fill up, Sir! Where was he laſt heard of?

Angler. Near to the Rialto at Venice; but he now walks in his leiſure about the Coloſſæum in Rome, or the Baths of Titus, or it may be in Dionyſius's Ear at Syracuſe, in Sicily; for thither he purpoſed in his mind to go.

Painter. And I joy to think that, as in ſome other concurrences, ſo in his travels he is like to Sir Henry Wotton, who '*laid aſide his books*' (that he loved ſo well) '*and betook himſelf to* '*the uſeful library of travel, and a more general* '*converſation with mankind, to adorn his mind* '*and to purchaſe the rich treaſure of foreign* '*knowledge.*' And this is declared of Sir Henry Wotton, by Mr. Izaak Walton, in his life of that excellent ſcholar. And may your, no leſs learned and eſteemed, kinſman have all his wiſhes: for theſe I know to be full of moderateneſs, peace and contentment, and to have their beginning and ending in his bleſſed Maſter's ſervice.

Angler. That is true: and ſo, here's a diſtant health to thee,

'HENRICE, MI OCELLE,'

from the banks of Dove to Tiber.

Painter. Salveto! '*Henrice, mi ocelle.*'—

Angler. As Sir Henry Wotton was called by that learned Italian ALBERICUS GENTILIS, and by divers of Sir Henry's deareſt friends, and many other perſons of note during his ſtay in the Univerſity.*—And now, brother, do you look and ſee if you have chanced to make a catch.

Painter. How now?—my float has diſappeared!—Truſt me I have a knabble—there is a large trout has taken me. I thought that was a likely fall—ſee how he turns and wriggles, and how he throws off tuggingly. Here is an angler's delight! and all this on the margin of the Dove!

Angler. Beware of him; thus—

Painter. By your leave, Sir! let me have all the honour to myſelf: ſo, ſo—now he dives down, and up again with a leap; look at his twiſtings and turnings!

Angler. Ay, he'll ſoon give over. There, now we may net him, and a fine fiſh he is; not leſs than two pounds weight. What would your maſter Walton ſay to this?

Painter. I hope he would applaud me.

* Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton.

Angler. Come, try for another; this is a likely hole. Look you, there's another bite; now check him—ah! he's broke away.

Painter. Indeed he has: I'm ſorry I loſt him. I'll try again—look you! another!—now, Sir tumbler, you may do your worſt.

Angler. Point the top of your rod to thoſe cliffs; you are all right;—ſee how he ſhakes the tackle, give him line, for he's a ſtrong fiſh.

Painter. Truſt me, he's bigger than the laſt; the water is ſo clear you may ſee him ſtruggle: now he drives againſt the ſtream.

Angler. Turn him back, or you may loſe him behind that ſtone. 'Tis well done—'*why what* '*a dangerous man are you!*'—here's the net, and now he is landed!

Painter. I thank you. This is a ſport indeed! O the contentment of happy anglers! how many years I have loſt ſince you firſt invited me to go a-fiſhing: but I was then deaf to your perſuaſions, and I would never believe you. Well, I declare it hath a gayneſs that is admirable. But come, I would not be ſo ſelfiſh as to wiſh for more, until I ſee you handle a trout.

Angler. Well;—let us try lower down. But firſt of all let us have a ſong; and do you begin.

Painter. What ſhall I ſing?

Angler. Let it be that ſonnet to the ſpring in Sir John Davies's Aſtrea—'*Earth now is green,* '*and heaven is blue.*'

Painter. Well—and ſo it ſhall.

'E-arth now is green, and heaven is blue;
L-ively ſpring which makes all new,
J-olly ſpring doth enter;
S-weet young ſunbeams do ſubdue
A-ngry aged winter.
B-laſts are wild, and ſeas are calm,
E-v'ry meadow flows with balm,
T-he earth wears all her riches;
H-armonious birds ſing ſuch a pſalm
A-s ear and heart bewitches.
R-eſerve, ſweet ſpring, this nymph of ours,
E-ternal garlands of thy flowers,
G-reen garlands never waſting;
I-n her ſhall laſt our ſtate's fair ſpring,
N-ow and for ever flouriſhing
A-s long as heav'n is laſting!'

Angler. I thank you, and now becauſe you have ſung theſe cheerful verſes, I'll give you a ſong, 'apt both for viols and voices,' by John Wilbye.

Painter. Come then! and ſing it finely.

Angler. I'll do my beſt to pleaſe you.

Happy ſtreams, whoſe trembling fall,
With ſtill ſummer ſoftly gliding,
Happy birds, whoſe chirping call
With ſweet melody delighting,

Hath moved her flinty and relentleſs heart
To liſten to your harmony,
And ſet ſecurely in theſe downs apart,
Enchanted with your melody.
Sing on and carol forth your glee,
She grants you leave her 'rays to ſee.'
Happy were I could love ſo delight her;
But aye, alas! my love doth deſpite her.

Painter. — An exceeding ſweet melody, and I beſeech you ſing it over again; and after that I ſhall be ready to go with you. So—I like it even better than at firſt.

Angler. Come now, let us pack up the wallet, and take our walk.

Painter. I am all ready. But what is here? we are come to a ſtop.

Angler. Away with you: 'tis a ſound footing at bottom, and ſcarce knee deep.

Painter. Halt, good Sir; you do not expect me to walk into the river.

Angler. If you are reſolved againſt it, here you may ſtay; for you ſee how the river waſhes the very baſement of this perpendicular rock, and climb you cannot. Come, Sir, — — follow me bravely: it is but '*a ſpit and a ſtride;*' or I'll carry you mounted a pick-back.

Painter. O! let it not be ſaid. 'What 'man dare, I dare;' ſo lead on, I'll truſs up my hoſe, and be after you. Ah me! I was up to

my knees; but now I am well paſt.

Angler. If you will be a fiſher, never fear, for it is your proper element: but, Sir, did you hear that trout by the further bank?

Painter. You may be ſure I did, and ſaw him too.

Angler. Well then, I muſt needs in and wade, if I would twiſt my fly thither.

Painter. Truſt me, I am not coming after you. I find nothing of that in my maſter's book; he declares, 'how the very ſitting by the 'river's ſide is not only the quieteſt and fitteſt 'place for contemplation, but will invite an 'angler to it;' and think you, he would bring his ſcholar to ſit under an honeyſuckle hedge, and expreſs his cheerfulneſs when he reclined himſelf on 'the primroſe bank,' if he meant him to wabble in the water? and I beſeech you, call to mind thoſe thoughts of his, which he turned into verſe, 'when he ſat on the 'graſs, and there wiſhed to meditate his time 'away.'

Angler. 'Tis all very true; nevertheleſs, Mr. Walton himſelf muſt at ſometimes be contented to wet his boots, if he would fill his pannier out of the Dove; wherefore, delicate Mr. PICTOR, I now leave you to meditate on the ſilent pleaſures of this flowery bank;

So ſit you ſtill,
And watch your quill,
While I the trout entangle.

Painter. That will I do; and you may be as big-hearted and get as wet as you liſt:—but harkye, Sir; be not over-confident, or you may haſte only to ſtumble. Call to your remembrance Mr. Boyle's Treatiſe of 'ANGLING IMPROVED TO SPIRITUAL USES,' how Eugenius, having '*eſpied a convenient nook for his angling*, '*invited his friend Lindamor to ſhare the advantage with him, and began to walk thitherward along the river's brink? but he had not marcht very far when chancing to tread on a place, where the courſe of the water had worn off the bank, and made it hollow underneath, he found the earth faulter under him, and could not hinder his feet from ſlipping down with the turf that betrayed him.*'*

Angler. I do remember: and if that ſhould chance to be my predicament, I hope you would have the civility of Lindamor, that '*catcht hold of him, and drew him to the firm land.*'

Painter. O Signor Peſcatore, doubt not my charity, though I might not deny myſelf the

* Occaſional Reflections by the Honourable Robert Boyle. 1665.—ED.

ſame liberty that Honourable Mr. Boyle took with his friend Eugenius, '*to make himſelf merry* '*a while with the diſaſter when he found it to* '*be harmleſs.*'

Angler. Well—well, Sir, I give you leave; and let him laugh that wins, I am not afraid of a ſomerſault if a good fiſh chop at my fly.

Painter. Farewell then: and I'll go lower down and pleaſe myſelf.

Angler. Ay, good brother, do ſo; and pr'ythee reach me the landing net before you go.

Painter. There it is, and I wiſh you may have ſport.

Angler. Look you, Sir; I have a fiſh; 'tis a ſmall one, I grant you.

Painter. Do you call that a fiſh? he's a piccolo—a piſciculus;—and liſten—methinks I heard him ſpeak.

Angler. Speak? mayhap thou takeſt him to be 'Vox Piscis, or the Book-fish, contayning 'three treatiſes which were found in the belly 'of a Cod-fiſh in Cambridge market on Midſummer Eve laſt.'* And ſince thou art ſo imbued

* The incident here referred to, of a book found in the belly of a cod-fiſh, taken on the Norfolk coaſt, and brought to Cambridge market, on Midſummer eve, 1626, is no leſs true than ſtrange. Fuller atteſts the fact in his Worthies of England, folio, p. 359, and ſays he was

with fiſh-learning, I beſeech you to tell me whether this be a trout, or what other fiſh I have caught?

Painter. I know not if it be the *Dog-fiſh*, the *Sea-calfe*, the *Porpus* or *Hog-fiſh*, or the *Aſſe-fiſh* called in Latin *Aſellus:*—or perchance it may be the *Monk-fiſh*—the *Mere-man* or the *Mermaid:* all which I remit to your better judgment. But liſten, I ſay; for though I am not ſo wiſe a philoſopher as Æſop, I have, methinks, ſuddenly imparted to me his noted intelligence of fiſhes' language, and certes I hear this one ſpeak.

Angler. Well then, will it pleaſe your marvellous wiſdom to be our mutual interpreter, and give me the ſubſtance of this learned fiſh's ſoliloquy?

Painter. It is no ſoliloquy; for his addreſs is to yourſelf,—and ſeeing (or it may be feeling) how you are taking the hook out of his gills

in Cambridge at the time: and in Parr's Life and Letters of Archbiſhop Uſher, folio, p. 345, is a letter from his Grace to Dr. Samuel Ward, dated 30th June, 1626, in anſwer to his communication of the ſame fact. I have myſelf ſeen a copy of one of theſe treatiſes, in '*ſexto decimo*,' printed in black letter, and entitled 'The 'Preparation to the Croſſe and to Death, and of the 'Comfort under the Croſſe and Death.' John Frith, who ſuffered martyrdom in 1533, was the author.—Ed.

with a moſt relentleſs love, and are going to put him into your baſket, he opens his mouth, and in a pathetical voice implores your pity, making his humble ſuit that you would be pleaſed to throw him into the river again,—by reaſon he is young and inſignificant, and not ſo well worth your while as he ſhall be ſome time hereafter, *if* you catch him when he is grown more conſiderable.

Angler. Oh—ho! Go to—Go to—thou art a wag; and I beſeech you give my duty to him in the ſame learned hidden language which he hath ſo eloquently pleaded in; and tell him I am not one of thoſe fools who quit a certainty for an uncertainty;—and that a 'fiſh in the pannier's worth two in the pond.' But ſtay—becauſe he is a grayling, and not a trout, I'll e'en put him in again, and let him grow till Chriſtmas for Mr. Cotton's amuſement. But now look you, brother, ſaw you that great fiſh leap from the water?

Painter. I did; he looked as big as a ſalmon; give him the temptation of your fly.

Angler. Truſt me. There he is, I have him faſt. So, ſo, Maſter Bullyhuff, you are not like the laſt; you are for a hard bout, I ſee. Ah, ah! this is a trial of ſtrength, and I fear for my tackling.

Painter. In with him, Sir.

Angler. Nay, let me be gentle. Look you, that was his laſt ſtruggle; there he lies his length on the water. So, I have him, and he is full eighteen inches long. Well, Mr. Painter! what ſay you now to my Dove?

Painter. I declare to you it is all a bewitchment: my tongue is ready to praiſe every next turning of the river more than the other; and I ſcarce know which to like beſt, this angling, or the landſkips. Look you! there again are rocks ſpringing up like ſteeples on this ſide, and on that: it is all full of ſurpriſes.

Angler. Thoſe rocks are called the 'Tiſſington Spires;' for that retired village lies but the diſtance of a walk to the left, paſſing through Bentley that you know of; and here are two rocks that have ſlided from the cliff, and have thruſt themſelves into the river; they are known to be 'The Brothers,' and ſo I have brought you within a view of Thorpe Cloud.

Painter. Is that Thorpe Cloud?

Angler. None other, believe me.

Painter. Well, I declare! he is more changeable than a Proteus; for here he looks like a beheaded cone.

Angler. And now, brother, you are come towards the end of the Dale.

Painter. Tell me not this ſad news: I may not believe it! or if it be true indeed, let us recline ourſelves on theſe banks by the ſtream, and meditate for an hour or two, and angle and ſing, and angle again; and after that beguile the time with ſome paſſages out of Mr. Walton's book. Or, if we muſt needs depart, let us firſt, '*ſit down by the waters, and hang our harps upon the willows, and weep.*

Angler. I am charmed to think how theſe ſweet proſpects have engaged and fixed your affections; and how you are now become a profeſſed angler, and how at ſome future time you may deſire to take another walk on the banks of my River Dove. But, I beſeech you, climb with me to the top of this acceſſible rock, that is called by the country-folk here about, 'The Lover's Leap:' there you may look back on an upward proſpect of the Dove, that is more remarkable than any other you have ſeen. And after that, you ſhall explore ſome quiet nooks and corners by other ſtreams, and hear ſomething marvellous I have to tell you of.

Painter. Well, I am content to follow your footſteps wherever you are pleaſed to lead me.

Angler. And now we have ſcrambled up, let us ſit on the graſs, and tell me what you think?

Painter. I know not what to think or ſay. Where ſhall all theſe wonders end! here is one of the moſt enchanting ſurveys that this or any other county in England can exhibit.

Angler. Do you obſerve how the Dale is drawn out to the greateſt length poſſible? for paſſing back again by thoſe 'Tiſſington Spires,' and the two 'Brothers,' and the rocks above 'Reynard's Cave,' the eye may look almoſt as far as 'the Shepherd's Abbey;' and all the way along, an exceeding number of pellucid water-falls, and other varieties of the river make this vale an excellent ſubject for contemplation.

Painter. And the cliffs on either ſide of the valley are adorned with ſhady woods, and a ſingular combination of natural beauties.

Angler. Come then, good brother, let us go down again, and take our walk along the ſtream to the right hand, as it flows between Thorpe Cloud and that oppoſite hill; and here are ſome leaping ſtones, where we may now croſs into Staffordſhire, and part company with our Dove.

Painter. I am ſorry to hear it.

Angler. But only for awhile, till we light on her again in ſome meadows lower down, and then find her ſwelled by other rivers that may paſs for wonders.

Painter. Indeed! but what is here? Marry, Sir, I thought not to come again ſo quickly to the Dove; methinks ſhe has taken us unaware.

Angler. This is not the Dove, but the river Manifold; and now do you follow me to the left hand, where I may bring you to a moſt ſhady retired ſpot imaginable.

Painter. How! another rapid ſpring, that ſuddenly ſtarts into life, and in a few yards is a handſome ſtream! Let us recline ourſelves here awhile.

Angler. I am quite willing; and methinks, for a near ſylvan proſpect, we have ſeen none better ſince we left Pike Pool; for here you have a thick grove of trees, and ſuch a calmneſs as makes it a moſt enchanting retreat; and the murmuring waters of this infant brook, with their harmonious cadency.

Painter. And ſee how the river Manifold hurries away, rejoicing as it were in her liberty.

Angler. And let me tell you, with greater reaſon than you know of.

Painter. How mean you?

Angler. Of that hereafter; but ſee, there are the lowing cattle come from the meadows to drink; therefore, I beſeech you, compoſe them into a landſkip.

Painter. You ſhall ſee preſently.— —there ——I have given you the milkmaid's mother, with her milch kine, and there is 'honeſt Maud-'lin' herſelf, who ſung that ſweet ſong to Mr. Walton and his friend VENATOR;

> 'Come live with me, and be my love,
> 'And we will all the pleaſures prove,
> 'That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
> 'Or woods, and ſteepy mountains yield!'

Angler. Bravely done! On my word, this picture takes a breathing of life from your pencil;

> 'Where we will ſit, upon the rocks,
> 'And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
> 'By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
> 'Melodious birds ſing madrigals!'

not Claude Lorraine, nor Kuyp himſelf, could ſurpaſs that whole picture, for it has the very ſtamp of nature.

Painter. Enough, enough; let us be going, and what have we here? A bridge, and a pretty village with a little pariſh church! Where are we come to?

Angler. I have now brought you to Ilam Church: and ſee the door is haply open; ſo let us accept this accidental invitation. And now you are to note, this is the ancient tomb of good Bertram, who there lies (ſo much of

him as could periſh) and waits for that joyful day of the reſurrection, when all the holy angels and the ſpirits of ſaints ſhall meet the coming of our Lord in the clouds of heaven.

Painter. And here is the carved altar that may put the villagers in mind of the Supper of the Lord, and inſtil into them an earneſt deſire to partake of the Holy Communion, that they may eat and drink, and feed on Him in their hearts by faith,—and be thankful.

Angler. And ſee this old font in ſtone, which hath a ſacramental charm; for therein the people from age to age have brought their ſons and daughters to be baptized into Chriſt's flock, and be regenerated, and made children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. And I may take upon me to ſay that all theſe things make this church the centre-point of the ſecret reverence and holy affections of the peaceful villagers, lifting them up to a revelation of the next world.— — But, ſeeing how time wears apace, I will conduct you forth again: and now look at this high hill, ſhaped like an amphitheatre, and beneath is the rocky bed of a river.

Painter. A river! why here is not a drop of water to wet a fly's wing!

Angler. That is true. I ſaid not a river, but

the bed of a river, and of ſuch an one as, had ſhe a tongue, might declare many rarities ſhe has beheld, and dark doings of that priſon-houſe, where ſhe was lately detained againſt her will: nay, for any thing I know, ſhe might have furniſhed to that ſtern regicide, Mr. John Milton, or the great Dante, ſome arguments for another poem of the ſhades below.

Painter. How! you are grown enigmatical.

Angler. Come, then, ſtep with me to this rock in Mr. Port's garden: here is a well in the rock;—ſo tell me what you ſee?

Painter. I ſee a great ſtream pouring itſelf out in circling eddies from the ground.

Angler. Now mark, that is the river Hamps; and here ſhe joins herſelf to another within a few yards diſtance.

Painter. A ſecond ſtream! and bigger than the firſt, burſts forth in a whirlpool!

Angler. True; and you are to note this is the river Manifold. See how joyfully ſhe receives that leſſer Hamps, and then flows away with her to the ſhady grove of trees, where you and I ſo lately reclined ourſelves. Truſt me they are glad to breathe the air once more, and to play their gambols in the meadows, after their long impriſonment; for it is a known truth, theſe rivers have made an underground journey

within the natural caverns of the earth, for ſome miles diſtance.

Painter. Impoſſible! I would not be ſo uncivil to diſbelieve any thing you ſay; but as touching your Staffordſhire rivers, you take a traveller's privilege to be marvellous.

Angler. Well, well; I perceive you think this to be all a fable; yet it's no leſs true becauſe it is a wonder: for the laſt time I came this way I examined into the nature of it; and, as I am an honeſt angler, I ſaw the very inlet, underneath ſome high rocks, about Whetton Mill, where the waters of the Manifold are gurged and loſt to every eye: and the ſame of Hamps, that is received into its ſubterraneous channels, near to a place called the Waterhouſes. And ſo they take their circuit through myſterious ſecret caves and grottoes, which no man has explored, till they make their happy eſcape out of impriſonment into theſe gardens, and, as you are now a witneſs, embrace with mutual gratulations, and hurry themſelves away to tell their dark adventures to the matchleſs Dove.

Painter. Well, I am glad that is the place of their ſhelter; and I am enchanted with this romance of the rivers: for, indeed, all the ſurrounding proſpect is fit to be called a fairy land.

There is Thorpe Cloud maintains himſelf proudly, and this circle of oppoſite hills, and the church, with its ancient porch and tracery of windows, all of painted glaſs, beſide Mr. Port's manſion-houſe, and his ornamental gardens.

Angler. It is indeed all very fine; but it's time to be gone, ſo let us follow theſe rivers till we are come to the bridge. See, here it is, and now we may croſs over and walk by the right bank of the Manifold; and ſo we are once more come to the ſtream that we both love better than any.

Painter. Is this the Dove?

Angler. The ſame; ſhe is juſt from the foot of Thorpe Cloud, by yonder channel to the right hand; and now that we are arrived at this high bank, look again upon the landſkip. There the Manifold joins itſelf to the Dove, and there are thoſe meadows, which 'are too 'pleaſant to be looked upon, but only on holi-'days;' and ſee the mountains that are now darker than they were two hours agone, which is our warning that we are not yet come to Aſhbourne; ſo thither away.

Painter. As you pleaſe, brother; but remember, on this only condition, that we walk on the brink of the Dove, as far as we may.

Angler. That is a ſhort pleaſure; for here is another bridge will bring us into Derbyſhire; and now methinks I ſee Mapleton Church before us; ſo we muſt take our farewell of Dove.

Painter. Alas the day!

Angler. Well, well; let us catch ſome trouts, and then be going.

Painter. Ay, ſo we will. Look you, Sir, my tools are fitted.

Angler. So ſoon! then ply your work—each for a brace.

Painter. It is agreed. I will this way down to the ſtream.

Angler. So be it; and I for yonder bent, where the water runs criſping.

Painter. Away with you! I'll lay the odds on Maſter Walton's cork and bait, againſt Mr. Cotton's fly.

Angler. Done—the wager?

Painter. He that takes the firſt brace ſhall mix a cup of good Canary at Mapleton, and the other ſhall pay the ſcores without grudging.

Angler. I am content—ſo do your worſt—

Painter. Well, good brother, what ſport? I have caught but one, and that's a troutlet.

Angler. Indeed! look you, here is a couple of big ones.

Painter. Ah! well—I'm but a prentice in

the art: I confeſs I've loſt my wager, and am ready to pay the forfeit.

Angler. Well: that's like an angler, honeſtly ſpoken—ſo let us away.

Painter. But make me this promiſe, that we may (God willing) come hither again, next ſummer, a-fiſhing; and ſo read that book of Mr. Walton, whom I love better than ever I did, becauſe you have taught me how many pleaſures are to be found in his recreation of angling.

Angler. Truſt me, I ſhall want no perſuaſion to walk in your company by the Dove, in the merry month of May, and then do nothing but angle and rejoice, as you know we have done theſe laſt days, and 'ſat as quietly 'and as free from cares, under hawthorn trees 'and rocks, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus 'did beneath their broad beach tree:' ſo ſays Mr. Walton; and now let me read you theſe natural thoughts out of his book.—Here it is: 'No life, my honeſt ſcholar, no life ſo happy 'and ſo pleaſant as the life of a well governed 'angler; for when the lawyer is ſwallowed up 'with buſineſs, and the ſtateſman is preventing 'or contriving plots, then we ſit on cowſlip 'banks, hear the birds ſing, and poſſeſs our-'ſelves in as much quietneſs as theſe ſilent ſilver

'ſtreams, which we now ſee glide ſo quietly 'by us. Indeed, my good ſcholar, we may 'ſay of angling, as Dr. Boteler ſaid of ſtraw-'berries, "Doubtleſs God could have made a '"better berry, but doubtleſs God never did;" 'and ſo (if I might be judge,) God never did 'make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation 'than angling.'

Painter. Every word is true. And what a thankful heart my maſter has!

Angler. Ay, truly; and hear how he perſuades every man to thankfulneſs; he ſaid to his companion, 'Let us not forget to praiſe God 'for the innocent mirth and pleaſure we have 'enjoyed ſince we have met together. What 'would a blind man give to ſee the pleaſant 'rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and foun-'tains we have looked upon, ſince we met to-'gether!' And now we are come to Mapleton, and here's a clean alehouſe; and the hoſt is a modeſt man, and hath a fine ſmooth bowling-green; ſo before we go back to Aſhbourne, let us reſt awhile, and refreſh ourſelves with the cup you are to pay for. Come, hoſt, bring us a bottle of that Canary wine you gave me the laſt time I was this way in company with a gentleman fiſher; and remember the lemon ſtuck round about with ſpices, and ſome of that

ſweet cake, that we may be merry with diſcretion, as all true anglers are wont to be. There is a large trout for our civil hoſteſs, with my ſervice to her. And now, brother, let us walk into the garden, that is ſo neat and handſome; here you have a various herbal, fit for a country houſe-wife, like our hoſteſs: here is hyſſop, marjory, and penny-royal, and thyme, and all kinds of fruit-trees.

Painter. It is all very good, and here is the bowling-ground; it looks like a green velvet. Look, how exceeding ſmooth;—how the bowls glide along! Where is the jack? Come, let us play at bowls till the Nectar is ready.

Angler. Agreed: there, I have ſet the jack; now do you bowl firſt.

Painter. Nay, after you; ſo, ſo, maſter, you are ſhort of the jack: look, look, mine is the neareſt.

Angler. Nay, it is a meaſuring caſt; but here goes one will overlay him. Piſh! I have ſhot him over wide—he had an untrue bias.

Painter. Well, then; here's another.

Angler. That was curiouſly pitched: now for a laſt endeavour. Ah, me! that has knocked your firſt bowl to the jack: I am ſure he was wrong biaſſed.

Painter. Well, I thank you; and ſo, let me

try this;—and now another.

Angler. The game is yours.

Painter. And here comes the hoſt. Let us have our repaſt under this yew tree, that is not leſs than a hundred years old; here is a table,—and ſettles ready prepared.

Angler. With all my heart, for it ſeems a pleaſant arbour. Come, Sir, fill the glaſſes.

Painter. The liquor is exceedingly good: and this even Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton would declare, if they were cup-and-can with us. I doubt not but they are acquainted with this '*honeſt ale-houſe*,' and have reſted themſelves on theſe ſettles, after a day's fiſhing in the Dove, and been refreſhed with a cup of good barley wine, and ſung *Old Roſe* together, and played at bowls on this green turf. Do you remember that bowling ground by the Tower? Think what a choice proſpect was there! On one ſide the fiſhing-houſe, and on another the manſion that we looked over ſo pleaſantly.

Angler. That was indeed a charming proſpect! Then have you forgot the flower garden at the foot of the Tower, and Mr. Walton's and Mr. Cotton's portraits, and all the landſkips in the fiſhing-houſe, which you painted in your book; and after that Pike Pool, where you landed that big trout; and the great Hall, and

your maſter Walton's chamber?

Painter. No more, no more,—leſt I forget all diſcretion, and, retracing my footſteps, hie me back to Beresford. O! that place is a delight for innocent anglers. There a man is raiſed to an exceſs of pleaſure; he may go forth in the morning and hear the birds 'warble 'forth their ditties:' the rocks, and the woods, and the merry ſtreams are the books he reads in; the ſun, and the clouds, and the wind are his oracles to conſult; and the ſpeckled trout is his play-fellow, that makes her gambols and her ſomerſaults for his entertainment. Call you this an idleneſs? It were a pretty treaſon to deny that it is the moſt refined, gentle, and gay-ſome recreation that a man may indulge in; that is to ſay, for his leiſurable hours,—ſince only then it may be reaſonable.— —

Angler. Hey day, Maſter! not ſo faſt; 'a 'man need to have the patience of Job, that 'he may ſit ſilently by the river, and look down 'at nothing but his float.*

Painter. Nay, did I ſay that?

Angler. 'Nevertheleſs, I cannot but pity 'your dumpiſh anglers, that wait ſo meekly for 'their fortunes, as to ſeem fixed with all the

* See back p. 8.—Ed.

'gravity of carved ſtatues on the margin of 'their ſtreams*———'

Painter. Enough, enough; I ſaid that in ignorance of the joys of anglers. I will never be a ſcoffer again; and I beſeech you to blot thoſe words from your memory, and note me down your willing companion this way a-fiſhing, every year that God gives us health for ſuch a ſweet walk in the month of May. For remember, this life is ſhort, and is not in our own hands; '*it is as a flower of the field that* '*fadeth:*' and what ſays Mr. Robert Herrick, whoſe verſes you both love and ſing ſo well?

Fair daffodils, we weep to ſee
You haſte away ſo ſoon;
As yet the early-riſing ſun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, ſtay
Until the haſt'ning day
Has run
But to the even ſong;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have ſhort time to ſtay, as you,
We have as ſhort a ſpring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.

* See back p. 8.—Ed.

We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

But come, brother, you muſt make me a return for theſe lines; and then let us be going, for I have appointed a ſervant with my horſes to meet me in Aſhbourne, that I may reach my houſe at ———————— to-night.

Angler. Well, then, if I give you a plaintive ditty, put it to the account of our parting: it is that ſweet ſonnet from the Paſſionate Pilgrim, compoſed by the greateſt bard of the laſt or any other age.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Lambs did leap, and birds did ſing;
Trees did grow, and plants did ſpring.
Every thing did baniſh moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breaſt up-till a thorn;
And there ſung the dolefull'ſt ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie—fie—fie—now would ſhe cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by.

That to hear her ſo complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain:
For her griefs, ſo lively ſhown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vain,
None take pity on thy pain.
Senſeleſs trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthleſs beaſts they will not cheer thee;
All thy fellow birds do ſing,
Careleſs of thy ſorrowing.
Even ſo, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.*

And now, good brother, it is almoſt time to be at home.

Painter. Well—I'll pay the reckoning, and then let's away: but what is here?

Angler. We are come again to a lower part of the ſame Bentley Brook we ſaw before; ſo let us paſs over; and now we are to the top of the hill.

Painter. What noiſe was that?—

Hark, hark, I hear the dancing,
And a nimble morris-prancing.

Look over the hedge: there they are! there is a troop of lads and maidens down in yonder green meadows a-dancing.

Angler. And ſo they are!—tripping it merrily round to the tabor and pipe.

* Shakeſpeare's Sonnets.

Painter. And, look you, there's a bevy of innocent milkmaids, leading a fine ſleek cow for a whipt ſyllabub: ſee how ſhe is deck'd with ribands and ſcarfs, and wreaths of flowers, and her horns tipped with gold.

Angler. And there the young woodmen begin to dance with the maidens in blue kirtles: how they foot it to the meaſure! Out upon the cares and tumults of a court life. I do love to ſee theſe honeſt country junketings, and I pray that merry England may always have a race of happy peaſants, and not let melancholy Preciſians* forbid them to rejoice their tired ſpirits with lawful ſports in the flowery meadows and greenwoods. Hark! how they laugh their ſorrows away.

Painter. But ſtay awhile: they have ſet themſelves down upon the graſs; let us ſee what they will do.

Angler. Hiſt — hiſt — they are challenging each other to ſing—and now they have begun their

SONG.

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing; Falalalalala.

* In 'The King's Majeſtie's Declaration concerning 'lawful ſports,' Puritans and Preciſians are deſignated 'as Adverſaries of our Church.'—Ed.

Each with his bonny laſs
Upon the greeny graſs. Falalalala.

The ſpring clad all in gladneſs
Doth laugh at winter's ſadneſs: Falala.
And to the bagpipe's ſound
The nymphs tread out their ground. Falalalala.

Fye then, why ſit we muſing,
Youth's ſweet delight refuſing: Falala.
Say, daintie nymphs, and ſpeak,
Shall we play barley-break?
Falalalalala.* Falalalala.

Painter. There's a ballet for you! a moſt merry madrigal ſet to muſic by a choice hand.

Angler. And now they are ſilent: and there come the little maids with baſkets of bride cakes, and knots of ribbands at their boſoms, with noſegays and bunches of roſemary in their hands.

Painter. Now truſt me, it is ſome ruſtical wedding day; and there you may ſee the bride in the midſt, in a ruſſet gown, and a kirtle of fine worſted.

Angler. And there goes the bride cup, all ſtreaming with bride laces of red and white, and full of ſpiced poſſet, that the bridegroom

* Firſt Book of Ballads to five voices. By Thomas Morley, 1600.—Ed.

ſerves her with:—and look you, the tankards are paſſing round.

Painter. See—ſee! the luſty woodman has put on his high crown'd hat, turned up with a ſilver claſp, and leads out his bride to the dance: mark with how ſpecial a coyneſs ſhe gives him her hand; but you may depend ſhe will foot it with the beſt as ſoon as ſhe begins.

Angler. There's the bagpipe again: by my word, Sir, they are going to Canary it. Now look at my Gentleman in his yellow ſtockings, and his fellows all ready.

Painter. No, no: they are for a Corantoe. Is it not excellent? with what a gravity they frolic it up and down.

Angler. Ay, 'tis a merry bridal,

> Whilſt youthful ſports are laſting,
> To feaſting turn your faſting;
> With revels and with waſſails
> Make grief and care your vaſſals:

but come, we may not tarry.

Painter. Well then I am with you. So farewell! ye peaceful ſons and daughters of nature: and may ye never want a ſpiced bride ale to make you cheerful and thankful hearts withal.

Angler. Hither away then; and now you

may ſee the town of Aſhbourne in the valley, which is to be my reſting place to-night.

Painter. Alas! I am very loth to part with you; but thou ſhalt be remembered in my prayers. And one thing I am reſolved, when on occaſion the cares of life come againſt me, or the fears of greater afflictions, I will then ſay to myſelf, 'It is now but ſo and ſo before 'the month of May, when I will throw off all 'my moody thoughts on the banks of ſome 'retired river, and it may be by the ſide of Mr. 'Cotton's fiſhing-houſe.'

Angler. It is bravely reſolved, and the more ſo, becauſe I know by experience, how a ſeclu-ſion from the noiſy world is a favourable aid and opportunity for religious ſervices,—helps to ſoften the affections, and inclines them to a ſublime love to God,—and if that be wanting, all others do but delude.

Painter. True; and conſider the motives we have to that love; think of that proper and peculiar attraction—lovelineſs; and indeed Ho-nourable Mr. Robert Boyle has declared, how ſuch was the freeneſs of God's love towards us, and ſo entirely was that love its own mo-tive, that even our exiſtence in the world is the effect of it; nay, He even '*loved us before the* '*foundation of the world.*' And conſider again

the rich discoveries of His free love in sending His Son to redeem us. Think of the Divine glory shrouded in the veil of manhood, and so tempered to the weak eyesight of a fallen race; of His weariness and watchings—of the buffet, mocking, and scourge, the injurious condemnation, and the uplifted Cross. And let us not forget how God loves to dwell, by His Spirit, in them whom He has drawn and disposed to love His Son: '*He that loveth me*,' said the blessed Jesus, '*shall be loved of my Father, and* '*we will come unto him, and make our abode* '*with him.*'

Angler. Vast and exalted love! Oh the extreme abjectedness of our hearts, that cannot soar up to the skies, and there be ravished with a contemplation of such glorious love. It is enough to stir our penitential shame, to think of the dulness of our apprehensions! Let us often secretly, and alone by ourselves, pray for divine grace, that our souls may be able to rise to the throne of HIM that only can strengthen them. I might enlarge, but now I must stop here: only this is most certain, the angler's retirement is sweetened by a contemplation of God's attributes; and the breath of praise perfumes even the banks of flowers he reclines himself upon, '*for the prayers of saints are golden vials*

'*full of odours.*' And if he desires the best company, let him join the heavenly choir in spiritual adoration. Therefore, let all lovers of the angle be lovers of prayer, because they have best opportunity to it; and I would have them be lovers of God, for they have most reason to be so. And now, brother, the Talbot is before us, and there is your waiting man.

Painter. This parting comes too soon: do you remember how '*the soul of Jonathan was* '*knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan* '*loved him as his own soul?*'* and how, when they parted, they kissed one another, and wept one with another: and '*Jonathan stripped him-* '*self of the robe that was upon him, and gave* '*it to David!*'†

Angler. And so he did, and also '*his sword* '*and his bow, and his girdle,*' for '*he delighted* '*much in David.*'

Painter. Well, then, here is a parting gift, that is offered with a love equal to Jonathan's, notwithstanding this testimony is so unworthy: here is my little book, that is no longer a blank book, but full of rude pictures: they are all your's, and welcome. They will bring to your mind some thoughts of the mutual pleasures we

* 1 Sam. xviii. 1. † xviii. 4.

have felt along the banks of the Dove: and you may remember from them, that it was out of love for you I came this walk; and how you rewarded me beyond my hope, becauſe you taught me ſome inward ſecrets, and ſent me back to my houſe a happy compoſed ANGLER.

Angler. Indeed, dear brother, I'm in a ſtrait how to anſwer you; only let me embrace you, as thoſe loving friends kiſſed one another; and when I next go angling, '*thou ſhalt be miſſed*, '*becauſe thy ſeat will be empty.*'* But we have made a covenant, like Jonathan and David, and let it be for the 'glorious twenty-ninth of May.' And for this book of drawings, I ſhall eſteem it to be more precious than any thing elſe I know of; and indeed I love you for this and many other bounties you have beſtowed on me. And now you may oblige me in one thing more, for my conſolation at parting.

Painter. Any thing you deſire is, in a manner, performed.

Angler. It is this: here is my angle rod, and my landing net and pouch—I beſeech you, let them obtain your acceptance. I do not ſay it out of oſtentation, but there are ſome flies in that pouch that are artfully twiſted; and above

* 1 Sam. xx. 18.

all others, I preſent you with the COMPLEAT ANGLER, in two parts, writ by Mr. Walton and Mr. Cotton; therein we have found many paſſages of true piety, that may ſometimes again contribute to your peace and contentment.

Painter. A thouſand thanks to you; and I accept theſe gifts of your love as freely as they are offered; and when we meet again, you ſhall give me ſome inſtructions in your better art of fly-fiſhing. And now '*I ſalute you with* '*a holy kiſs—Go in peace.*'

Angler. Farewell, brother; and remember always how the ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit is, in the ſight of God, of great price.—'*Follow peace with all men, and holineſs, with-* '*out which no man ſhall ſee the Lord.*'* We have had ſome innocent days of leiſure amidſt the beauties of the natural world: but let us not forget to give all diligence in our journey to the glories of the ſpiritual world. For theſe pleaſures of the earth are but a faint ſhadow of the bleſſedneſs of the heavenly Sion. Let us be prepared in the whole armour of Chriſtian ſoldiers, that when our temporal warfare is accompliſhed, we may receive an eternal crown; and reſt and refreſh ourſelves beſide the '*pure*

* Heb. xii. 14.

'*river of water of life, clear as cryſtal, proceed-*
'*ing out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.*'*
Once more, farewell!

* Rev. xxii. 1.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.